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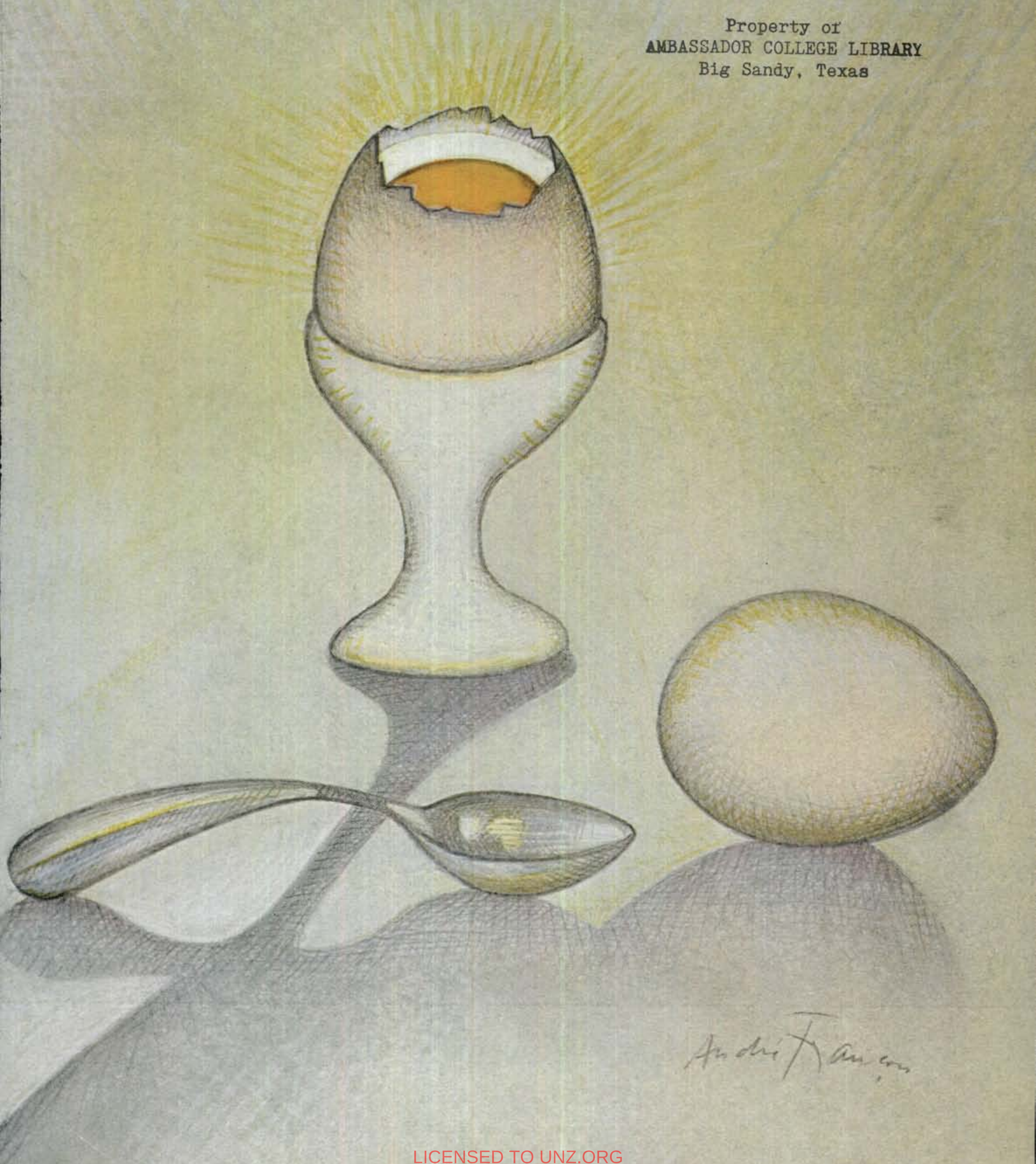
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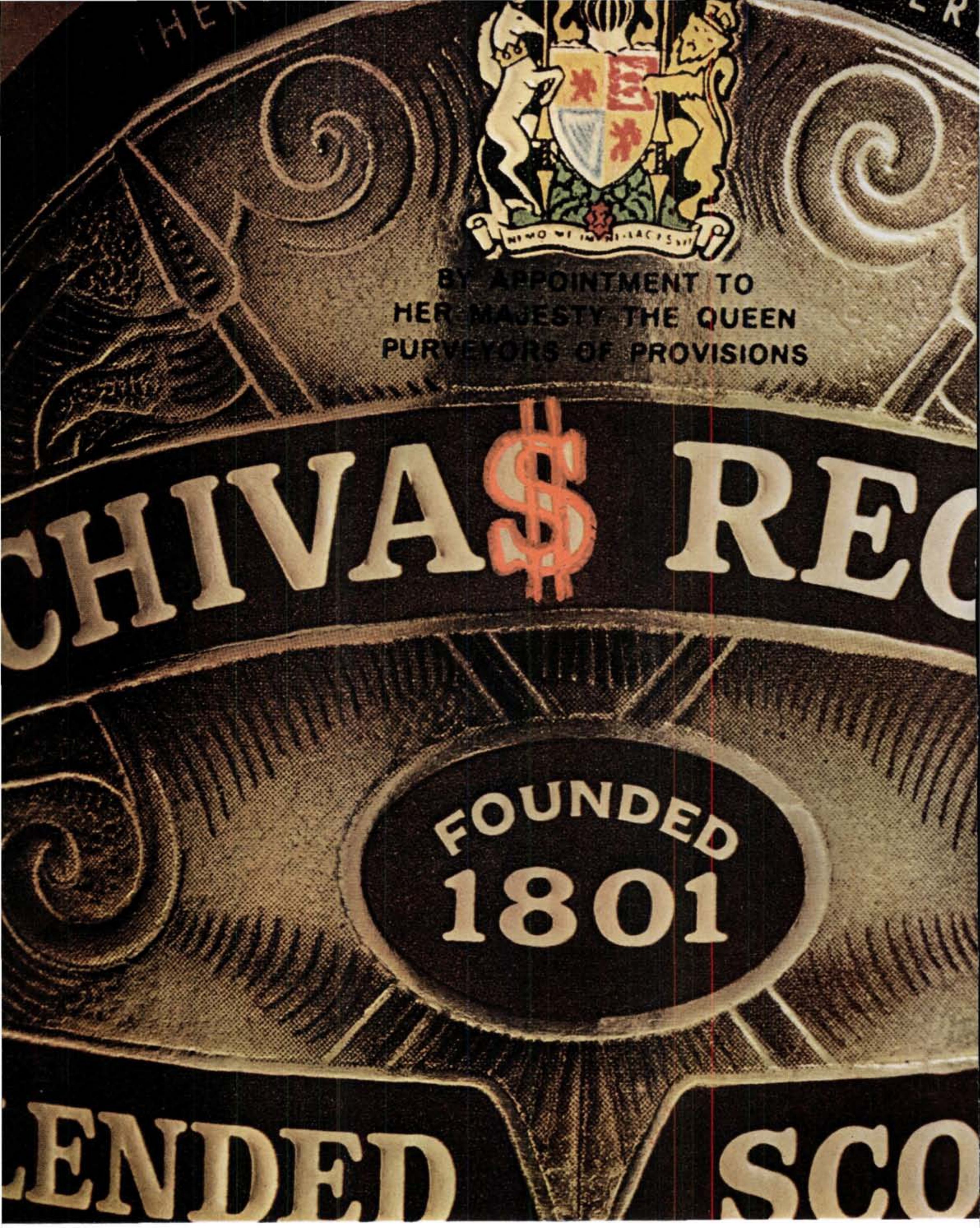
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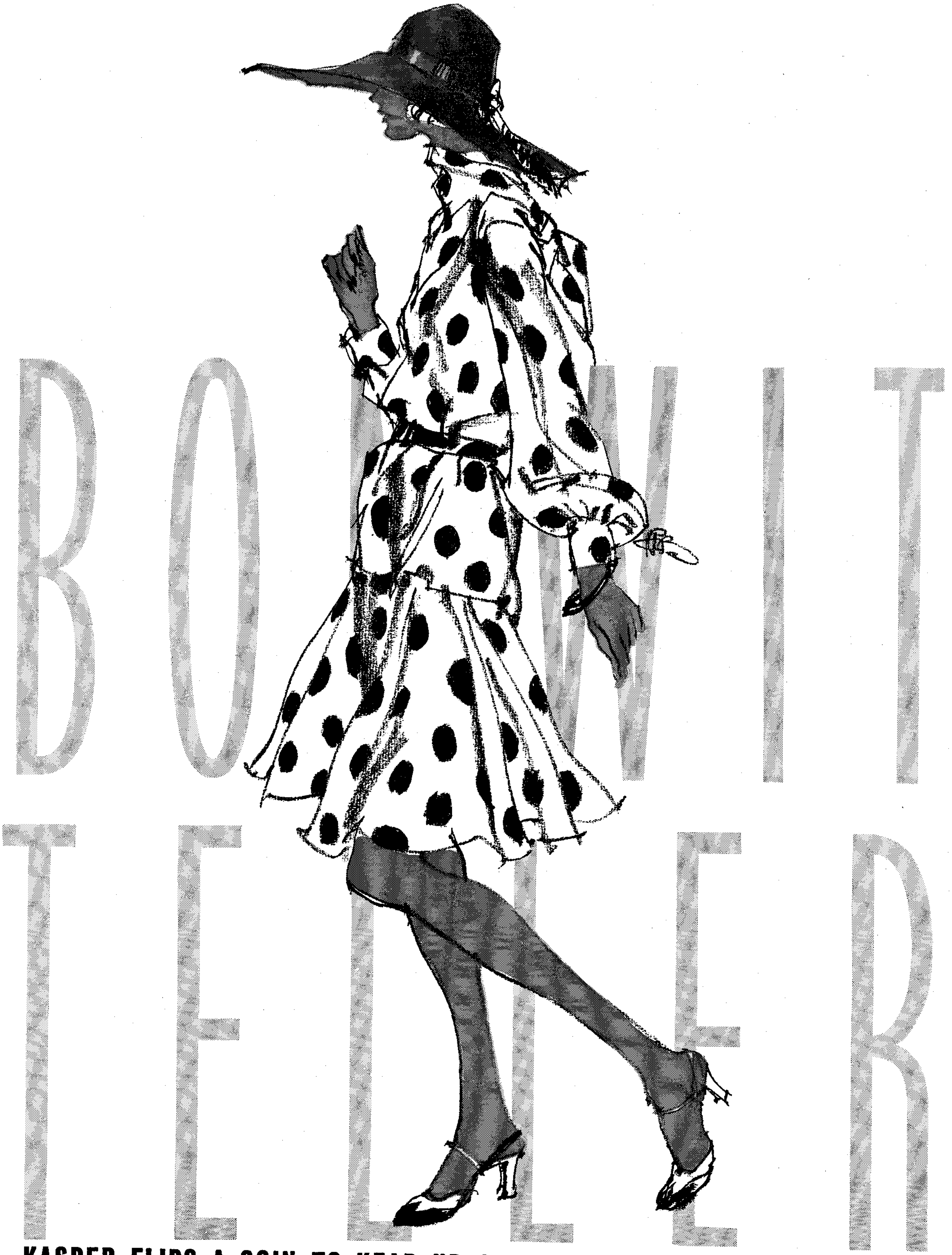

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Changing Room—The Long Wharf Theatre production of David Storey's London play, directed by Michael Rudman. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Doctor Selavy's Magic Theatre—A very entertaining, wild, and way-out musical set in a madhouse. The show was conceived, directed, and designed by Richard Foreman. Stanley Silverman wrote the music, and Tom Hendry wrote the lyrics. The performances by all hands are highly satisfactory. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Shay Duffin as Brendan Behan—A one-man show of selections from the altogether extraordinary writings of the late Irish dramatist. Mr. Duffin's performance, while hardly extraordinary, is quite lively. (Abbey, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 18.)

Endgame—André Gregory's Manhattan Project in the Beckett play. (Normandy Room, New York University, 111 Second Ave., between 6th and 7th Sts. 228-7160. Thursdays at 7:30 and Fridays and Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:15.)

Equity Library Theatre—Cole Porter's musical **out of this world** will be the sixth in this season's series of eight productions. Opens Thursday, March 8, and will run through Sunday, March 25. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Finishing Touches—Jean Kerr's new play is, as you might expect, full of funny lines. The plot concerns some infinitesimal sexual longings in Academe. With Barbara Bel Geddes, Robert Lansing, Gene Rupert, and Pamela Bellwood. The director is Joseph Anthony. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

42 Seconds from Broadway—A comedy by Louis Del Grande, with Regina Baff and Henry Winkler. Arthur Storch directed. Opens Sunday, March 11. (Playhouse, 48th St., W. 541-9820. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

El Grande de Coca-Cola—A funny, brief lark, set in a seedy night club in Honduras, where a local family, untouched by talent, attempts to pass itself off as a troupe of international stars. The show was conceived by Ron House and Diz White, who also appear in it, and was written by them and the three other members of the cast—Alan Shearman, John Neville-Andrews, and Sally Willis. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8 and 10; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Green Julia—A rather silly comedy by a gifted young English dramatist named Paul Ableman about a pair of college roommates who never stop playing games. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Irene—Debbie Reynolds in a revival of the 1919 musical with a book by Hugh Wheeler, music by Harry Tierney, and lyrics by Joseph McCarthy. Previews through Monday, March 12. Opens officially on Tuesday, March 13. (Minskoff, 45th St., W. 869-0550. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except March 14, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, March 15.)

The Jockey Club Stakes—A delightful comedy from Mother England, by William Douglas Home. The moral of the piece is that every man has his price, and the three Old-School-Tie types that embody this moral are splendidly enacted by Wilfrid Hyde-White, Robert Coote, and Geoffrey Sumner. (Cort, 48th St., E. 489-6392. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Kaspar—A multimedia production of a play by the remarkable young German dramatist Peter Handke, who this time is writing about writing—about words and logic and meaning. The going is hard, most of the time—remote, impersonal, pedantic, and distracting—but a beautiful soliloquy near the end almost redeems the evening. The soliloquy is well spoken by Christopher Lloyd, as the actual historical figure Kaspar Hauser. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Wednesday through Saturday at 8:30, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 11.)

A Little Night Music—A sweetly romantic and yet coolly amoral musical about making love and its consequences. The music and lyrics are by Stephen Sondheim, the book (borrowed from a Bergman screenplay) is by Hugh Wheeler, and the brilliant direction is by Harold Prince. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Medea—Minos Volanakis has adapted and directed this electrifying version of the great, blood-drenched old play, and Irene Papas is irresistibly fierce and lovely in the title role. (Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 18.)

National Lampoon's Lemmings—The second half of this revue is a very funny, dead-shot parody of the Woodstock Rock Festival, with satiric impersonations of Joan Baez, Bob Dylan, and Joe Cocker, among others. The first half of this revue is terrible. The rock

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

score is by Paul Jacobs and Christopher Guest; the lyrics are by Sean Kelly and Tony Hendra; and the rest of the words are by various members of the staff of the *National Lampoon*. John Belushi and Alice Playten head a bright nimble young cast. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5612. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:45; and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Oh Coward!—For almost fifty years, Noël Coward's songs have been delighting theatre audiences, and they sound as witty and tuneful as ever in the hands of Roderick Cook, Barbara Cason, and Jamie Ross. The cabaret-style performance, while competent, lacks the essential glamour, youth, and magnetism, but Coward carries the day. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Out Cry—Tennessee Williams' sad little play about an actor-playwright and his sister and the unfinished play they find themselves acting in. With Michael York and Cara Duff-MacCormick. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Penthouse Legend—A revival of Ayn Rand's 1935 play, "Night of January 16," with jurors drawn from the audience. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Pippin—A great big gorgeous show, built by prestidigitation upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer Bob Fosse. With Ben Vereen, John Rubinstein, Eric Berry, and Leland Palmer. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Shakespeare's **THE MERCHANT OF VENICE**, directed by Ellis Rabb, with Rosemary Harris. The third in this season's series of four plays. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

The River Niger—Joseph A. Walker's bountiful, satisfying play about a family in Harlem and the crises that beset it is very well performed by the Negro Ensemble Company. With Douglas Turner Ward (who also directed), Roxie Roker, Frances Foster, and Graham Brown, among others. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:40; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 18.)

6 Rms Riv Vu—Jerry Orbach and Jane Alexander bring to life a thin little comedy by Bob Randall about contemporary urban marriage. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Step Lively, Boy—A musical adapted by Vinnette Carroll from Irwin Shaw's play "Bury the Dead," with a score and lyrics by Micki Grant. Directed by Miss Carroll. Starting Thursday, March 8, previews of a revival of "Croesus and the Witch" (another Micki Grant musical directed by Miss Carroll) will be added to the program. (Urban Arts Corps Theatre, 26 W. 20th St. 924-7820. Thursdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

The Sunshine Boys—Neil Simon's latest comedy, worth seeing for the performances by Jack Albertson and Sam Levene as a pair of querulous elderly vaudevillians. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Tooth of the Crime—A play by Sam Shepard. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8.)

Welcome to Andromeda and **Variety Obit**—A pair of sad one-acters by Ron Whyte. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Wednesday through Friday at 7:30; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 11.)

Long Runs—DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE: A sparkling, witty all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good; the presence of the great gospel singer Alex Bradford is especially encouraging. (Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,350 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR:** A musical extravaganza with some pleasing songs and performers, adrift in a storm of Tom O'Horgan stage effects. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST:** Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PRISONER OF SECOND AVENUE:** Hector Elizondo and Barbara Barrie are now in Neil Simon's comedy, in which we are made to laugh all evening long at how miserable we are (and deserve to be) as resident New Yorkers. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE REAL INSPECTOR HOUND** and **AFTER MAGRITTE:** Two one-act samples of the British playwright Tom Stoppard's wild, sleight-of-hand comedies. Both are very funny. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SLEUTH:** A witty games-playing mystery by Anthony Shaffer about games-playing, with Patrick Macnee and Jordan Christopher. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR:** Not even a patch on the great movie ("Some Like It Hot") from which it was borrowed, but Robert Morse deserves your attention, in and out of drag. A musical. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON:** This well-written comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. A. J. Antoon directed. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA:** A musical by John Guare, Galt MacDermot, and Mel Shapiro, directed by Mr. Shapiro, in which the Bard receives an amusing roughing-up at the hands of some remarkably attractive actors. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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BALLET

City Center Joffrey Ballet—Wednesday, March 7, at 8: "Petrouchka," "Secret Places," "Jackpot," and "Cakewalk." . . . ¶ Thursday, March 8, at 8: "Petrouchka," "Jackpot," and "The Green Table." . . . ¶ Friday, March 9, at 8: "Konservatoriet," "Deuce Coupe," and "The Clowns." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 10, at 2: "Kettentanz," "Feast of Ashes," and "Deuce Coupe." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 10, at 8: "Petrouchka," "After Eden," and "Le Beau Danube." . . . ¶ Sunday, March 11, at 2: "Meadowlark," "Secret Places," and "The Clowns." . . . ¶ Sunday, March 11, at 7:30: "Moves," "Deuce Coupe," and "Cakewalk." . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 13, at 8: "Konservatoriet," "After Eden," "Grand Pas Espagnol," and "Cakewalk." . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 14, at 8: "Petrouchka," "Grand Pas Espagnol," and "The Green Table." . . . ¶ Thursday, March 15, at 8: "Konservatoriet," "Feast of Ashes," and "Sacred Grove on Mount Tamalpais." . . . ¶ Friday, March 16, at 8: "Chabriesque," "Valentine," "Abyss," and "Interplay." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 17, at 2: "Petrouchka," "Confetti," and "Cakewalk." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 17, at 8: "Moves," "Grand Pas Espagnol," "Abyss," and "Interplay." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, April 1.)

MISCELLANY

Tribute to Stephen Sondheim—Larry Blyden, Jack Cassidy, Hermione Gingold, Glynis Johns, Angela Lansbury, Carol Lawrence, Zero Mostel, Phil Silvers, and Nancy Walker will be among those taking part in this benefit. (Shubert Theatre, 225 W. 44th St. Sunday, March 11, at 7. For tickets, call 757-6060.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Why angry? The inhabitants look pacific enough as they listen to jazz—some of it quite advanced—produced by a trio led by pianist John Foster, which is here Thursdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Thursday through Saturday, March 8-10, tenor-saxophonist Harold Ousley will join the trio, and Thursday through Saturday, March 15-17, another sax man, Charles McPherson, will sit in. No music the rest of the week. Dinner.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home of the Grove Street Stompers, a go-get-'em Dixieland band composed of people who hold other jobs most of the time but who turn this little bar into a rollicking room Mondays between nine-fifteen and one. Tuesdays through Saturdays, pianist Mabel God-

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win plays 1001 Songs Everyone Remembers. Closed Sundays.

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—A pair of singers, Steve Goodman and Chip Taylor, will share the stage through Monday, March 12. Don Imus, a comic, arrives Wednesday, March 14. Coffee and tea are available. Tuesdays are reserved for visiting performers.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Jazz, soul food, red tablecloths. On Wednesday, March 7, guitarist Joe Beck will work with a bassist. Thursday through Sunday, March 8-11, Danny Mixon, one of the best of the young, highly trained jazz pianists who have come on the scene recently, will lead a trio. Thursday through Sunday, March 15-18, guitarist Teruo Nakamura will be in charge of a threesome. Music from nine to two. Closed Mondays.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—A wood-panelled bar and restaurant where people come for a cocktail and, sometimes, stay the evening. Mike Longo, who is Dizzy Gillespie's regular pianist, will team with super-bassist Ron Carter through Saturday, March 10. Pianist David Lahm and bassist Lyn Christie (who are no slouches, either) commence Monday, March 12. Music from nine-thirty to two-thirty every night but Sunday, when a fine pianist named Bill Rubenstein is at the keyboard between nine and one. Dinner.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Bobby Short, with glitter and finesse, savoir-faire and aplomb, virtuosity and a clear ability to remain on top of the situation, is back where he belongs, as are his customary sidemen, Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. Songs, with lyrics you can understand, at nine-forty-five every night but Sunday and Monday. Dinner and supper.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Guitarist Tiny Grimes, who in years past worked with giants like Art Tatum and Charlie Parker, is heading a trio Wednesday and Thursday, March 7-8. Mary Lou Williams, a pianist, composer, and arranger who has a solid place in the history of jazz, will arrive for an extended stay, with a bassist, on Friday, March 9. Sundays, Dick Hyman brings his ripple-jazz approach to the keyboard. Music from eight until one. Dining in pleasant surroundings.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—In the big room, reached by traversing a long bar, you can sit at tables and take your chances (some of the acts here are topflight, some not). Through Saturday, March 10, a bunch called Mount Aerie will share the proceedings with folk singer Doris Abrahams. On Tuesday, March 13, Breakfast Special, a folkish group, will arrive, along with singer Mary Smith. The mikes are switched on at about nine. Sundays are a very mixed bag. Closed Mondays.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A happy combination of music, ambience, and circumstance has turned this little corner into a solid winner. Ellis Larkins, a pianist of tried-and-true sensibilities, plays with flawless taste, accompanied by bassist Al Hall, Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty. On Sunday, March 11, between five and eight, the pair will present a program consisting of Vernon Duke, Alec Wilder, and Burton Lane songs. On Mondays, another fine pianist, Tommy Flanagan, is here with a bassist. Snacks.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—In its new, sleek, slick midtown home, this club is offering two jazz groups each night. Through Saturday, March 10, a quintet led by pianist Horace Silver will alternate with vocalist Johnny Hartman and a backup trio. Monday through Saturday, March 12-17, the Silver combo will trade sets with a quartet guided by trombone champ Kai Winding. All these people play from nine-thirty until three or four. Sundays, from nine until two, pianist Duke Pearson leads a big band that frequently includes major jazzmen, like Pepper Adams, Frank Foster, and Mickey Roker.

Horn & Hardart, 1557 Broadway, at 47th St.—Going beyond the Salisbury-steak principle, the Automat has decided to convert to live music and dancing on Fridays and Saturdays between nine and one. The lights are dimmed, a dance floor is created, and snacks and alcoholic drinks are served. A group called Vertical Burn, which uses a Moog synthesizer, provides the sound.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—A dim den in which people drink, eat popcorn, throw darts, and listen to piano music. Lance Hayward is at the keyboard every night but Wednesday, when Jimmy Young takes over. Bassist Michael Fleming participates Fridays and Saturdays. Music from nine-thirty to three nightly. Sundays, between four and seven, the Quantzy Major Trio (violin, oboe, and bassoon) changes the pace, doing sixteenth-to-eighteenth-century material.

Jazzboat, 101 Ave. A, at 6th St. (677-9721)—It does not float, but it swings, being a new, long bar with a back room in which some high-calibre people perform. Through Sunday, March 11, reed man Charles McPherson will conduct a quintet. Betty Carter, who has been perfecting her vocal skills for a long time, and who can really turn a song around, comes in with a trio on Tuesday, March 13. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—No musical revolution here, and no sartorial one either, but traditionalists can hear some healthy Dixieland. Roy Eldridge, Joe Muranyi, Chuck Folds, Eddie Locke, Major Holley, and Bobby Pratt are the musicians. Closed Sundays.

Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484)—A new midtown restaurant that looks like a new midtown restaurant. In the bar—which is as round as a faucet washer—pianist Barry Harris and bassist Larry Davis turn out some intelligently swinging jazz Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight to one. A fairly full dinner menu. Closed Sundays. No music Mondays.

Kenny's Castaways, 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892)—The bar is a museum piece, and the crowd tends to be young and enthusiastic. David Amram, a jazz pianist from academe, will be here through Sunday, March 11 (with the exception of Saturday, March 10), playing opposite singer-guitarist Ellen McIlwaine. On Tuesday, March 13, percussionist Mongo Santamaria will arrive with a sextet. Mondays, various other entertainers drop in. Snacks.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Roughhewn furnishings and some rough-and-ready entertainment. Gram Parsons, who at one time was a Byrd and at another a Burrito, will be doing some rural songs with a backup band through Monday, March 12. Shows Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty the rest of the week. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the shows are. Steaks and lobsters downstairs.

Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. (673-3937)—In the **blue room cabaret,** on the second floor of this theatre complex, some young, insistent, and variously talented performers play and sing at ten and midnight. A bluesy outfit called Orleans is present Sundays and Mondays.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—More than just a pub, this restaurant offers Britannic décor and some entertaining music. Pianist Ray Bryant and bassist Hal Dodson are turning out some high-level stuff Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine until one. Mondays, from nine until midnight, clarinettist Woody Allen (the same) leads six of his friends in some rousing New Orleans jazz. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Vibraharpist Milt Jackson, of M.J.Q. renown, will be here with his quartet Thursday through Saturday, March 8-10. Thursday through Saturday, March 15-17, drummer Art Blakey, Jr., will present his group, which is known as the New Generation. The club has a comfortable main room and a glassed-in sidewalk gallery. Dining.

Muggs, 1134 First Ave., at 62nd St. (838-7050)—A bar, some tables, some food, some jazz. Patti Wicks plays a stimulating jazz piano and sings, in company with bassist Perry Lind, Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to twelve, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to two. Mondays, pianist Don Heitler performs with Lind from seven to midnight. No music Sundays.

Onliest Place, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Clifford Jordan, a tenor saxophonist who came up during the bop era, is leading a quartet. This old and earthy place is the sometime home of the Half Note, which moved to midtown a while ago. The room is dark and the streets are deserted, but the interior sights and sounds bring back a lot of New York jazz memories. Music from nine. Closed Mondays.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (CH 2-1366)—A shipshape bar-and-restaurant with an entertainment policy that runs from the nineteen-twenties to the nineteen-seventies with no perceptible hitch. Permanent members of the cast are pianist Sammy Benskin and singer-host Jimmie Daniels. Singer Jackie Washington will depart after Saturday, March 10. Song stylist Joey Cord and blues singer Baby Jane Dexter open Tuesday, March 13. Mr. Benskin is on hand between seven and one. The other entertainers do shows at nine and eleven Tuesdays and Wednesdays and at nine-fifteen and eleven-forty-five Thursdays through Saturdays. Mondays, a variety of budding performers are invited in. Dining. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Mabel Mercer, poised and elegant, sits in a straight-backed chair and does songs that owe much of their meaning to timing, gesture, and intonation. The tales she tells are of love and loss and youth and age, and they are supported by Jimmy Lyon's sensitive piano. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—A couple of rooms above a Greek-French restaurant, relaxed and redolent of faded elegance. In this *intime* setting, bassist Richard Davis and guitarist Al Gafa are playing their own strong sets and accompanying vocalist Jane Harvey. Singer-pianist William Roy, who keeps a smile in his appoggiatura, is also in evidence. Silent Sundays and Mondays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Small jazz groups perform on Fridays and Saturdays from ten until three-thirty in this attractive, restful club. Friday and Saturday, March 9-10, vibist Peter La Barbera will head a trio. Snacks.

Three, 314 E. 72nd St. (734-9303)—If Blossom Dearie were a bell, she could go on ringing forever, and a lot of people would be ecstatic about it. When she sits at the piano and sings in her small, clean, honest voice, something happens that makes a lot of other singers sound like tin buckets in comparison. She is performing in this little bar-and-restaurant, with the able assistance of bassist Herbert Bushler, Thursdays through Saturdays from six to eight and Sundays at four-thirty and at six-thirty. The whole thing is done concert-style, with a pause or two to enable patrons to replenish their drinks.

Two Saints, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650)—This establishment, formerly known as the Five Spot, is back in

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

operation as a jazz club. The Termini brothers, the once and present owners, have done little to alter the old place except to put more emphasis on its Italian menu. The jazz is all-electric at the moment, and it is provided by pianist Dave Matthews and guitarist-and-bassist Midge Pike, who are on hand between ten and two. Closed Sundays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Bassist Charles Mingus will present his quintet here Fridays and Saturdays, March 9-10 and 16-17. On Wednesdays, a trio led by harpist Daphne Hellman does Scarlatti and Lennon with equal ease. Mondays, new talent is auditioned. Music from about ten.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—The parade of stars continues: Pianist Thelonious Monk will remain with his quartet through Sunday, March 11. Elvin Jones, a drumming phenomenon, will bring in his quintet on Tuesday, March 13. Listeners who enjoy a contemporary massed-instrument sound may wish to attend on Mondays, when the big, dynamic Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band has the stage to itself. Music begins at nine-thirty, in theory.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: Hugh Lawson and Carl *Pruitt play Thursdays through Sundays.* Kenny Brawner and a bassist play Mondays through Wednesdays. Music from eight. A glow inside, dark streets outside.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—Less tongue in cheek and more tongue *and* cheek is Rodney Dangerfield, the narrator here; whichever, the conversation is both brusque and bright. The speechmaking starts around eleven, and an hour earlier on Fridays and Saturdays. Steaks and what goes with them. Closed Sundays.

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Let Yourself Go," a revue, is up for inspection Mondays through Thursdays at ten-fifteen and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Preceding the show, Mondays through Thursdays, comedian Jimmy Walker appears at nine-thirty, and following the show Hattie Winston does a spate of songs at eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays, Miss Winston goes on at eleven.

Improvisation, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—One guess is as good as another about which newcomers will try out on a given night. One guest is *not* as good as another, but some of these neophytes have something to say, or sing, for themselves, so patience can be rewarded. Minimum internal nourishment. No Sundays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—A bit of the Corn Belt, but a bit of the Rhine Belt, too (*Schuhplattler* dancers and a sort of brass band). The two get along famously and cacophonously. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—The Jonah Jones quartet is playing for dining and dancing in the **royal box,** from seven-thirty to two, every night but Sunday, when another dance band sits in.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Los Chavales de España have been around long enough to know that life is not all sangría and skittles, but their homespun, woven-in-Barcelona philosophy, expressed in cantata and cavorting, makes it seem that way. Dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty and Sundays from four. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the **flamenco suite,** there is activity, after eight-thirty, by vocal and physical athletes who are madrileños in every respect, performing in a casually formless format until early morn. Closed Mondays.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—On Wednesday, March 14, singer Melba Moore and comedian Rick Topper will be ending their revels, so that, on the following evening, Sarah Vaughan can begin singing. Lonnie Shorr, arriving the same night, will do the talking. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the lounge, which is as close to Nevada as most of us ever get, there is music appropriate to the occasion. Closed Mondays.

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Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In **la forêt,** a magic *forêt* if there ever was one, the Mark Monte band and the Teddy Diamond trio provide the dance music during the dinner hour, and predominantly English discothèque music is in effect after eleven. Beginning Thursday, March 15, Colin Beaton's orchestra and a rock group called Boogie will play for dancing from seven-thirty until two. Tuesdays through Saturdays is the schedule. . . . ¶ Through Saturday, March 10, Phil Wayne will be in the **café** with a dance trio, seven-thirty until quite late; Herb Winner's triad will be on duty Sunday through Saturday, March 11-17.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the **persian room,** there are song recitals by Sig and Gary at dinner and supper. Dick Lewis is on the bandstand, heading up his *dance crew. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the* **palm court,** violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti are on hand every day from four-thirty to six-thirty, and Mondays through Thursdays from eight to midnight and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to one.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—This splendid altiplano affords at dinner and supper the singing duo of Jackie Cain and Roy Kral. The dance tunes, which begin at eight, are on tape. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The **maisonette,** still a fair copy of a royal palace, amuses its house guests with dinner and supper visitations by songbird Dana Valery. Dancing to Anthony Terini's orchestra and trio. Closed Sundays. . . . **la boite russe,** the next-door sylvan glade, offers the rustles of eternal spring—the violin of Jani Sarkozi, who shows up for dinner and supper every night but Monday. A Russian menu.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Little Egypt. The interior design is elegantly ornate, and the cuisine is on the *haute* side. Three times a night, the records are interrupted by a hard-sell floor show (all your favorite jukebox hits, etc.). Dancing begins at five, but the live entertainers don't appear until about nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Dinner and supper are the occasions for volatile Frankie Laine to sing in the **empire room.** Dancing all evening to the Charles Turecamo orchestra. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

duncan's, 303 E. 53rd St. (838-6154): Bill Halsey, a near-complete pianist, goes from Handy to Ellington (and sometimes beyond) between eight-thirty and two Mondays through Saturdays. Leonard Gaskin is his bassist. A gaslight flickers. . . . **dionysos,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): The *son-et-lumière* festival that brings the Acropolis to life every night is easily matched right in this spot. Eat, dance (sometimes to rock), and be merry from nine until very, very later, and admire the scenery. Closed Sundays. . . . **adonis,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): More Greek Games, more Aegean scenery, more song, dance, and bouzouki—and thereby more fun, from eight-thirty until four. Additionally, every night but Sunday, singer-guitarist Robert Miano performs at ten-thirty and midnight. . . . **chez vito,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Sort of a New World *café chantant,* what with Leyna Gabriele and her chorus singing away from a midway table and a set of fiddlers in almost constant motion. Closed Sundays. . . . **a quiet little table in the corner,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A bumper-to-bumper traffic jam that bothers none of the guests, who have no intention of moving on. Charlie La Torella plays piano from nine-thirty until three Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . **mykonos,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): Greek meets Greek in an inn on the well-known island, dines *à la grecque,* and nods with the beat of an agile Athenian quartet. All quite jovial, and every night but Sunday. Dancing. . . . **asti,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): An opera house quite as mad as the one the Marx Brothers once inhabited. The entire staff joins in, even during the process of serving dinner. Closed Mondays. . . . **la chansonnette,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): *En famille* with Rita Dimitri; a fine figure of a soubrette, who, surveying her small domain from the top of a piano, sings during dinner and supper. Dancing, too, in this neat pocket park. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **frank's place,** 41 E. 58th St. (838-0364): Norman Kubrin, who has a jazz-and-pop voice and deft fingers, sings and plays piano for cocktails and early dining from five-thirty to eight-thirty Mondays through Fridays. He is absent Saturdays, and the restaurant is closed Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

iperbole, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): In the well-ordered Roman way of life, dining becomes a career instead of a wee pause for refreshments. The setting is circa 1975, but the music (the voice and guitar of Gino Toscano) belongs to a fine Old World. Seven until one. Closed Sundays. . . . **roma di notte,** 137 E. 55th St. (832-1128): Underneath Iperbole, in an equally ornamented, compartmented grotto, dance music flows from the Three Romans, seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **château henri iv,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): No difficulty about living like kings, for the appurtenances—moat, armor, medieval architecture—were left behind intact when Henri IV moved into a modern co-op. The travelling violin plied by George Cardini and the retrospective piano plied by Herman Arminski are in service Tuesdays through Saturdays. Another pianist fills in on Mondays; no music Sundays. The restaurant is pastoral; the bar can be rambunctious. . . . **the griffin,** 313 E. 46th St. (371-4542): The dinner piano in this pleasurable and polite refectory is the work of Richard Wilkins. His hours are seven-thirty to eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **la bibliothèque,** 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5444): A hill town (pop. 70) at the very cul-de-sac end of the street, high above First Avenue, wherefore the view is as good as the ambience and the ease. Norman Rollings, voice-over-piano, sits midway between bar and restaurant from eight until one Mondays through Thursdays, from nine until two Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **drake room,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The old standby. From cocktails until after-the-theatre supper, there is piano by Dick Hankinson, who cedes the instrument to other hands on Sundays. . . . **sherry-netherland,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A proper perspective on life after dark is afforded by the bar-and-grill, where one's prandial career is ad-lib and at-leisure. Every night, except Sunday and Monday, Robert Poitevin, whose piano once hung on Piaf's every word, adds to the sparkle. . . . **jack delaney,** 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905): A recollection of the old supper clubs where the piano man set a mood that kept one ear alert for conversation and the other alert for the music. The practi-

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tioner in this extremely matter-of-fact Village grill is Gration Oullette, who plays Wednesdays through Sundays, from eight to two. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT**, in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley makes the piano in this chancellery rejoice from four-thirty to ten-thirty. He is off duty Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **CAMEL DRIVER**, 72 E. 56th St. (355-8989): Marty Berns' piano is always urbane and frequently nostalgic in this candle-lit, red-carpeted little restaurant. Mondays through Fridays from seven to two. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): *Concours d'élégance.* George Feyer's Viennese piano and occasional murmured lyrics (they run from eight-thirty to one-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays) are in precisely the right place. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): One of the roads that lead to Rome. On and around a wayside bandstand is a crew of musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **NIRVANA**, penthouse of 30 Central Park S. (288-9097): A little bit of Bangladesh, with a view. Arooj Lazewal, on sitar, and Badal Roy, on drums and tabla, provide a subdued background for dining, every night but Monday from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty. . . . **LAIR**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (472-0163): Behind the heavy wooden door, a sanctuary in which Larry Oleno sings (troubadours should have been so gifted) and plays piano Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine until midnight. Dining, meanwhile, merges into supping. . . . **BARCLAY HOTEL**, 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): On the Barclay Terrace when it's time for cocktails, and in the King's Inn when it's time for dinner, and in the Gold Room when it's time to be postprandial, a couple of Lester Lanin outriders make music that cheers. Mondays through Fridays is the scheme.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Darryl Abraham—Models of scenes of rural America (motels, trailers, and so forth), with figures; through March 24. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Kosta Alex—Painted-relief canvases; through Saturday, March 10. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St.)

Richard Anuszkiewicz—Thirty-four Optical paintings creating effects of halos of light; through March 31. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

March Avery—Landscape and figure paintings; through March 25. (Waverly, 103 Waverly Pl. Daily, except Wednesdays, noon to 6.)

Jack Beal—Realistic figure paintings, pastel landscapes, and charcoal drawings; through Friday, March 9. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jack Brusca—Paintings of cartoon figures, numbers, and letters, with a three-dimensional effect; through March 31. (Landry-Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Kenneth Campbell / Charles S. DuBack—Humanoid marble sculptures. / Etchings, mounted in tandem with poems by his wife, Daphne Mumford. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Through Friday, March 9.)

Rosemarie Castoro—Wall pieces made of Masonite and suggesting figures; through Thursday, March 15. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Saul Chase—Realistic landscapes; through Saturday, March 10. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Bernard Childs—Fifteen large abstract oil paintings; starting Tuesday, March 13. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Don Cole / Richard tum Suden—A variety of imagery on unstretched canvas. / Abstract Expressionist paintings with hints of a subject. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Through Thursday, March 15. Closed Mondays.)

Ralston Crawford—Freely painted works by an abstractionist; through March 31. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

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Peter Dean and Philip Sherrod—Figurative Expressionist paintings; starting Tuesday, March 13. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

Jim Dine—New paintings and drawings by this former Pop leader; through March 24. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

John Duff—Molded fibre-glass wall pieces in gold and orange; through March 29. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Friedel Dzubas—Paintings, some long and horizontal, by a follower of the color-field movement; through Wednesday, March 14. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Fiore—Landscape paintings of Maine, also cityscapes; starting Friday, March 9. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Sideo Fromboluti—Cape Cod landscapes and figure paintings, frequently consisting of two or three panels, with heavily painted surfaces; starting Saturday, March 10. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Closed Mondays.)

Karl Gerstner—Painted reliefs stressing gradations of color by a Swiss designer; through Saturday, March 10. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

Harvey Gordon—Photo-realist paintings of the urban scene; starting Saturday, March 10. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Arshile Gorky (1904-48)—Paintings and drawings; through Saturday, March 10. (Feigen, 27 E. 79th St.)

Roy Gussow—Stainless-steel abstract sculptures; through March 29. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Auguste Herbin (1882-1960)—Twenty-five works, from 1917 through the nineteen-fifties, by a geometrical abstractionist who has recently aroused interest in Europe and the United States; through April 5. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lewis W. Hine (1874-1940)—Photographs of American child laborers, taken between 1908 and 1930; through Sunday, March 11. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 12:30 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Bill Hochhausen—Laminated wood sculptures with suggestions of animals; through Saturday, March 10. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

Margaret Israel—Figurative painted-plaster and ceramic wall pieces and sculptures; through March 24. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lester Johnson—Abstract Expressionist figure paintings; through March 24. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Herbert Kallem—Abstract human figures, animals, and birds in stainless steel, bronze, and found materials; through March 24. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Wassily Kandinsky (1866-1944) / **Craig Kauffman**—Forty watercolors and drawings from 1911 to 1914. / Vacuum-formed colored plastics by a Los Angeles artist. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Starts Saturday, March 10. Closed Mondays.)

James Kearns—Figurative sculptures in bronze and fibre glass with a tendency toward caricature; through Saturday, March 17. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Constantine Kermes—Primitive paintings featuring American rural religious groups; starting Saturday, March 10. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Doris Klein—Still-lifes, figures, and landscapes; through March 24. (Hartley, 50 E. 73rd St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 7.)

Terence La Noue—Poured-latex wall pieces with gauze backing; starting Saturday, March 10. (Paley & Lowe, 59 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

James Lechay—Landscapes, portraits, and still-lifes by an artist now of the Midwest; through March 24. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Roy Lichtenstein—Still-lifes; through Saturday, March 10. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

Alvin Loving—Abstract pieces of dyed canvas, leather, vinyl, and velvet sewn together; through March 29. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Brice Marden—Paintings consisting of panels in single colors; through March 22. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Reginald Marsh (1898-1954)—Studies for murals at the New York Custom House, completed in 1937, also watercolors of New York Harbor; through Wednesday, March 14. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Alfred H. Maurer (1868-1932)—Forty-five paintings of this early twentieth-century American modernist's Fauve period, done before World War I; through March 31. (Danenberg, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.). . . ¶ Twenty-five paintings; through Saturday, March 17. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Merkin—High-keyed paintings with themes of the nineteen-thirties—gangsters, Nazis, movie stars—plus drawings and assemblages; through Saturday, March 10. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Hans Moller—Landscapes, most of them of Monhegan, Maine; through March 31. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ulrich Niemeyer—Plastic sculptures in geometric shapes; starting Saturday, March 10. (55 Mercer Street. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Costantino Nivola—Terra-cotta plaques and figures, including a series with a seaside motif; starting Tuesday, March 13. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

David Novros—Studies for frescoes: oil on paper; through March 28. (Esman, 24 E. 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Kenzo Okada—Abstract paintings of nature in subdued tones; through March 31. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Pascal—Paintings based on the comics, by a cartoonist and illustrator; through March 24. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Carl-Henning Pedersen—Expressionist paintings with suggestions of organic forms, by a member of the Cobra group; through Saturday, March 10. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

William Pettet—Paintings consisting of irregular bands of colors; through Saturday, March 10. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Edward Plunkett—Drawings, collages, and prints looking back to the silent-movie era; through March 21. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Reed—A show of Abstract Expressionist paintings that will run concurrently with his exhibit (starting Thursday, March 8) at the Whitney; through March 31. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Earl Reiback—Projections of moving light in intense colors; through Saturday, March 17. (Waddell, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Salt / Jorge Stever—Paintings of automobile interiors. / Abstract paintings. (O.K. Harris, 465 West Broadway. Through March 24. Closed Mondays.)

Morteza Sazegar—Paintings in patterns of uniform squares; through Saturday, March 17. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

Kurt Schwitters (1887-1948)—An exhibition of a hundred and five works of painting, drawing, sculpture, assemblage, and, above all, collage by the German Dadaist, who, like many other leading lights of the movement, vehemently denied his association with it, and called what he did "Merz" instead of "Dada."

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The wrap is Mink.
The feeling is Marvelous.
The woman is You.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Schwitters' hoardings of newspaper clippings, labels from bottles, ticket stubs, stamps, scraps of writing paper, bits of wallpaper, and fragments of photographs become abstractions of delicate beauty, touched with a charming, gentle wit. Schwitters once wrote a poem called "When I Am Talking About the Weather," which goes, "When I am talking about the weather/ I know what I am talking about." His collages exude the same authority, and their art has never been surpassed, although their technique has been much imitated. The paintings and drawings and sculptures have claims to interest, but the collages are really the whole show. Through Saturday, March 17. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Antoni Tàpies—Works on paper by the Spanish modernist; through Saturday, March 17. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lloyd Tugwell—Paintings of Chinese architectural subjects; through March 31. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lynton Wells—Large paintings based on photographs; through March 21. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

H. C. Westermann—Sculptures in several mediums, and drawings and lithographs, by a constructor of fantasies; starting Saturday, March 10. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

Paul Wiesenfeld—Interiors with figures, and still-lifes; first one-man show here. Through March 22. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Isaac Witkin—Five large steel sculptures for the outdoors; starting Saturday, March 10. (Elkon, 141 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Barbara Wright—Abstract Expressionist city scenes; first solo show here. Through March 22. (Brata, 56 Third Ave., at 10th St. Closed Mondays.)

Tom Wudl—Patterns in acrylic and metallic paint on perforated newspaper, by a young Californian; through March 21. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

Paul Wunderlich—Oils, gouaches, and drawings by a contemporary German Surrealist; through Saturday, March 17. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Larry Zox—Color-field paintings; starting Saturday, March 10. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **CHINESE CULTURAL CENTER**, 159 Lexington Ave., at 30th St.: Fifty Chinese wood-block prints done for folk festivals; through Saturday, March 10. (Daily, 10 to 6.). . . **FISCHBACH**, 29 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Bishop, Davis, Gorchov, Mangold, Ohlson, and Parker; through Thursday, March 15. (Closed Mondays.). . . **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: Carved ivories, figurines, paintings, and artifacts by thirty-seven Eskimos working in Alaska; starting Thursday, March 8. (Closed Mondays.). . . **LOGIUDICE**, 59 Wooster St.: Paintings and sculptures by Artschwager, Budd, Marden, Ryman, Warhol, Andre, Chamberlain, di Suvero, Serra, and others; starting Saturday, March 10. (Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.). . . **NEW YORK URBAN COALITION**, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St.: More than a hundred paintings, sculptures, and other works by black and Spanish-speaking New Yorkers; starting Monday, March 12. (Mondays through Fridays, 5:30 to 8:30; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.). . . **RAYDON**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Approximately a hundred watercolors by artists of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries—Hassam, Heade, Homer, Pascin, Prendergast, Walkowitz, and others; through Saturday, March 17. (Closed Mondays.). . . **SABARSKY**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by German Expressionists; through April 3. (Closed Mondays.). . . **SACHS**, 29 W. 57th St.: Cavallon, Ferren, Marsicano, Parsons, Schwartz, and others; through Thursday, March 15. (Closed Mondays.). . . **VISUAL ARTS**, 209 E. 23rd St.: Male nudes by Alice Neel, Lowell Nesbitt, Philip Pearlstein, John Button, and others; through Tuesday, March 13. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 5 and 6 to 10; Fridays, 10 to 4.). . . **WEINTRAUB**, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Newly acquired paintings and sculptures by Arp, Braque, Giacometti, Chagall, and Moore; through Thursday, March 15. (Closed Mondays.). . . **WESTBETH**, 155 Bank St.: Paintings and sculptures by six artists, several of them, such as Jan Doubrava (1911-72), well known; starting Friday, March 9. (Thursdays and Fridays, 4 to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 8.)

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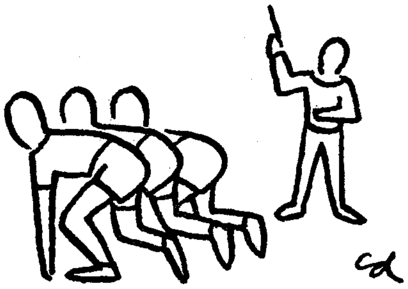
MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—About sixty outstanding East Indian sculptures, paintings, costumes, textiles, armor, and jewelry, from 2700 B.C. to the nineteenth century, taken from the Museum's collection; through April 1. . . . ¶ Thirty-six paintings, mostly of Greek and Roman subjects, by Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema; starting Friday, March 9. . . . ¶ About thirty objects—embroidered and painted silks, Ming porcelains, ceramics, and fans—made in China, from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth, for export to the West; through March 25. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the photographs of Paul Strand, dating from 1915 to 1968; through April 15. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibition of seventy prints by the Norwegian Expressionist Edvard Munch (1863-1944) provides, among other things, a powerful antidote to the current view of sex as "fun" and "fulfilling" and of the struggle between men and women as hinging on the question of who does the dishes. Munch equates sex with death, he depicts women, severally, as vampires, murderers, seducers, whores, virgins, and madonnas, and he feels that men and women cannot be united. A woodcut called "Two Beings (The Lonely Ones)"—this and many other prints in the exhibition are versions of paintings—shows a man and a woman standing side by side but apart on the shore of the sea, their backs to the viewer, silently looking out into the distance, and the distance between them is a fact as fixed and palpable as the rocks upon which they stand. In "Ashes," Munch expresses the despair of a couple who have slept together only to find their separateness and aloneness ratified. "The Kiss," done in 1895, shows a nude man and woman tenderly embracing in front of a window, their realistically rendered bodies discrete, but their faces strangely, startlingly fused; this etching developed into the abstract woodcut (1897-1902) of the same name, in which the couple have completely fused into a single sombre shrouded shape that looks like the figure of death. Munch's famous Existentialist image "The Scream," his deadly "Madonna," with its border of a fetus and sperm, and the devastating "The Death Chamber" are other compelling works in this disturbing show. Munch was a master of all the graphic techniques, and the technical and stylistic variety of the show, while giving it the substance usually lacking in exhibitions of graphics, only heightens one's sense of the vast reaches of Munch's pessimism. Through April 29. . . . ¶ Eighty twentieth-century collages, watercolors, and drawings, representing major artists and movements in twentieth-century art, by Boccioni, Léger, Sheeler, Oldenburg, and others; through May 16. . . . ¶ Two hundred and twenty-eight examples of news photography; through April 29. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—First museum exhibit in America by Ferdinand Hodler (1853-1918), a Swiss. It consists of approximately a hundred and ten Symbolist and Art Nouveau paintings and drawings. Through April 8. . . . ¶ Forty-five paintings from the Museum's permanent collection, done since 1952; through April 1. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)



Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A biennial survey of contemporary American painting and sculpture, which is replacing the Whitney Annual. The second stage will close Sunday, March 11. . . . ¶ Seven large purple Abstract Expressionist canvases by Robert Reed; starting Thursday, March 8. A complement to this show will be his exhibit at the Washburn Gallery, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Seventy-nine etchings by artists of Paris (Cassatt, Corot, Daubigny, Degas, Monet, for example); through April 15. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"And Then There Were None," a continuous slide-showing of extinct and endangered animal species. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Pottery and porcelains dating from the fifteenth century to the seventeenth; through Sunday, March 11. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Abstract canvas collages by Lee Gatch (1902-68), often pastoral in mood and suggestive of landscape; through March 18. . . . ¶ Eighty-four etchings by Salvator Rosa (1615-73), done between 1651 and 1663; through April 25. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—Rare English and American books, manuscripts, historical documents, and original drawings for book illustrations; through April 11. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 4.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Works showing a Chinese influence by Fima, who was born and educated in China, and figure paintings by Avraham Ofek, an Israeli born in Bulgaria; through March 18. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Manuscripts and first and fine editions of Greek and Latin classics; through May 2. . . . ¶ A series of illuminations from an early twelfth-century English manuscript; through May 2. . . . ¶ Major acquisitions of the last two years; through May 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Eighteenth- and twentieth-century altars used for witchcraft rituals, plus dolls and other items employed in voodoo, Pennsylvania hexerei, and other aspects of the occult; through April 8. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

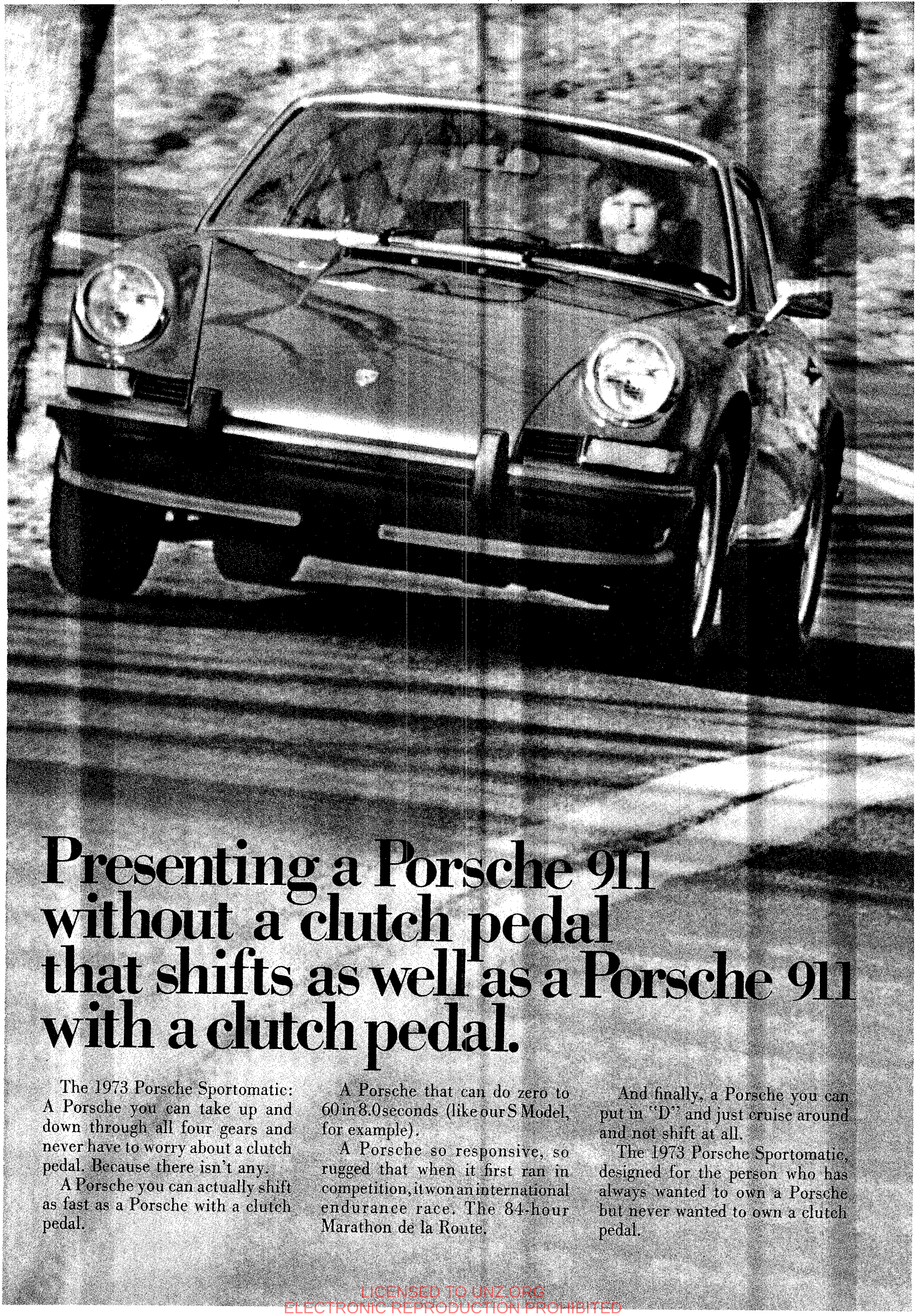
Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—Over a hundred works by thirty-two artists exploring the creative potential of glass; through March 25. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Eighty works from Africa, Oceania, and the Americas showing varieties of form, stylization, and scale in representations of the human face. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the American Indian, Broadway at 155th St.—Sixty-two masks, sculptures, ceramics, and other examples of the use of the skull as a motif by American Indians; through March 31. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The hundred-and-forty-eighth annual, composed of nearly three hundred oils, sculptures, prints, drawings, and watercolors by both members and nonmembers; through March 18. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—A hundred drawings, most of them done in the nineteen-sixties, by American artists—Flavin, di Suvero, Heizer, Judd, Serra, and



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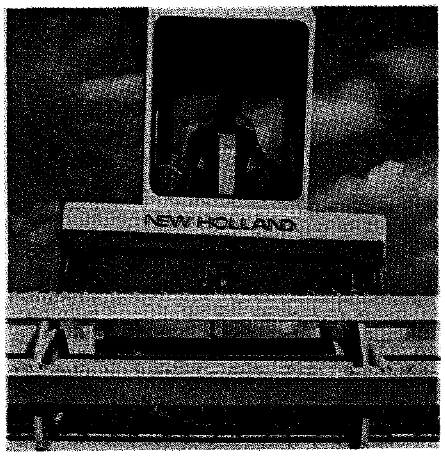

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Smithson, for instance; through Sunday, March 11....¶ Landscapes, animals, and birds by Chu Ta, a seventeenth-century Chinese; through April 15....¶ More than eighty works dealing with New York City subjects and country-house scenes done in the past thirty-five years by John Koch; through April 1. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Four hundred and thirty-three Audubon watercolors: the collection acquired by the Society from his widow in 1863 and now being shown for the first time in its entirety. Through May 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Documents: Famous & Infamous," an exhibition of letters of historical importance and literary forgeries of great cunning; through May 31....¶ Prints by women, from Diana Ghisi (1535-87) to Lee Bontecou; through May 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Surreal images of American urban and rural life by Eldzier Cortor, Rex Goreleigh, and Hughie Lee-Smith; through March 18. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, March 7: "Salome," with Leonie Rysanek, Mignon Dunn, Robert Nagy, William Dooley, Rod MacWherter, and John Macurdy; conducted by Karl Böhm....¶ Thursday evening, March 8: "Peter Grimes," with Lucine Amara, Lili Chookasian, Jean Kraft, Jon Vickers, and Donald Gramm; Sixten Ehrling....¶ Friday evening, March 9: "Norma," with Montserrat Caballé, Fiorenza Cossotto, Carlo Cossutta, and Ruggero Raimondi; Carlo Felice Cillario....¶ Saturday matinée, March 10: "Carmen," with Marilyn Horne, Lucine Amara, James McCracken, and Tom Krause; Henry Lewis....¶ Saturday evening, March 10: "Don Giovanni," with Edda Moser, Pilar Lorengar, Rosalind Elias, Cesare Siepi, George Shirley, Ezio Flagello, Theodor Uppman, and John Macurdy; Peter Maag....¶ Monday evening, March 12: "Macbeth," with Martina Arroyo, Sherrill Milnes, William Lewis, and Giorgio Tozzi; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli....¶ Tuesday evening, March 13: "Norma," with Montserrat Caballé, Fiorenza Cossotto, Carlo Cossutta, and Ruggero Raimondi; Carlo Felice Cillario....¶ Wednesday evening, March 14: "Peter Grimes," with Lucine Amara, Lili Chookasian, Jean Kraft, Jon Vickers, and Donald Gramm; Sixten Ehrling....¶ Thursday evening, March 15: "Carmen," with Marilyn Horne, Lucine Amara, Teresa Stratas, James McCracken, and Tom Krause; Henry Lewis. (A non-subscription performance.)...¶ Friday evening, March 16: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Leonie Rysanek, Judith Blegen, Yvonne Minton, Marcia Baldwin, Walter Berry, Franco Tagliavini, and Morley Meredith; Christoph von Dohnanyi....¶ Saturday matinée, March 17: "Il Trovatore," with Montserrat Caballé, Fiorenza Cossotto, Placido Domingo, Robert Merrill, and Ivo Vinco; Carlo Felice Cillario....¶ Saturday evening, March 17: "Pique Dame," with Raina Kabaivanska, Regina Resnik, Shirley Love, Jon Vickers, John Reardon, and William Walker. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Wednesday, March 7, at 8: "Roberto Devereux," with Beverly Sills, Susanne Marsee, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Richard Fredricks; conducted by Julius Rudel....¶ Thursday, March 8, at 7: A new production of Monteverdi's "L'Incoronazione di Poppea," with Carol Neblett, Frances Bible, Alan Titus, and Dominic Cossa; John Nelson....¶ Friday, March 9, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Maralin Niska, Deborah Kieffer, José Carreras, and Thomas Jamerson; Charles Wendelken-Wilson....¶ Saturday, March 10, at 2: "Roberto Devereux," with Beverly Sills, Susanne Marsee, Vittorio Terranova, and Richard Fredricks; Julius Rudel....¶ Saturday, March 10, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Doris Jung, Sylvia Anderson, Georg Schnapka, and Kenneth Riegel; Mario Bernardi....¶ Sunday, March 11, at 1: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Beverly Evans, José Carreras, and Seymour Schwartzman; Charles Wendelken-Wilson....¶ Sunday, March 11, at 7: "Carmen," with Gwendolyn Killebrew, Faye Robinson, Herman Malamood, and Robert Hale; Julius Rudel....¶ Tuesday, March 13, at 8: "Roberto Devereux," with Beverly Sills, Olivia Stapp, Vittorio Terranova, and Seymour Schwartzman; Charles Wendelken-Wilson....¶ Wednesday, March 14, at 7: A new production of Ginastera's "Beatrix Cenci," with Arlene Saunders, Gwendolyn Killebrew, Justino Díaz, and Edward Pierson; Julius Rudel....¶ Thursday, March 15, at 8: "Tosca," with Marisa Galvany, Barry Morell, Richard Fredricks, and J. B. Davis; Christopher Keene....¶ Friday, March 16, at 8: "Oedipus Rex," with Olivia Stapp, Arturo Sergi, Edward Pierson, and Richard T. Gill; and "Carmina Burana," with Patricia Brooks, Kenneth Riegel, and David Holloway; Charles Wendelken-Wilson....¶ Saturday, March 17, at 2: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Johanna Meier, Ruth Welting, Arnold Voketaitis, and John Lankston; Julius Rudel....¶ Saturday, March 17, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Elisabeth Carron, Diane Curry, John Stewart, and Seymour Schwartzman; Charles Wendelken-Wilson. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, April 29.)

Opera at the Forum—The Met's project of producing lesser-known classical and contemporary works in a small house, in this case the little Forum Theatre (EN 2-7618), under the Vivian Beaumont. Final performances; the schedule: Virgil Thomson's "Four Saints in Three Acts," with Betty Allen and Benjamin Matthews. Wednesday, March 7, at 8, and Saturday, March 10, at 2 and 8....¶ A double bill—Maurice Ohana's "Syllabaire pour Phèdre," with Nancy Williams/Elaine Bonazzi and Cynthia Barnett/Susan Belling, and Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas," with Nancy Williams, Susan Belling/Cynthia Barnett, Elaine Bonazzi, and Lenus Carlson. Thursday and Friday, March 8-9, at 8.

Mannes Opera Workshop—The second of two performances of a double bill: Albert Roussel's "Aunt Caroline's Will," in an English version by Robert Gay, preceded by Mozart's "The Impresario," in an English version by Boris Goldovsky. Paul Berl is the music director and Harvey Vincent the stage director. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, March 8, at 8.)

John Brownlee Opera Theatre—Rossini's "The Italian Girl in Algiers," in an English translation by Ruth and Thomas Martin. Conducted by Anton Coppola and staged by James Lucas. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Saturday, March 17, at 8, and Sunday, March 18, at 2:30. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—Leonard Bernstein conducting on Wednesday, March 7, and Tuesday, March 13, at 8:30 (both with André Watts, piano)....¶ Pierre Boulez conducting on Thursday, March 15, and Saturday, March 17, at 8:30 (both with Antonio Ballista and Bruno Canino, pianos).... **NOTE:** An hour before the concerts on Thursday, March 15, and Saturday, March 17, the Messrs. Ballista and Canino and Stanley Drucker, clarinet, will give a half-hour all-Stravinsky recital.

Minnesota Orchestra—Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting, with Shirley Verrett, mezzo-soprano, and Raymond Gibbs, tenor. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 9, at 8.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Carlo Maria Giulini conducting, with Rafael Orozco, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Monday, March 12, at 8:15.)

Bamberg Symphony Orchestra—Eugen Jochum conducting, with Charles Rosen, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 16, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, March 10, at 8, and Sunday, March 11, at 5:30, both with Zino Francescatti, violin; and Friday, March 16, at 8, with Lilian Kallir, piano.)

Municipal Concerts Orchestra—Julius Grossman conducting, with Abbey Simon, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 10, at 8:30.)

New and Newer Music—Dennis Russell Davies conducting The Ensemble in the third in a series of five concerts which include appearances by contemporary composers conducting their own works. The man of parts this time will be Leon Kirchner. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 11, at 2:30.)

New York Chamber Soloists—Playing Bach's six Brandenburg Concertos. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, March 17, at 8.)

Janus Chorale of New York—Robert Hickok directing. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, March 10, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Marcel Couraud Vocal Group—Marcel Couraud directing twelve soloists from the Chorus of the French National Radio/Television Network. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 11, at 7:30.)

Musica Sacra—Richard Westenburg directing a choir and an orchestra in a performance of Bach's "St. John Passion." (Central Presbyterian Church, Park Ave. at 64th St. 838-2022. Monday and Tuesday, March 12-13, at 8.)

Bach Aria Group—Izler Solomon directing the final concert of the season. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 14, at 8.)

RECITALS

Ruth Laredo—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 7, at 8.)

Alexander Schneider, Leslie Parnas, and Peter Serkin—Violin, cello, and piano, in the last in a series of concerts presenting the cycle of Beethoven piano trios. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, March 8, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

New York Pro Musica—A program of Flemish music of the fifteenth century. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, March 8, at 8.)

Andres Segovia—Classical guitarist, in the second of two concerts. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, March 9, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 9, at 8, the last in a series of concerts. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left....¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, March 10, at 8, the third in a series of four concerts.)

Quog Music/Theatre—Eric Salzman's group of singers, dancers, and instrumentalists in a program entitled "Saying Something." (Space for Innovative Development, 344 W. 36th St. 947-4671. Friday and Saturday, March 9-10, at 8. You would do well to verify all this before setting out.)

New School Concerts—Three all-Brahms programs performed by Ruth Laredo, piano; Alexander Schneider, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; and Leslie Parnas, cello. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 675-2700, Ext. 315. Saturday, March 10, at 8, and Sunday, March 11, at 2 and 8.)

Tokyo String Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 10, at 8. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Vladimir Ashkenazy—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 11, at 3.)

Jean-Pierre Rampal and Julius Baker—Flute. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 11, at 8.)

Françoise Régnat—Piano, in a recital postponed from Dec. 4. (Hunter College Playhouse,

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Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Sunday, March 11, at 8.)

Festival of Court Music—The fifth in a series of six concerts, this one a program of early German baroque music for strings performed by Fidicinium Sacro-Profanum, with Arthur Burrows, baritone. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, March 12, at 8.)

Jan Coward—Clarinet, in a program of contemporary music. (Kitchen, Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 475-9865. Monday and Tuesday, March 12-13, at 8. You would do well to verify all this by phone before setting out.)

Nell Rankin—Mezzo-soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, March 13, at 8.)

Sylvia Marlowe—Harpsichord, in the last in a series of concerts, this one with the American Brass Quintet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, March 15, at 8.)

Jan Gorbaty—Piano, in a benefit recital. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 17, at 8.)

Tokyo String Quartet and Cleveland Quartet—In a Mendelssohn-Schumann program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, March 17, at 8.)

Composers' Forum—A program of works by Eleanor Hovda and Patrick Purswell. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Saturday, March 17, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

MISCELLANY

John Cage: Sixtieth Birthday Retrospective Concert—A program of his music, performed by vocal and instrumental soloists, the Gail August Dancers, a percussion ensemble, and a radio ensemble. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Wednesday, March 7, at 8. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Interlude Concerts—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, March 7, at 5:45: **billy taylor**. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 14, at 5:45: **viveca lindfors** presenting "An Hour of Strindberg."

Don McLean—Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, March 7-8, at 8.

Platters, Woody Herman, and Hazel Scott—Philharmonic Hall. Thursday, March 8, at 8 and 11.

Jim Hall and Ron Carter—Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, March 9, at 8.

Nitty Gritty Dirt Band—Town Hall. Friday, March 9, at 8.

Clancy Brothers—Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, March 10, at 8:30.

Jazz/Tap—Baby Laurence, Chuck Green, L. D. Jackson, Buster Brown, and John T. McPhee. The show that surrounds them is of lesser quality. They come on at 6. (New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Every Sunday. Admission by contribution.). . . ¶ Pigmeat Markham, stars of black vaudeville, the Lou Parks Dancers, and a band that includes Eddie Barefield and Milt Hinton. (Town Hall. Tuesday, March 13, at 8.)

Lyrics and Lyricists—The third in a series of five programs in which lyricists (in this case Harold Rome) discuss their work, sometimes with the assistance of their professional performing friends. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, March 11, and Tuesday, March 13, at 8.)

Nana Mouskouri—With the Athenians. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, March 12, and Saturday, March 17, at 8.)

Tom T. Hall and the Storytellers with Mike Seeger—Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 15, at 8.

Mahavishnu Orchestra—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, March 16, at 8.

Preservation Hall Jazz Band—With Billie and DeDe Pierce. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, March 16, at 8.)

Countsmen—Earle Warren, Doc Cheatham, Franklin Skeete, and Chuck Folds. (Ethical Culture Society, 2 W. 64th St. Saturday, March 17, at 3. For tickets, call TR 4-5236.)

Roberta Flack and Quincy Jones—With an orchestra. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, March 17, at 8 and 11.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Kansas City, Saturday, March 10, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Phoenix, Tuesday, March 13, at 7:30. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Nets vs. Kentucky, Wednesday, March 7, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Denver, Friday, March 9, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Memphis, Sunday, March 11, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. San Diego, Wednesday, March 14, at 8:05.

Boxing—Golden Gloves New York City finals. Sponsored by the News Charities, Inc. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, March 16, at 8.)

Hockey—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Philadelphia, Wednesday, March 7, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Raiders vs. Winnipeg, Saturday, March 10, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Toronto, Sunday, March 11, at 3:05. . . . ¶ Raiders vs. Chicago, Monday, March 12, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Raiders vs. Houston, Wednesday, March 14, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Raiders vs. Los Angeles, Thursday, March 15, at 7:30. . . . **nassau coliseum** (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Toronto, Thursday, March 8. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Boston, Tuesday, March 13. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. St. Louis, Saturday, March 17.

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 12. The Roseben Handicap, Saturday, March 10. . . . **garden state park,** Camden, N.J.: Weekdays, except Tuesdays, at 1:30, from Saturday, March 10, through Saturday, June 2. . . . **bowie,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Friday, March 16.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Thursday, May 24.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **new york philharmonic:** Michael Tilson Thomas conducting, with André Watts, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, March 10, at 12:10 and 2:30.). . . **light opera of manhattan:** "Iolanthe," Saturday and Sunday, March 10-11, at 4. . . . ¶ "The Mikado," Saturday, March 17, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.)

Stage Shows—By the **bil baird marionettes:** "Davy Jones' Locker," Saturday and Sunday, March 10-11, at 1 and 3:30. . . . ¶ "Bil Baird's Bandwagon," Saturday, March 17, at 1 and 3:30. (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060.). . . **meri mini players:** "Looice." (Hotel Manhattan Towers, downstairs, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturdays at 2:30. For tickets, call 260-4863.). . . **nicolo marionettes:** Benefit performances of "Around the World in Eighty Days." (St. George's Church, 207 E. 16th St. Saturday, March 10, at 1 and 3. For information about tickets, call GR 5-0855.). . . **paper bag players:** "Dandelion," Saturday and Sunday, March 10-11, at 1 and 3. . . . ¶ "To the Rescue," Saturday, March 17, at 1 and 3. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The new show is called "Edge of the Universe." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under will have the Wollman Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, for the last time this season on Monday, March 12, from 3 to 5:30.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Saturday Nights with the Filmmakers—The first in a series of six programs, this one consisting of film clips from movies directed by Arthur Penn, followed by a discussion between Richard Brown and Mr. Penn. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, March 17, at 8.)

Antiques Fair and Flower Show—A hundred-and-twenty-five dealers displaying antiques from all over the world, combined with fifteen gardens and twenty-five plant and flower exhibits. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Saturday, March 10, through Sunday, March 18. Weekdays, noon to 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, March 10, at 10:15: Oriental rugs, owned by William Campbell and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 10, at 2: English and Continental furniture and decorations, from several collectors. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 14, at 8, and Thursday, March 15, at 2: Twentieth-century American paintings by such artists as Stuart Davis, Ben Shahn, John Marin, and Georgia O'Keeffe; from the estate of Edith G. Halpert. Exhibit starts Thursday, March 8. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 15, at 2: Paperweights, from many sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 10.

Film Libraries—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—March 7 at 5:30: "Two Daughters" (1961), in Bengali, directed by Satyajit Ray. . . . ¶ March 8 at 5:30: A program of seven silent films by Hollis Frampton. . . . ¶ March 8 at 8: A program of seven films by Hollis Frampton. . . . ¶ March 9 at 2: A program of four films by Hollis Frampton. . . . ¶ March 9 at 5:30 and March 10 at noon: "Rain" (1929), directed by Joris Ivens, and "Berlin: The Symphony of a Great City" (1927), directed by Walter Ruttmann. . . . ¶ March 10 at 3: "Hapax Legomena" (1972), directed by Hollis Frampton. . . . ¶ March 11 at 12:30 and 3: "The Exile" (1947), directed by Max Ophuls, with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Maria Montez. . . . ¶ March 11 at 5:30: A program of seven silent films by Hollis Frampton. . . . ¶ March 12 at 2: A program of seven films by Hollis Frampton. . . . ¶ March 12 at 5:30: A program of four films by Hollis Frampton. . . . ¶ March 13 at 2: "Tell England" (1930), directed by Anthony Asquith and Geoffrey Barkas, with Fay Compton. . . . ¶ March 13 at 5:30: "Glen and Randa" (1971), directed by Jim McBride. . . . ¶ March 14 at 5:30: "Tell England" (1930). . . . ¶ March 15 at 5:30: "Vagabonding in the Pacific with John Barrymore" (1925) and "Around the World in Eighty Minutes with Douglas Fairbanks" (1931). . . . ¶ March 15 at 8: "Diary of a Country Priest" (1951), in French, directed by Robert Bresson, with Claude Laydu. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Through March 8: "Bigger Than Life" (1956), directed by Nicholas Ray, with James Mason and Barbara Rush. . . . ¶ March 9: "The Big Knife" (1955), directed by Robert Aldrich, with Jack Palance and Ida Lupino. . . . ¶ March 10-11: "The Space Children" (1958), directed by Jack Arnold, with Adam Williams and Peggy Webber. . . . ¶ March 14-15: "The Blob" (1958), directed by Irvin S. Yeaworth, with Steve McQueen. (Showings Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 4 and 6, and Fridays at 5 and 7:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.) . . . **ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES**, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by Bresson, Brakhage, Broughton, Chaplin, Buñuel, Dreyer, Dovzhenko, Cocteau, and others. Showings at 6, 8, and (except March 13) at 10. No Mondays. . . . **WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (861-5322)—Films by women filmmakers. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the Museum for film and time schedules and ticket information.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"The Getaway."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through March 10: "Min and Bill" and "The Women."
March 11-13: "Babes in Arms" and "Andy Hardy Meets Debutante."
From March 14: "Show Business" and "If You Knew Susie."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through March 13: "The Ruling Class," "The Entertainer," and "Bedazzled."
From March 14: "The Emigrants," "Shame," and "My Night at Maud's."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through March 13: "The Poseidon Adventure."
From March 14: "The Valachi Papers" and "The Burglars."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through March 10: "Little Caesar" and "Kid Galahad."
March 11-13: "Key Largo" and "Larceny, Inc."
From March 14: To be announced.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through March 8: "Payday."
March 9-10: "Viridiana" and "The Young and the Damned."
March 11-12: "Belle de Jour" and "The Diary of a Chambermaid."
March 13-14: "The Exterminating Angel" and "Simon of the Desert."
March 15: "El" and "Nazarin."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Cabaret."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Heartbreak Kid."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Last Tango in Paris."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Lady Caroline Lamb."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Billy Jack."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Pete 'n' Tillie."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Slither."

East 59th Street I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
March 7: "Lolly-Madonna."
From March 8: "2001: A Space Odyssey."

East 59th Street II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
March 7: "2001: A Space Odyssey."
From March 8: "Ludwig."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Cries and Whispers."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Effect of Gamma Rays."

First Avenue Screening Room, 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)
March 7: "Hunger for Love."
March 8-14: "The Hero."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through March 10: "Traffic."
From March 11: "White Sister."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Young Winston."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Thief Who Came to Dinner."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Baxter!"

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through March 13: "Save the Tiger."
From March 14 at 8: "Lost Horizon." (Opening night will be a benefit performance.)

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through March 13: "The Valachi Papers."
From March 14: "Across 110th Street."

Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through March 13: "Travels with My Aunt."
From March 14: "Fear Is the Key."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through March 13: "Payday."
From March 14: "Pete 'n' Tillie."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Getaway."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Poseidon Adventure."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Shamus."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Save the Tiger."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Deliverance."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Slaughter Hotel."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Black Caesar."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"Jeremiah Johnson."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through March 13: "The Emigrants."
From March 14: "Under Milk Wood."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Tout Va Bien."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through March 13: "Travels with My Aunt."
From March 14: "Pete 'n' Tillie."

Quad Cinema I, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through March 8: "La Collectionneuse" and "Stolen Kisses."
March 9: "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" and "La Collectionneuse."
March 10-11: "Breathless" and "Hiroshima, Mon Amour."
March 12-13: "Pierrot le Fou" and "Trial of Joan of Arc."
From March 14: To be announced.

Quad Cinemas 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through March 13: "The Emigrants," "Le Boucher," "Women in Love," "1776," and another feature, to be announced.
From March 14: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through March 13: "Caesar and Cleopatra" and "Major Barbara."
From March 14: "The Lady from Shanghai" and "Beat the Devil."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through March 13: "1776."
From March 14: "Shamus."

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"The Sound of Music."

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (265-8431)
Through March 13: "Trick Baby" and "Joe Kidd."
From March 14: "Fear Is the Key."

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Man of La Mancha."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Sounder."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
Through March 14: "Charlotte's Web."
From March 15: "Tom Sawyer."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Sleuth."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Ten from Your Show of Shows."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Travels with My Aunt."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"I Love You Rosa."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"César and Rosalie."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Effect of Gamma Rays."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Getaway."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
To be announced.

Beacon, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
Through March 13: "Fiddler on the Roof."
From March 14: "Shamus" and another feature, to be announced.

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Through March 13: "Jeremiah Johnson."
From March 14: "Shamus" and "X Y & Zee."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Two English Girls" and "Jules and Jim."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through March 13: "Traffic."
From March 14: "Fellini's Roma."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through March 8: "Ulysses" and "The Balcony."
March 9-11: "My Night at Maud's" and "La Collectionneuse."
March 12-13: "The Russians Are Coming, The Russians Are Coming" and "A Thousand Clowns."
March 14-15: "Marjoe" and "Bedazzled."

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through March 13: "Travels with My Aunt."
From March 14: "Pete 'n' Tillie."

Riviera, B'way at 97th. (RI 9-8046)
"The Poseidon Adventure."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through March 13: "Carnal Knowledge" and "The Battle of Algiers."
From March 14 (tentative): "Chloé in the Afternoon" and "Images."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Across 110th Street—With Anthony Quinn, Yaphet Kotto, and Anthony Franciosa, directed by Barry Shear. (72nd Street East; starting March 14.)

Andy Hardy Meets Debutante (1940)—Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland. Another tuneful chapter in the clean-minded lives of Louis B. Mayer's fantasy American family. With Lewis Stone and Cecilia Parker; directed by George B. Seitz. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 11-13.)

Babes in Arms (1939)—This version of the Rodgers and Hart Broadway musical didn't retain much of their material, but it starred Judy Garland (it was her big year, the year of "The Wizard of Oz") and Mickey Rooney. Busby Berkeley directed and choreographed; the direction is naïve and wobbly, the choreography is primitive-surreal. The songs (from an assortment of sources) include "Where or When," "The Lady Is a Tramp," "I Cried for You," and "You Are My Lucky Star." (Theatre 80 St Marks; March 11-13.)

The Balcony (1963)—Jean Genet's dark comedy, erratically directed by Joseph Strick from a screenplay by Ben Maddow. With Shelley Winters (miscast), Jeff Corey, Peter Falk, Lee Grant, and Kent Smith. (Thalia; through March 8.)

The Battle of Algiers (1965)—An extraordinary re-creation of the Algerian fight for independence. Gillo Pontecorvo directed this controversial modern classic that stirs emotions in theatres all over the world. In French and Arabic. (Olympia; through March 13.)

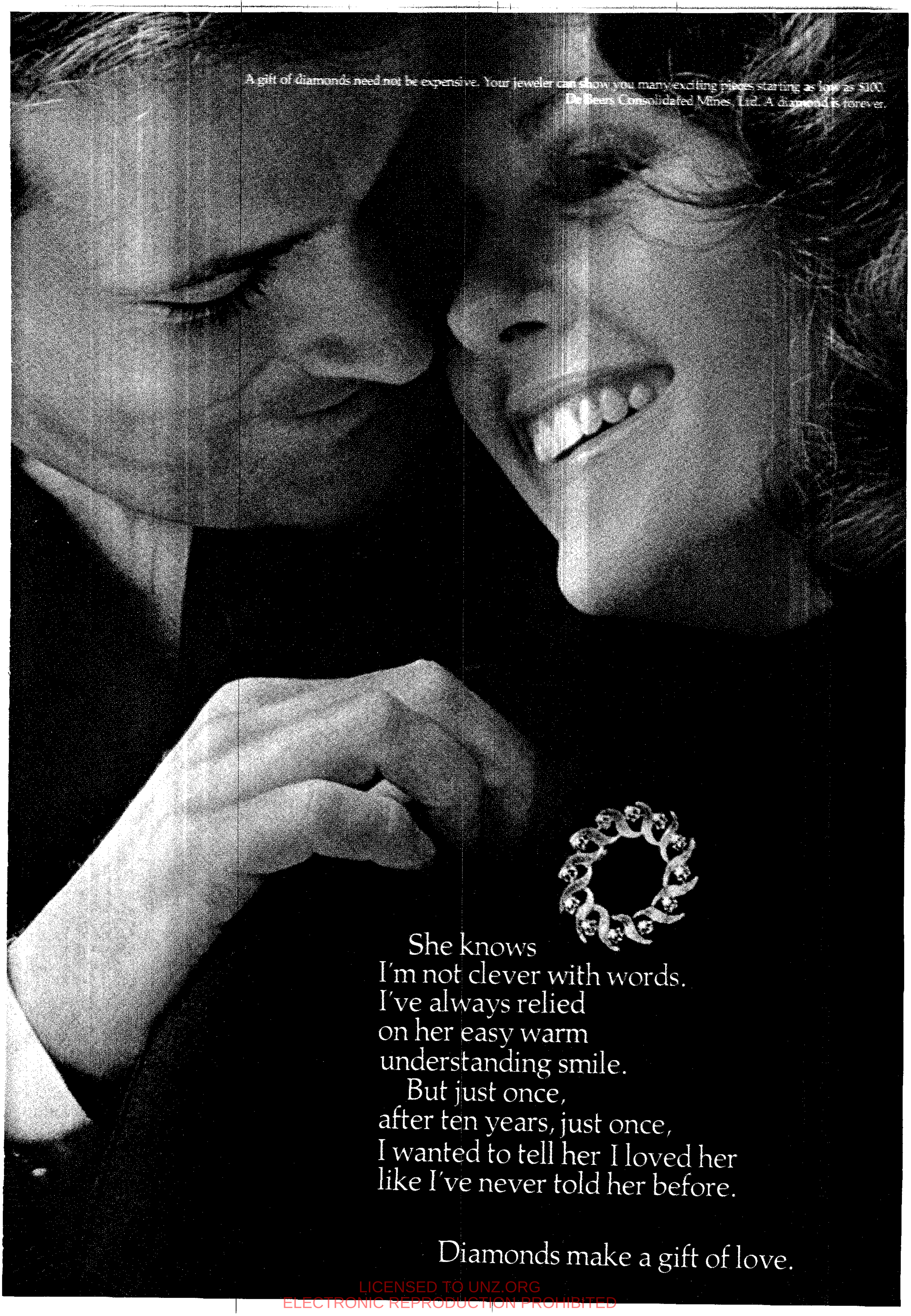
Baxter!—With Patricia Neal and Jean-Pierre Cassel, directed by Lionel Jeffries. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Beat the Devil (1954)—Humphrey Bogart (married to Gina Lollobrigida), a pack of uranium swindlers that includes Robert Morley and Peter Lorre, and a compulsive liar played by a blond Jennifer Jones. These are just a few of the oddly assorted ingredients in this classic put-on international thriller written by Truman Capote and John Huston, and directed by the latter. (Elgin; starting March 14.)

Bedazzled (1967)—Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron ringing changes on the ancient Faustian theme in a comedy directed by Stanley Donen. (St. Marks Cinema; through March 13. . . . ¶ Thalia; March 14-15.)

Belle de Jour (1967)—Buñuel's beautiful and gently comic color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve as the heroine. In French. (Murray Hill; March 11-12.)

Billy Jack (1971)—A fascinating, mixed-up movie, made by Tom Laughlin and his wife, Delores Taylor. They star in it, he as Billy Jack, a half-breed who is also half man of action, half mystic, and she as a pacifist Southwestern woman who runs an experimental "freedom school." There's a sweet, naïve feeling to the movie even when it's



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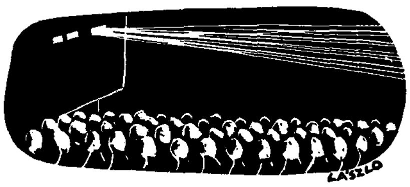

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violent and melodramatic and atrocious, and when it's good in an unorthodox, improvisatory style. The picture has a special appeal to very young audiences, in part because Billy Jack uses his mystic powers on behalf of the young. (Plaza.)

Black Caesar—With Fred Williamson, directed by Larry Cohen. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

Le Boucher (1969)—Another tone poem on a thriller theme by Claude Chabrol; he provides all the elements for a thriller except the zinger. This fluid, beautifully controlled, but very minor film was shot in a serene village in the Périgord and features the elegant Stéphane Audran, with Jean Yanne as the melancholy, frustrated butcher. In French. (Quad Cinema 3; through March 13.)

Breathless (1959)—Jean-Luc Godard's first feature—a witty, romantic, innovative chase picture with Jean-Paul Belmondo as a Parisian hood and Jean Seberg as the American girl who casually lives with him and casually betrays him. In French. (Quad Cinema 1; March 10-11.)

The Burglars—Henri Verneuil's thriller, with Omar Sharif and Jean-Paul Belmondo. Expert, commercial, trite stuff. (Gramercy; starting March 14.)

Cabaret (1972)—A great movie musical, satirical and diamond-hard. With Joel Grey and Liza Minnelli, and masterly direction by Bob Fosse. (Eastside Cinema.)

Caesar and Cleopatra (1946)—Despite its resonant title, Shaw's play is a minor comedy—a slight, sly conceit—and it was blown up out of proportion in this extravagant, Shaw-adoring version directed by Gabriel Pascal. The pomp overpowers the parody and the playfulness. Vivien Leigh romps about as the cruel, deceiving kitten who is to become a passionate, tragic queen, while as her lover and mentor, the amused, dispassionate Caesar, Claude Rains displays a world-weary wisdom that is more smugly shallow than Shaw could have intended. With a fabulous celebrity-show cast that includes Flora Robson, Stewart Granger, Francis L. Sullivan, Basil Sydney, Michael Rennie, Cecil Parker, Stanley Holloway, Leo Genn, Anthony Harvey, and the invaluable Ernest Thesiger. Music by Georges Auric. (Elgin; through March 13.)

Carnal Knowledge (1971)—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects. In Mike Nichols' cold, slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret. (Olympia; through March 13.)

César and Rosalie—Yves Montand, in a jovial, parodistic performance as a scrap-metal tycoon—a super-confident self-made man who enjoys being No. 1 in work and play. (It's the sort of role Raimu used to play.) César has everything until the love that Rosalie (Romy Schneider) feels for him goes flat; the cause is the wan, elegantly despondent Sami Frey. A fluky, wry situation comedy about a love triangle—faintly absurd but really quite pleasant. Directed by Claude Sautet. In French. (Paris.)

Charlotte's Web—An animated musical version of the E. B. White story. (Music Hall; through March 14.)

Chloé in the Afternoon—Will the squeamish, married hero (Bernard Verley) break down and go to bed with bohemian Chloé (Zouzou), or won't he? The author-director Eric Rohmer, a specialist in the eroticism of nonsexual affairs, is a superb lapidary craftsman who works on a very small scale. This movie is, in its way, just about perfect, but it's minor and so polished that it practically evaporates a half hour after it's over. In French. (Olympia; starting March 14, tentative.)

La Collectionneuse (1967)—Eric Rohmer directs the third of his "Six Moral Tales." This one, too, is full of summer—dazed with sun, bored, a study in the heresy of not enjoying a good time. The film is about a drolly seen prig, but Rohmer's sense of the ridiculous isn't that sure. In French, with voice-over in English from the hero when he's thinking aloud, which has an oddly ventriloquial effect and makes you jump. (Quad Cinema 1; through March 9. . . . ¶ Thalia; March 9-11.)

Cries and Whispers—Ingmar Bergman's dream play is set in a manor house at the turn of the century where a spinster in her late thirties (Harriet Andersson) is dying. Her two sisters (Ingrid Thulin and Liv Ullmann) have come to attend her, and they watch and wait, along with a peasant servant (Kari Sylwan). The movie is built out of a series of emotionally charged images that express inner stress, and Bergman handles them with the fluidity of a master. Superbly photographed by Sven Nykvist in a style suggesting Edvard Munch, the film is smooth and hypnotic; it has oracular power and the pull of a dream. Yet there's a nineteenth-century dullness at the heart of it. Each sister represents a different aspect of woman—woman viewed as the Other—and the film mingles didacticism with erotic mystery. In Swedish. (Cinema I.)

Deliverance—A man's man of a film—written by James Dickey from his own best-selling novel, and directed by John Boorman—about four early-middle-aged men who go canoeing in Georgia in search of the vanishing countryside and of their own lost athleticism. In a crass way, the film embalms every male myth that ever weighted an analyst's couch. Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, Ronny Cox play in the movie, which is beautifully photographed in almost monochromatic color. (86th St. East.)

The Diary of a Chambermaid (1964)—Luis Buñuel's version of a film made by Renoir in 1945 with Paulette Goddard. Buñuel uses Jeanne Moreau as the chambermaid, required to read Huysmans to her old, pernickety employer. One of the best Buñuel films, full of those characteristic small scenes that manage to be both scathing and spiked with pity. In French. (Murray Hill; March 11-12.)

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie—Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed with exhilarating ease. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. The discreetly charming amoral beasts gathered here include Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (as the bishop), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, and Jean-Pierre Cassel. In French. (34th St. East.)

The Effect of Gamma Rays—Beatrice (Joanne Woodward), also known as Betty the Loon, is a rampaging jokester-mother who is frustrated and lost; she inflicts her misery on her two daughters. Although Paul Newman's direction is sensitive and well balanced, the Paul Zindel play is essentially a camp version of the mood-memory plays of Tennessee Williams and William Inge. Woodward has the right sashaying toughness for the role, but it's pretty hard to bring conviction to Betty the Loon's vengeful meanness. (Cinema II and Paramount.)

El ("This Strange Passion;" 1955)—A careless, cheaply made variation on the theme of jealousy, but written and directed by Luis Buñuel, and full of bizarre jokes about the Spanish male's obsession with female chastity. Arturo de Cordova is the mad Othello who takes needle and thread to his wife. In Spanish. (Murray Hill; March 15.)

The Emigrants—Jan Troell's broad-backed nature epic on the mid-nineteenth-century Swedish emigration to this country. A bursting, resonant film; Troell's achievement is prodigious. With Liv Ullmann and Max von Sydow. In Swedish. (8th St. Playhouse; through March 13. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting March 14.)

The Entertainer (1960)—Laurence Olivier at the top of his bent as a second-rate English music-hall performer—one of the great characters of modern drama. From John Osborne's play, directed by Tony Richardson. With Joan Plowright, Brenda de Banzie, and Roger Livesey. (St. Marks Cinema; through March 13.)

The Exterminating Angel (1962)—A comic metaphor about a dinner party that so supernaturally grips the members that it can't be broken up, but declines into primitive conflict and havoc. Directed by Luis Buñuel; inadequately acted, but still an interesting and funny piece that no one else could have made. In Spanish. (Murray Hill; March 13-14.)

Fear Is the Key—Based on the Alistair MacLean book, directed by Michael Tuchner. With Barry Newman and Suzy Kendall. (Juliet 1 and DeMille; starting March 14.)

Fellini's Roma—We've all been tourists before in Fellini's big-top city, so once again we look at the Fellini whores and fatties and say, "Aren't they incredible? So gross, so ugly, so lewd," etc. Fellini is the only star in this ornate sketchbook-movie, with familiar episodes from his youth and modern episodes in which urban chaos is used as spectacle, sometimes for a semi-abstract effect, sometimes for a psychedelic turn-on. This funeral ode to a poisoned city is often beautiful, but it's also fatuous and empty. Fellini appears to see himself as official greeter for the apocalypse. In English and Italian. (Symphony; starting March 14.)

Fiddler on the Roof (1971)—A demonstration that square can be beautiful, too. Directed by Norman Jewison and starring Topol, the movie is a joyous, powerful musical epic. (Beacon; through March 13.)

The Getaway—Another bank heist, and the wholesome, clean-cut robber pair (Steve McQueen and Ali MacGraw) take forever to make it across the Mexican border with their loot. Sam Peckinpah directed in imitation of Sam Peckinpah; it's a mechanical job, embellished with a vicious, erotic subplot involving Al Lettieri and Sally Struthers. (Art, Trans-Lux 85th St., and Cinema Studio.)

The Heartbreak Kid—One of the rare new comedies with a director's style and personality. Elaine May finds her comic tone (befuddled skepticism) and scores a first besides—no other American woman director has ever directed her daughter in a leading role. Jeannie Berlin plays the voluptuously giddy bride, whose groom (Charles Grodin) falls in love with a cool American dreamgirl (Cybill Shepherd) three days after the wedding. Charming, unforced comedy. From Neil Simon's script, based on a Bruce Jay Friedman story. (Sutton.)

The Hero—Directed by, and with, Richard Harris. (First Avenue Screening Room; March 8-14.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (1959)—A tortured love affair between a French actress and a Japanese architect in the city that was devastated by the first atomic bomb. Alain Resnais's controversial début as a feature-film director; there is no controversy, however, about Emmanuèle Riva's splendid performance. In French. (Quad Cinema 1; March 9-11.)

Hunger for Love—A Brazilian film, directed by Nelson Pereira dos Santos. (First Avenue Screening Room; March 7.)

If You Knew Susie (1948)—Of the rambunctious, rawboned women comics who became popular during the Second World War, Joan Davis was one of the more talented. However, this particular style of comedy can only be taken in small amounts. In this vehicle, from R.K.O., she's joined by Eddie Cantor (who was pushing sixty at the time). Harold Adamson and Jimmy McHugh did the score; Gordon Douglas directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting March 14.)

I Love You Rosa—With Michal Bat-Adam, directed by Moshe Mizahi. In Hebrew. (Little Carnegie.)

Images—A classy schizo (Susannah York) duplicates herself, confuses the living with the dead, and can't tell her husband (René Auberjonois) from her lovers (Marcel Bozzuffi, Hugh Millais). A hollow puzzle movie, and trashy, but it is seductively shot and edited, and has some inventive moments. Written and directed by Robert Altman; made in Ireland. (Olympia; starting March 14, tentative.)

Jeremiah Johnson—Robert Redford doing a self-consciously cool version of a strong, silent Western loner. The movie crawls through the wilderness at a snail's pace and is stretched out with ponderous lore. It celebrates tooth-and-claw revenge while featuring the kind of pithy dialogue that produces bellyache: "Keep your nose to the wind and your eye to the skyline." Sydney Pollack directed. (Waverly. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd St.; through March 13.)

Joe Kidd—A Western with Clint Eastwood and Robert Duvall, directed by John Sturges. (DeMille; through March 13.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—One of the few French masterpieces of the sixties. François Truffaut's lyrical celebration of the lives of three bohemians (Henri Serre, Jeanne Moreau, and Oskar Werner) from the First World War to the Second. In French. (New Yorker.)

Key Largo (1948)—John Huston, who directed, and Richard Brooks, then a screenwriter, rewrote the soporific Maxwell Anderson play and added so many good hammy bits that they turned it into an entertaining movie, though what the play was supposed to be about—which was dim enough in the original—is thoroughly obscured. But it's a confidently directed, handsomely shot movie, and the cast all go at it as if the nonsense about gangsters and human dignity were high drama. Humphrey Bogart gets Lauren Bacall, who looks wonderful but can't seem to find a character to play; Edward G. Robinson chomps on a cigar while soaking in a bathtub; Claire Trevor makes her bid for an Academy Award in the role of a pathetic drunk; and Thomas Gomez and Lionel Barrymore do their usual overrated overacting. (Kips Bay; March 11-13.)

Kid Galahad (1937)—By 1937, Bette Davis had earned something better than the role of Fluff, girl friend to a fight manager (Edward G. Robinson), but the movie was directed by Michael Curtiz, and though it has few dimensions it has pace and "entertainment value." Wayne Morris is the bellhop turned fighter, whom Fluff christens Kid Galahad; Humphrey Bogart is the bad guy; and Jane Bryan plays Robinson's sister. With Harry Carey, the ineffable Veda Ann Borg as the Redhead, and, for the finale, a Warners' operatic shoot-out in which Robinson and Bogart kill each other. (Kips Bay; through March 10.)

Lady Caroline Lamb—Robert Bolt, directing for the first time, thrashes about from one style and point of view to another. The film seems to have been made by a square Ken Russell; Bolt tries for romantic excess, but he can't get anything warmed up. His Caroline Lamb is an hysterical fool but also a misunderstood free spirit struggling against a hypocritical society—a sort of Regency Zelda. Sarah Miles acts like a dizzy shopgirl dreaming of being a great lady, and falling flat even in her dreams; as Byron, Richard Chamberlain scowls and sneers. With Jon Finch as Lamb; Margaret Leighton as his mother; Laurence Olivier as Wellington; and Ralph Richardson as the King. (Fine Arts.)

The Lady from Shanghai (1948)—Orson Welles directed the picture and plays an Irish sailor who once fought for the Spanish Republic, and now is caught up in what he calls a "bright, guilty world" of rich people. Arthur Bannister (Everett Sloane), a criminal lawyer, is himself a criminal, and the blight has spread to his wife (Rita Hayworth). The movie has a trilling surface, like all Welles' films; there was never a director so excited by the grammar of film imagery. It is also rather serious about plutocracy, and witty, and enjoyable. (Elgin; starting March 14.)

Larceny, Inc. (1942)—With Jane Wyman and Edward G. Robinson, directed by Lloyd Bacon. (Kips Bay; March 11-13.)

Last Tango in Paris—A movie that people will be arguing about for as long as there are movies. Bernardo Bertolucci and Marlon Brando have altered the face of an art form. In French and English. (Trans-Lux East. Mondays through Thursdays at 2 and 8 and Fridays through Sundays at 2, 7:30, and 10. Reserved seats only.)

Little Caesar (1930)—Edward G. Robinson's Rico is the prototype of the movie gangster, but Mervyn LeRoy's direction is sluggish, and the actors seem to be transfixed by the microphone. With Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Glenda Farrell. (Kips Bay; through March 10.)

Lolly-Madonna—With Rod Steiger and Robert Ryan, directed by Richard Sarafian. (East 59th Street I; March 7.)

Lost Horizon—Based on the James Hilton novel, with Peter Finch and Liv Ullmann. Directed by Charles Jarrott. (Loews Tower East; starting March 14 at 8.)

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Ludwig—With Helmut Berger and Romy Schneider, directed by Luchino Visconti. (East 59th Street II; starting March 8.)

Major Barbara (1941)—Terrible, but bearable; there's a fascination to its clunkiness. Shaw had allowed "Pygmalion" to be cut and adapted for the screen, and it was a great success, but he got stubborn on this one and hung on to his dialogue; Gabriel Pascal, who had produced "Pygmalion," had also been spoiled by its success and decided to direct this time. Their failings were compounded: the actors posture and talk, and the movie goes on and on until whatever it's meant to be about no longer seems to matter. It's too cheerful to be really boring, however. The cast includes Rex Harrison (in a role based on Gilbert Murray), Wendy Hiller, Robert Morley, Sybil Thorndike, Robert Newton, Emlyn Williams, Deborah Kerr, and Stanley Holloway. William Walton did the score, Cecil Beaton the costumes. (Elgin; through March 13.)

Man of La Mancha—The lyrics still sound as if they had been translated from Esperanto, and it's a slow haul to a sentimental haven, but toward the middle, Peter O'Toole, looking like an elongated Alec Guinness, is so wafer-thin and stylized, and his woefulness is so deeply silly that the contrast between his Don Quixote and the full-bodied, realistic Aldonza of Sophia Loren becomes affecting. Loren, with her great, sorrowing green-brown eyes, is magnificently sensual and spiritual; she brings the soul of Italian opera to this Broadway bastardization, which combines Cervantes' life with his novel. Arthur Hiller directed. (Rivoli. Sundays through Thursdays at 8, Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, Saturdays at 1:30 and 4:15, and Sundays at 2 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Marjoe—An interesting *cinéma-vérité* film, by Howard Smith and Sarah Kernochan, about a kid brought up from the age of three to be a revivalist preacher though his heart is really in rock singing. The film takes some surprising turns, and it works sometimes, with an amiable outspokenness and humor. (Thalia; March 14-15.)

Min and Bill (1930)—Wallace Beery and Marie Dressler, the wild-eyed battle-axe with a chest like a rolltop desk, playing rather against the text of a sentimental talkie about a pair of waterfront characters on the warpath about inroads of propriety. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through March 10.)

My Night at Maud's (1970)—A fine film by Eric Rohmer, terrifically intelligent, quizzically sexy, with three droll grownups talking about—for once, in films—things that grownups do actually talk about. Rohmer has a better understanding than anyone else around of the way people listen. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Thalia; March 9-11. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting March 14.)

Nazarin (1958)—The hero is a gentle Mexican priest—a Candide who is robbed and cheated—in this simple, masterly, ambiguous film by Luis Buñuel which is (perhaps in spite of his intention) his most tender. With Francisco Rabal. In Spanish. (Murray Hill; March 15.)

Payday—An exceptionally functional script, by the novelist Don Carpenter, makes it possible for the director, Daryl Duke, to cover the grimy country-music scene of a small-time recording star—Maury Dann (Rip Torn), a goaty, rancidly unromantic third-rate Johnny Cash. Shot entirely on location in Alabama, this is an acrid, hardboiled melodrama with a feeling for authentic characters and details. Rip Torn, with his smirking satyr grin, will probably never have a role that suits him better. (Murray Hill; through March 8. . . . ¶ Juliet 2; through March 13.)

Pete 'n' Tillie—Carol Burnett and Walter Matthau in a low-key modern equivalent of the old semi-forgettable, semi-memorable pictures like "Penny Serenade," about decent people trying to live their lives somewhat rationally. Pete and Tillie speak in an epigrammatic style, derived from the Peter De Vries short novel "Witch's Milk," on which the movie is based, but their good life together is so aseptically the middle-class ideal that it looks like death. Martin Ritt directed, from Julius J. Epstein's screenplay. (Baronet. . . . ¶ Juliet 2, Greenwich, and Riverside; starting March 14.)

Pierrot le Fou (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard's unresolved, disturbing film. The narrative encompasses a satire of advertising, an Existential stalemate, political violence, and romance, all shot—in color—in a hard-edge style. With Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina. In French. (Quad Cinema 1; March 12-13.)

The Poseidon Adventure—Expensive pop adventure movie, manufactured for the "Airport" market. An ocean liner turns turtle, and the logistics of getting out of an upside-down ship are fairly entertaining; the script is the true cataclysm in this waterlogged Grand Hotel. With Gene Hackman, Ernest Borgnine, Stella Stevens, and Shelley Winters. Ronald Neame directed, with his usual dull efficiency. (U. A. East and Riviera. . . . ¶ Gramercy; through March 13.)

The Ruling Class—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in archetypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (St. Marks Cinema; through March 13.)

The Russians Are Coming, The Russians Are Coming (1966)—Alan Arkin as a Russian sailor, and Carl Reiner as a vacationing New York writer in a comedy about a Russian submarine going aground on an island just off Cape Cod. Norman Jewison directed this pleasant entertainment, which was actually shot in Northern California. With Brian Keith and Jonathan Winters. (Thalia; March 12-13.)

Save the Tiger—The picture asks us to weep for Harry the garment manufacturer (Jack Lemmon), who pimps for his customers so they'll give him their orders, and who plans to set fire to his warehouse so the insurance money will finance filling those orders. The picture is a moral hustle that says this high-living showoff is a victim of American materialism. Harry suffers and jabbers; the writer, Steve Shagan, appears to think he has created a modern tragic hero, and he's determined to puff the movie up with wit and wisdom. John G. Avildsen directed this grotesque example of what happens when a TV writer goes philosophical. (Loews Ciné. . . . ¶ Loews Tower East; through March 13.)

1776—A Broadway folk operetta featuring those lovable old codgers, the Founding Fathers, and double-entendres and the signing of the Declaration of Independence. The whole damned thing has the emasculated, giggly tone that passes for clean family entertainment. (Quad Cinema 4 and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through March 13.)

Shame (1968)—Ingmar Bergman's simple, masterly vision of normal war and what it does to survivors. One of his great ones. With the strong, remarkable young actress Liv Ullmann. In Swedish. (St. Marks Cinema; starting March 14.)

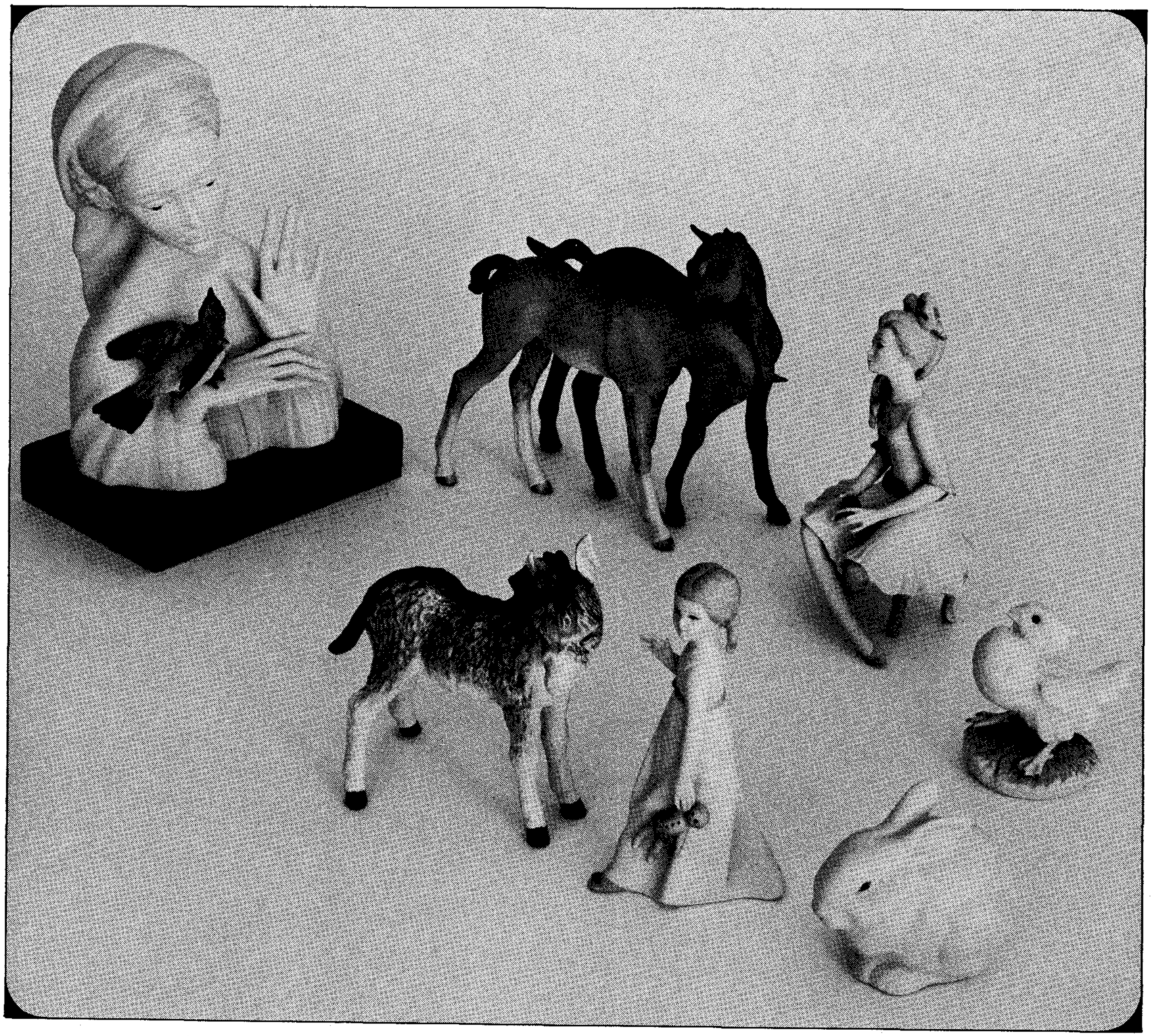
Shamus—With Burt Reynolds and Dyan Cannon, directed by Buzz Kulik. (Loews Orpheum. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, Beacon and Loews 83rd St.; starting March 14.)

Show Business (1944)—Not for people of elegant taste. Low comedy and high jinks by Joan Davis, Eddie Cantor, George Murphy, Constance Moore, and Nancy Kelly. The score isn't bad; Edwin L. Marin directed, for R.K.O. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting March 14.)

Simon of the Desert (1965)—A saint (Claudio Brook) is tempted by the Devil in the guise of a woman (Silvia Pinal); he falls, of course, in Luis Buñuel's short, witty divertissement on the foolishness of saintliness. In Spanish. (Murray Hill; March 13-14.)

Slaughter Hotel—Directed by Fernando di Leo. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

Sleuth—At first, the elation of seeing Laurence Olivier in a big role is sufficient to give this Joseph L. Mankiewicz transcription of the Anthony Shaffer play (about an eccentric au-



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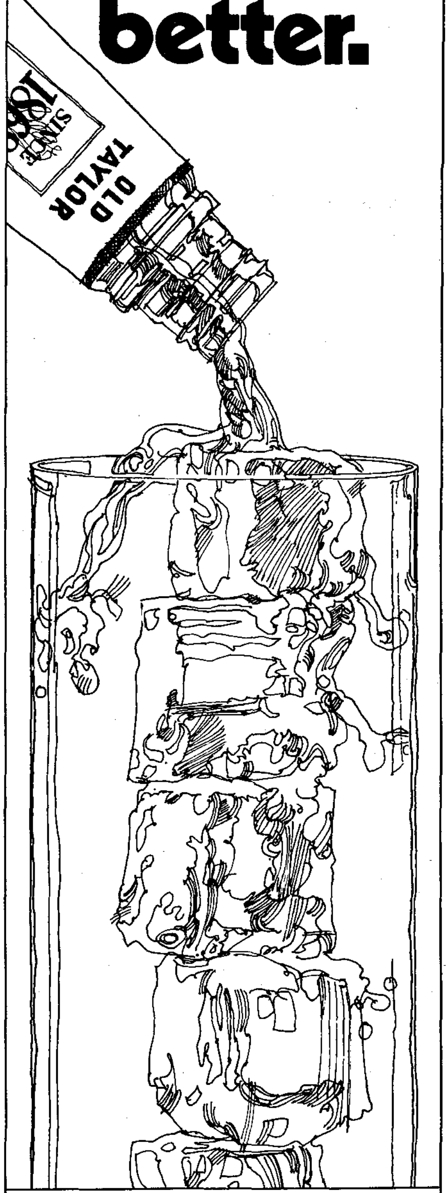

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

thor of detective novels and his prey—Michael Caine) a high spirit, and Olivier seems to be having a ripsnorting old time. But the cleverness of Shaffer's excessive literacy wears down, and the stupid tricks the two characters play on each other keep grinding on. It's Olivier in the kind of material he outgrew more than thirty years ago. (Ziegfeld.)

SLITHER—With James Caan, Peter Boyle, and Sally Kellerman, directed by Howard Zieff. (Coronet.)

SOUNDER—Extraordinarily simple, since it starts from an inspirational story much like "The Corn Is Green," yet deeply, emotionally rich. The first movie about black experiences in America that can stir people of all colors. With Cicely Tyson (playing the first great black heroine on the screen), Paul Winfield, Kevin Hooks, and Janet MacLachlan. Martin Ritt directed, from a script by Lonne Elder III. The score is by Taj Mahal, who also plays the comedy role of Ike. (Guild.)

THE SOUND OF MUSIC (1965)—Gigantic sniffles. With Julie Andrews and Christopher Plummer, directed by Robert Wise. (National.)

STOLEN KISSES (1968)—François Truffaut's first romantic comedy, and reasonably pleasant. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade, and Michel Lonsdale as a man who hires detectives to find out why nobody likes him. In French. (Quad Cinema 1; through March 8.)

TEN FROM YOUR SHOW OF SHOWS—A sampling of the hundred and sixty ninety-minute weekly shows produced and directed by Max Liebman from 1950 to 1954, starring Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca, with Carl Reiner and Howard Morris. A few of the skits are classic, and if you saw Caesar when you were young enough, maybe he'll always be the greatest clown for you. (Festival.)

THE THIEF WHO CAME TO DINNER—With Ryan O'Neal, Jacqueline Bisset, and Warren Oates, directed by Bud Yorkin. (Beekman.)

A THOUSAND CLOWNS (1965)—An adaptation of Herb Gardner's Broadway comedy that, despite its crudeness as a film, was a box-office success. Jason Robards is the rebellious TV writer (whose rebellion takes the form of being a crackpot and spouting TV-style jokes about TV). With Martin Balsam, Barbara Harris, William Daniels, Gene Saks, and Barry Gordon. Fred Coe directed, sort of. (Thalia; March 12-13.)

TOM SAWYER—With Johnny Whitaker and Celeste Holm, directed by Don Taylor. (Music Hall; starting March 15.)

TOUT VA BIEN—With Yves Montand and Jane Fonda, directed by Jean-Pierre Gorin and Jean-Luc Godard. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

TRAFFIC—Mr. Hulot is a car designer on his maundering way to an international automobile exposition in Amsterdam. Jacques Tati's new and rather precious film is fuzzy and only vaguely comic. (Columbia I; through March 10. . . . ¶ Symphony; through March 13.)

TRAVELS WITH MY AUNT—Maggie Smith gives a desperate, flustered performance as the disreputable Augusta, a woman in her seventies who induces her stuffy nephew (Alec McCowen) to accompany her on her travels. Whatever private joke Graham Greene was working out in the novel, the message here is "Live, live, live!" But the movie itself has no real zing; it seems to run down before it gets started, and just about everyone in it looks miscast. George Cukor directed. (Playboy. . . . ¶ Juliet 1, Greenwich, and Riverside; through March 13.)

TRIAL OF JOAN OF ARC (1962)—Robert Bresson's hour-long précis of the trial, based on the historic records but directed as unemotionally as if Joan were a philosophy student taking an oral examination. Cold and mannered. In French. (Quad Cinema 1; March 12-13.)

TRICK BABY—Mel Stewart as a black con artist who enjoys shearing the sheep, and Kiel Martin as his partner, the Trick Baby—the racial switch-hitter who is half black but can pass for white. Shot in Philadelphia, the film strikes some fresh sparks, though, disappointingly, it shifts from comedy to melodrama. Larry Yust directed, from Iceberg Slim's novel. (DeMille; through March 13.)

TWO ENGLISH GIRLS—François Truffaut tries for gaiety and gentleness and charm in this adaptation of the only other novel by Henri-

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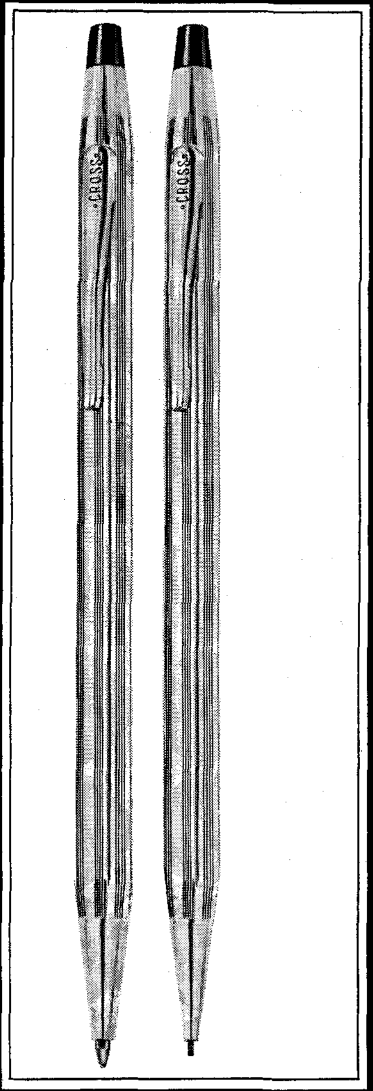

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Pierre Roché, the author of "Jules and Jim," but everything is muffled, almost repressed. The story is about the messed-up lives of two English sisters who love the same man—a Frenchman (Jean-Pierre Léaud, badly miscast). The picture is uncomfortable and, when it's over, unresolved yet emotionally affecting. A bewilderingly sad movie. In French. (New Yorker.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later. He introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence, which much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedom in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (East 59th Street II; March 7. . . . ¶ East 59th Street I; starting March 8.)

Ulysses (1967)—An act of homage to Joyce's novel that is reasonably successful in providing a surface map of the comings and goings in town and "Nighttown" but that lacks the sensuality of the novel's prose. Joyce gives us the drama within Stephen's consciousness; the Joseph Strick film stays on the outside, and so Leopold Bloom, who is easier to represent, takes over. With Maurice Roeves as Stephen, Milo O'Shea as Bloom, and Barbara Jefford as Molly. (Thalia; through March 8.)

Under Milk Wood—An affectionate and beautiful reading of the Dylan Thomas play for voices, with a fairly modest visual accompaniment. Andrew Sinclair adapted and directed. Richard Burton is the principal speaker and performer; with Peter O'Toole, Elizabeth Taylor, Victor Spinetti, Glynis Johns, and Vivien Merchant. Seeing the people seems to clarify and set the play in one's mind, though one may lose the unkempt luxuriance of Thomas's vision, and perhaps also lose the freedom not to think of the voices in terms of characters—the freedom not to visualize the material. (8th St. Playhouse; starting March 14.)

The Valachi Papers—With Charles Bronson and Lino Ventura, directed by Terence Young. (72nd Street East; through March 13. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting March 14.)

Viridiana (1961)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. In Spanish. (Murray Hill; March 9-10.)

White Sister—With Sophia Loren, directed by Alberto Lattuada. (Columbia I; starting March 11.)

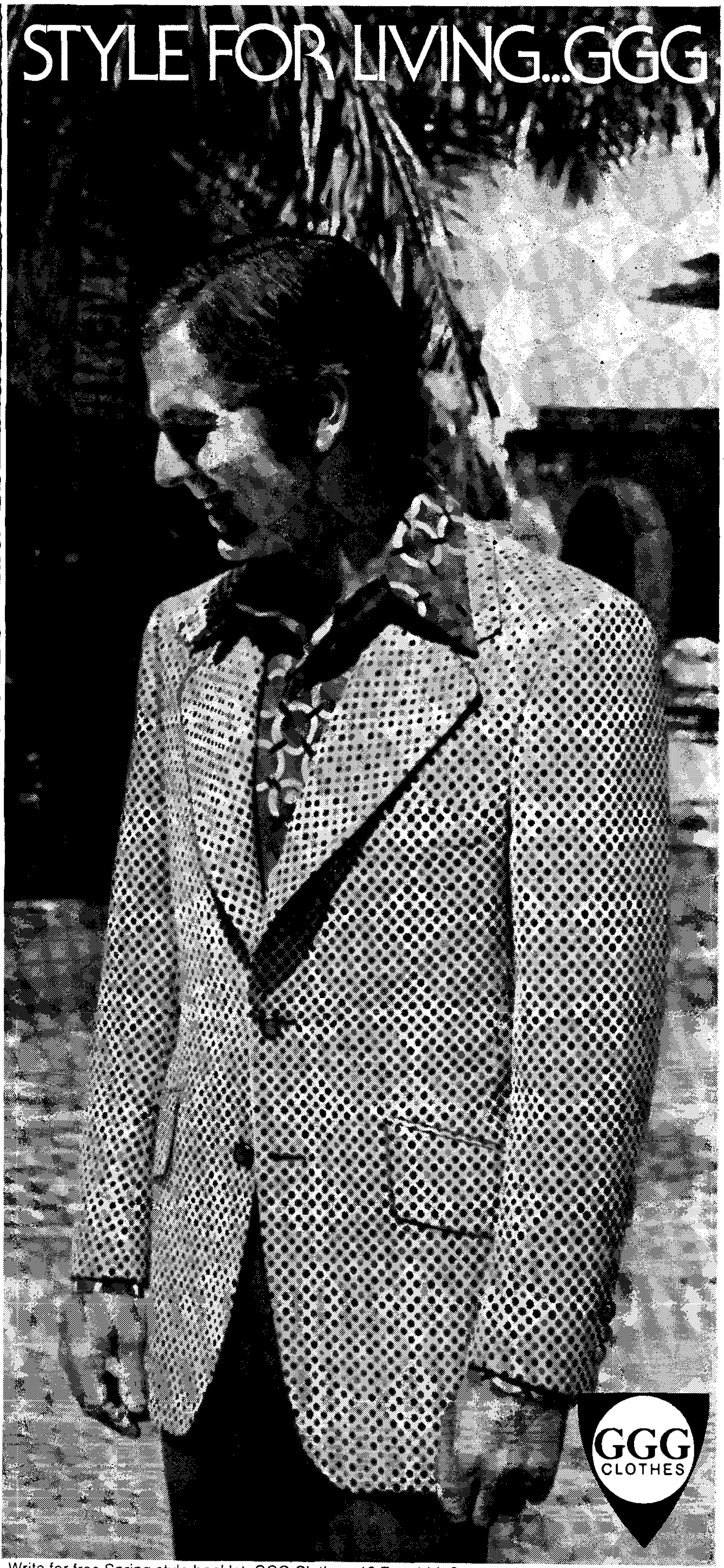
The Women (1939)—Clare Boothe Luce's ode to wisecracking cattiness, given the full, expensive M-G-M treatment in its first movie version, with Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, Paulette Goddard, Joan Fontaine, Mary Boland, Marjorie Main, Hedda Hopper, Margaret Dumont, Virginia Grey, and noble Norma Shearer, weeping, weeping. George Cukor directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through March 10.)

Women in Love (1970)—Ken Russell's overheated version of the great D. H. Lawrence novel sacrifices character and meaning in order to make an extravagant, sensuous movie—which turns out to be rather like Lawrence's accounts of bad sex. The wild Gothic tableaux and Glenda Jackson's fascinating, stony performance will make more sense if you read the book first. (Quad Cinema 3; through March 13.)

X Y & Zee (1972)—Elizabeth Taylor in an all-out, let-it-bleed performance that shows her talent for comic toughness. She's a great bawd in this one, and so energetic that Michael Caine and Susannah York (it's a triangle movie) have to work hard to hold their own. The picture doesn't quite break through the plush-circus women's-picture format, but Edna O'Brien's dialogue has a sardonic tickle to it. Directed by Brian G. Hutton. (Loews 83rd St.; starting March 14.)

The Young and the Damned ("Los Olvidados;" 1952)—A masterwork. The poor prey on each other in Luis Buñuel's ruthless examination of poverty and delinquency in Mexico. With some classic surreal sequences. In Spanish. (Murray Hill; March 9-10.)

Young Winston—Enjoyable junk: a few parts pop psychiatry, a few parts adventure, a few parts politics, and a dash of family scandal. Simon Ward is fine-boned and beautiful, and his intelligent impersonation of Churchill from ages seventeen to twenty-six is fun to watch; Anne Bancroft's eye-popping, haughty Jennie Jerome is the stuff of parody. Richard Attenborough directed, from Carl Foreman's adaptation of Churchill's "My Early Life." (Columbia II.)



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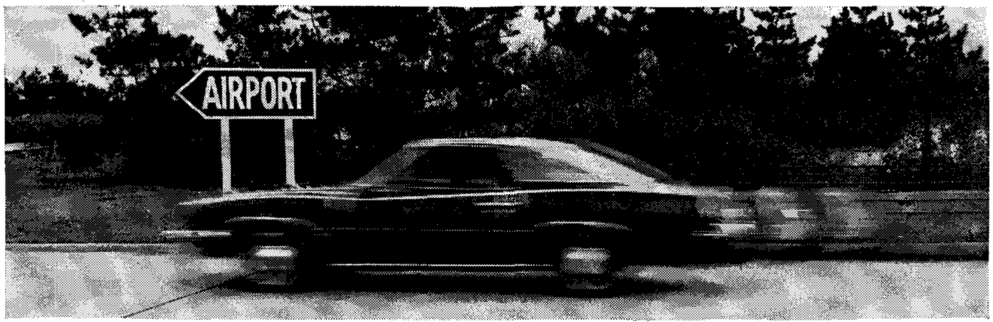

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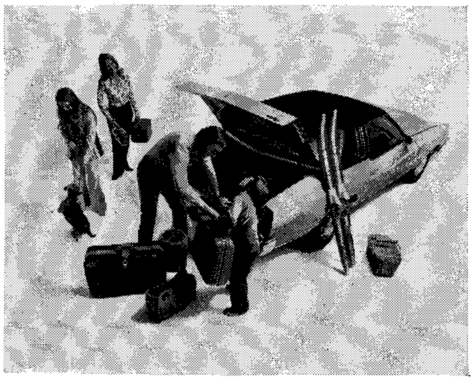

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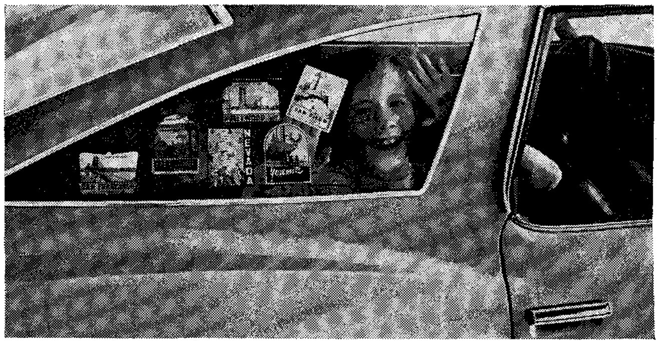

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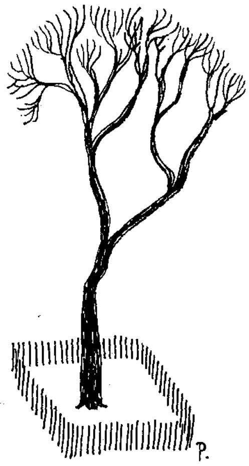
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ON February 22nd, Senator Edward M. Kennedy rose on the floor of the Senate and submitted a bill, numbered S. 982, that asked for the registration of all privately owned guns, stringent tests for anyone who wants to possess a gun, and a ban on all "hand-held firearms" that are not designed for sport. The Senator stated that twenty thousand people die by gunfire each year in the United States and that during the last Congress twenty-eight gun bills were introduced and none enacted, and he attributed that toll and that failure to act to the long-standing resistance in this country to any form of gun control. "Since the day when Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, guns have been an important part of American life," he said. "Not only were they sources of pride and power but in those days they held the key to survival. For the frontiersman used his guns to provide food and clothing for his family, and protection against the dangers of the wilderness. The craftsman who fashioned handsome pieces of weaponry earned high respect and esteem from his neighbors. The marksman who could fell a bear with a shot through an eye socket won the admiration of his villagers. And the lancer who could halt the charge of the redcoats took the medals of bravery. . . . America has always known guns. And her families have long admired the power and the might of a true marksman. But today in America our families no longer face the perils of a frontier wilderness. For the American family in 1973, fear, apprehension, mistrust, anguish, and pain are the dreaded products of our firearms history. . . . We pay an enormous price for our heritage of guns. Over two hundred thousand gun crimes are committed in one year. Sixty-five per cent of the murders in 1972 involved guns. And at least eighty thousand aggravated assaults occurred with guns, while a hundred and twenty thousand robberies took place at gun point. [By] some estimates, guns are statistically like rats. They outnumber our population. . . . Among the nations of the world, America stands in the bloodiest pool of deaths by gunfire. We are not only ranked No. 1, but No. 2 lags so far behind that a tally of gun deaths in all civilized nations probably would not equal the excessive fusillade we train on our fellow-citizens."

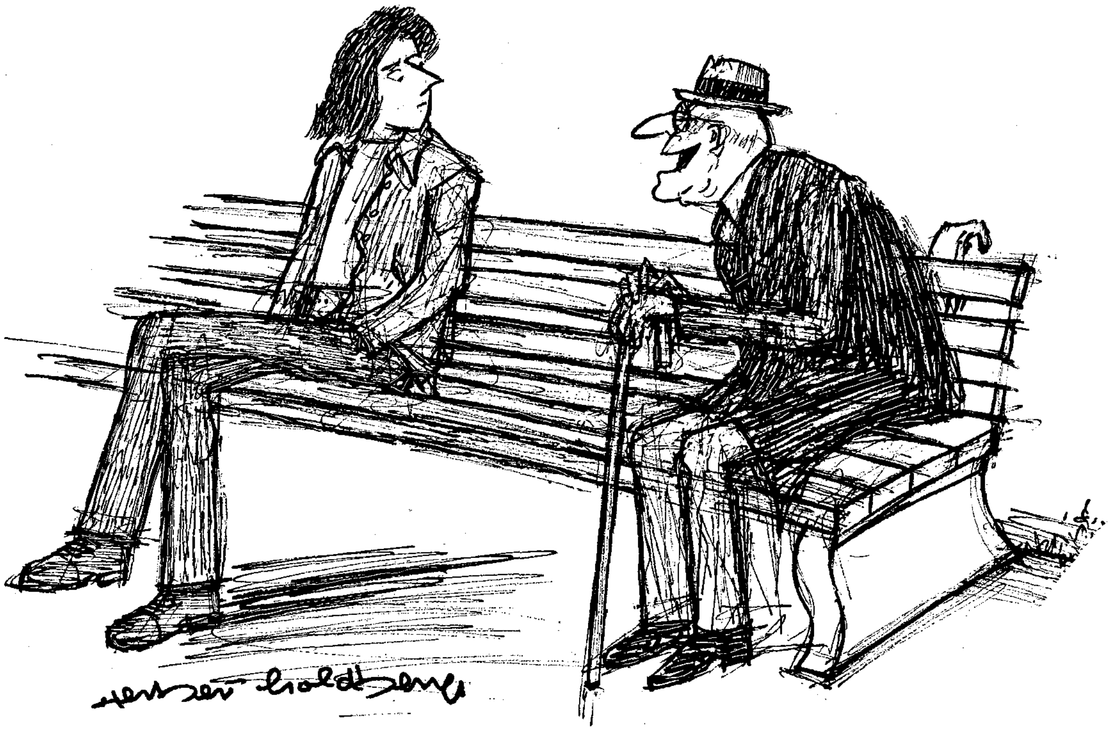
The only nation that has a worse record for homicide by firearms, Senator Kennedy added by way of a detailed chart, is El Salvador. The chart also demonstrated that in European countries where the gun is registered and the gun owner is licensed the rate of homicide by firearms is less than one-tenth of the rate of homicide by firearms in the United States. The Senator continued, "Violence and firearms are dreadfully intertwined. Causes of violence and the effects of firearms generate lively public debates, from which one message emerges—in America, there are too many guns. The statistics scrawl a profile that is all too clear. Where gun ownership is highest, deaths caused by guns are also highest. . . . Americans are now dying at the rate of three thousand each year from accidents caused by guns. Another twenty thousand of our neighbors suffer gunshot injuries each year; and approximately half of all suicides are accomplished with guns. Alarmingly, forty per cent of all accidental firearm fatalities are children between the ages of one and nineteen."



In a brief survey of the arguments against gun controls, the Senator dismissed one that still persuades all owners of guns and many non-owners: that gun controls will disarm innocent people but not gun-toting criminals. "I am convinced that gun restrictions can be effective in limiting the wholesale misuse of firearms," he said. "Strict gun restrictions will aid in disarming any who fail to register their weapons or obtain a license for ownership. Indeed, the enforcement of licensing and registration laws serves to isolate precisely those citizens who flout the law. For enactment of such legislation makes it a crime merely to possess an unregistered firearm. Commission of a crime with such a weapon compounds the wrong of any illegal act."

The Senator moved on to a description of his bill and the penalties it would impose (as much as five years in prison, a fine of as much as five thousand dollars, or both), and concluded by saying, "Guns are made for one purpose only—to put a bullet through something. Reasonable men can agree that no man deserves to hold the power of ending another's life because of the indiscriminate use of such a lethal contrivance. Up to this point, this nation has not agreed on how to control that power. Yet we have allowed, and indeed encouraged, a burgeoning explosion of these weapons of destruction. I hope to join with all Americans who treasure the sanctity of life in seeking to bring a halt to the violence and carnage that we inflict upon each other, and bring an end to the violence and the killing guns cause."

The gun lobby's extraordinary talent for generating scores of thousands of letters, telegrams, telephone calls, petitions, and personal visits to members of Congress opposing any sensible firearms regulations will almost certainly defeat S. 982—unless, by some political miracle, the voters in favor of strict gun controls, who outnumber the opponents by more than two to one nationally, take the trouble to let their senators and



"Hey, sonny. Want to hear a funny Eleanor Roosevelt story?"

• •

representatives know how *they* feel, repeatedly and in even greater numbers.

Collector

LESSING J. ROSENWALD, who is probably the greatest living collector of prints and illustrated books ranging from the fifteenth century to Picasso, came here, with his wife, from Jenkintown, Pennsylvania, the other day to open a dazzling Grolier Club show of books, manuscripts, and drawings from the Philip H. & A. S. W. Rosenbach Museum, in Philadelphia, with a talk about the Rosenbachs. We met him that morning in the stately home and place of business of John Fleming, the antiquarian book dealer, who bought the stock of the brothers' business after they died (Abraham in 1952, Philip in 1953). Mr. Rosenwald, the elder son of Julius Rosenwald, who was a founder of Sears, Roebuck & Company, was a Rosenbach customer for more than three decades (and is now a Fleming customer). He is an original trustee—and was the first president—of the Rosenbach Foundation, which was set up in 1948, and which runs the museum. "I first met him in 1927, when we were in a house at 273 Madison Avenue," Mr. Fleming said as we awaited the arrival of the evening's speaker, who was driving up. "He had an appointment to come in around five in the evening, and Doctor"—A. S. W., a Ph.D., was often given this sobriquet—"asked me to stay and assist: bring books out, and so on. I was seventeen. Lessing stayed an hour or so, and when he was leaving I watched him go down the long hall with Doctor, turn around, and come back alone. 'John, I forgot to say good night,' he said. A kind and considerate man. He used to be shy, but he isn't anymore. He never bargains. He's the pioneer Blake collector—books and drawings—of his generation. He has made enormous gifts of books and manuscripts to the Library of Congress, and similar donations of prints to the National Gallery of Art. The Library gave a dinner party for him last month in its Great Hall—the first in the seventy-five-year history of the building—with a hundred and thirty-four guests, on his eighty-second birthday, February 10th. Eighty-two of his rare books, now the Library's, were on display."

The celebrated collector arrived at this point. He is a powerfully built, clean-shaven man with rugged features and a serious, forthright, genial manner. He went to work in his father's business in Chicago after a stay at Cornell, and in 1920 moved to Philadelphia to become manager of a new Sears plant there. (He retired from business at forty-eight, as chairman of the board.) "My father had made such a name in Chicago that I rather enjoyed living in another city," he told us. "I wanted to get out in the sunlight. I loved Philadelphia, and I still do." He later moved to the suburb of Jenkintown, where he recently gave most of his hundred-and-fifty-acre place, including a big house, to the township, for a park and community center. The Rosenwalds now occupy a smaller house, but a great gallery adjoining the big house still contains his collection, which, along with a research library, is open to scholars by appointment.

When did he start collecting? "I used to pass Charles Sessler's bookshop, on Walnut Street, in the nineteen-twenties, and one day I saw a print by D. Y. Cameron in the window. I bought it for a few dollars. I took it home and thought, Why the hell did I buy this thing? So I started reading up on prints. Well, in the late nineteen-twenties some wonderful sales of early prints were coming up in Germany. I asked Dick Sessler, Charles' son, to go over and buy them for his own account and then give me first choice. I offered him a ten-per-cent commission. I said that if that wouldn't pay for his trip I'd make up the cost. He sailed that afternoon, and bought very heavily. I took practically everything he bought. That was the start of a mania. I was really launched. Most of the things I got were woodcuts of the same type as those in early illustrated books, and this led me into *that* field. Doctor pushed me further into it. He used to stress condition and quality. 'Not good enough,' he sometimes said to me when I wanted to buy something. 'A better copy will come along.' "

Why are most of the Rosenwald things still in Jenkintown rather than in Washington? "I started giving them away in 1943, when you could give recipient institutions title, retain lifetime possession, and take a tax deduction. The law was changed in the nineteen-sixties so that if you wanted deductibility you had to *deliver*. Since then, I've retained title to new purchases, but I send them to the Library of Congress and the National Gallery for cataloguing, and I'm leaving them to these places in my will. The new law is interesting. Suppose for tax reasons you give a painting over a period of four years. You have to hang it in the recipient gallery for three months the first year, six months the next year, nine months the third year, and all of the last year."

Mrs. Rosenwald came in to carry her husband off for lunch, and we rose to leave.

"Both Doctor and his brother were great gourmets," Mr. Rosenwald said. "After Philip died, the trustees of the Foundation went over the shop. On the top floor we found a walled-off space, with a damp tiled floor, containing a dozen live diamondback terrapins. We arranged a dinner featuring them. It was the only dividend the trustees got."

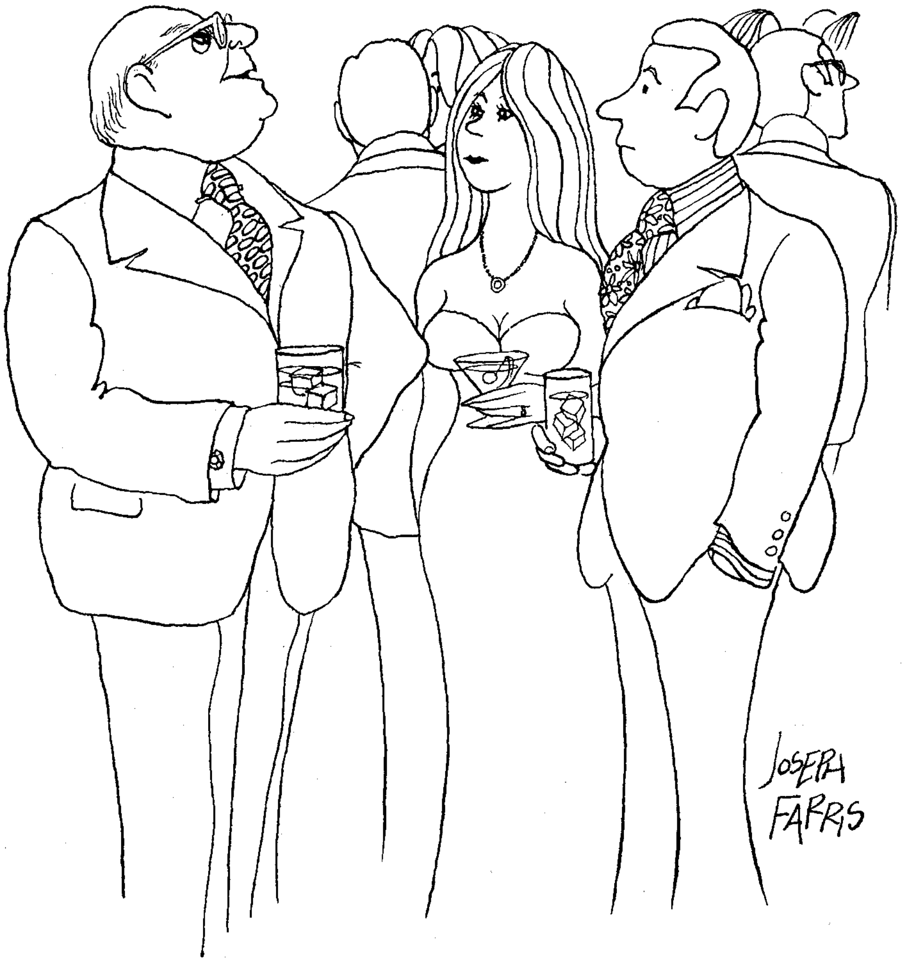
Tilt

ANY objections to a small—a very small—crusade? It concerns pinball machines. A pinball machine, as everybody knows, is a device that sells fun. The player pops a coin into the slot, and the machine delivers fun. The fun takes the form of a steel ball zigging and zagging its way around a garish playfield loaded with bumpers, roll-overs, roll-unders, kickers, flippers, and gates. The player, who is likely to become One with the Machine in fairly short order, pushes buttons to flip the flippers and applies body English. (An excess of the latter activates the dread "Tilt," ending play.) Lights flash, bells ring, enormous scores rack up. If the score gets high enough—thirty-five thousand points, for example—a satisfying *thwock!* is heard, and the player has won a free game. Pinball is a blatantly American pastime (what could be more American than mechanical fun-vending?) that is enjoyed in many parts of the world. The locals love it in Boston, Philadelphia, and San Francisco, and in London, Paris, Rome, and Tokyo as well. It would be logical to conclude that pinball and civilization are natural companions were it not for one regrettable fact. In New York City, there is no pinball.

We were more or less unaware of this omission until relatively recently, when, our appetite whetted by a couple of out-of-town pinball sessions, we tried to locate a machine on our home turf. A fact-finding tour of bars and amusement arcades from Morningside Heights to Coney Island, however, failed to turn up a single one. At the Playland on Broadway below Forty-seventh Street, for example, we found a positive glut of coin-operated ersatz rifles, pistols, rocket launchers, machine guns, missiles, torpedoes, and cosmic death rays, but no pinballs. We did discover three devices that resembled pinball games in certain respects—they had flippers—but they lacked bumpers and they did not award free games. To mistake them for real pinball machines would be like confusing a dog race with the Belmont Stakes.

Our subsequent researches disclosed that, unlike drinking, swearing, and staying out all night, pinball is against the law in our town. Chapter 32, Article 5 of the City of New York Administrative Code, quaintly titled "Common Shows" and dealing with the licensing of bocce alleys and the like, specifically excludes any contraption of "the type, design, class or construction commonly known as a pinball or bagatelle" from those devices which may be approved for the diversion of the citizenry. Furthermore, the law drones on, no one is to be permitted to play with "any machine, apparatus, paraphernalia or amusement device upon the playing surface of which exist any bumpers, obstructions or obstacles other than the holes or receptacles for which the propelled object is ultimately destined, nor one which is so constructed as to permit the re-use of the device without the insertion of another coin." Well!

This state of affairs, we found, seems to be a case of mistaken identity. Back in the nineteen-thirties, one of the targets of municipal indignation was the slot machine, which fleeced the poor of their nickels and furnished organized crime with a rich source of income. Mayor LaGuardia personally administered the sledgehammer to a large number of one-armed bandits—a performance that occasioned some memorable newsreel footage. The bad guys, ever ingenious, came up with gambling devices designed to resemble the innocuous pinball machine. These gambling pinball machines, which are still in operation in Nevada and elsewhere but are no longer manufactured in any great numbers, have twenty-five holes arranged in rows on their playfields, and they pay off on the principle of bingo. They never have flippers. They often employ a nefarious adaptation of the free-game feature, whereby the player may run up as many as nine hundred and ninety-nine free games. If a cop happens to be hanging around, the player plays his replays until the coast is clear, and then the attendant pays him his winnings—the payoff for nine hundred and ninety-nine free games on a nickel machine would be forty-nine dollars and ninety-five cents—and presses a concealed button, which clears the replay indicator and records the cleared replays on a



"If you start granting amnesty to people for following their conscience, pretty soon everyone will be following his conscience."

meter attached to the coin box. The gambling operator thus has a record of payoffs and earnings. Unlike real pinball, the game itself is not much fun, and, over time, the machine always wins. It takes only a little discernment to tell the difference between the two moral grades of pinball, but the authorities were disinclined to split hairs. They banned the "good" pinball machines along with the "bad," like cops hustling a bystander into a paddy wagon at a demonstration.

We discussed all this last week at the Princeton Club with Rufus King, a Washington lawyer, who represents D. Gottlieb & Company and Williams Electronics, the two biggest manufacturers of amusement pinball machines. Mr. King, who is big, bald, and urbane, and who wears half spectacles on the end of his nose, knows a lot about gambling. He has served as counsel to most of the congressional committees that have investigated the subject, including the famous Kefauver Committee of 1951, and he has written a book called "Gambling and Organized Crime." He is not a pinball addict himself, but he has a certain distant sympathy with the condition. "Pinball machines promote idleness, I suppose, but there are worse sins," he told us. "And idleness is what's happening more and more across the country, with increased leisure and the renaissance of bowling and pool, which also had a shady image. A pinball machine is just a five- or ten-cent bowling alley. We really are pulling away from this old goofy, irrational taint."

We asked Mr. King about the legal prognosis for pinball in New York City, and he said, "There's some interest in modifying the city ordinance, which, like most municipal law, is incredibly archaic. It ought at least to be brought into line with state law, which allows machines of the add-a-ball type—no free games, just extra balls. But one has to proceed cautiously, because the gambling promoters are always looking for an angle. Once they're involved, water starts to flow uphill and the sun starts rising in the west. We can't fight fire with fire when it comes to carrying black bags around legislatures. Gottlieb and Williams aren't big enough to make a real campaign of it. We just don't have the muscle. Now, if we were paving contractors, or something . . ." Mr. King sighed. "Perspectives differ," he said. "For the people directly involved, the illegality of pinball is a total wrong, but for the people who are responsible for making the Great Decisions it's not a big enough deal."

We made a few phone calls, and the people we talked with tended to confirm one or another of Mr. King's points. "The guy who wrote that law must have been drunk at the time," a law-enforcement official told us. "I've got more important things to worry about," he added.

We called Meyer Parkoff, president of the Seaboard New York Corporation, which is a big distributor of coin machines, and he told us that a big drive just to legalize pinball wouldn't be worth the trouble. "It doesn't pay us to knock our brains out," he said. "We got other games to sell, so why bother?"

Finally, we called Henry J. Stern, the First Deputy Commissioner of Consumer Affairs, and asked him if he knew of any justification for keeping pinball in the doghouse. Mr. Stern treated us gingerly, as if he were dealing with an unpredictable but probably harmless crank. "I guess it's viewed as an unsavory, vaguely inappropriate kind of thing," he said. "The basic feeling is that one doesn't want games of chance—unless they're government-operated, of course." Our own view is that whether or not pinball is a game of chance is not a question of fact but a philosophical issue, like Free Will, but we didn't press the point. "A lot of these regulatory cobwebs are in need of a dusting," Mr. Stern went on. "If anyone took the time and trouble to follow it through, maybe the law would be changed. But you work on the things that cause you problems."

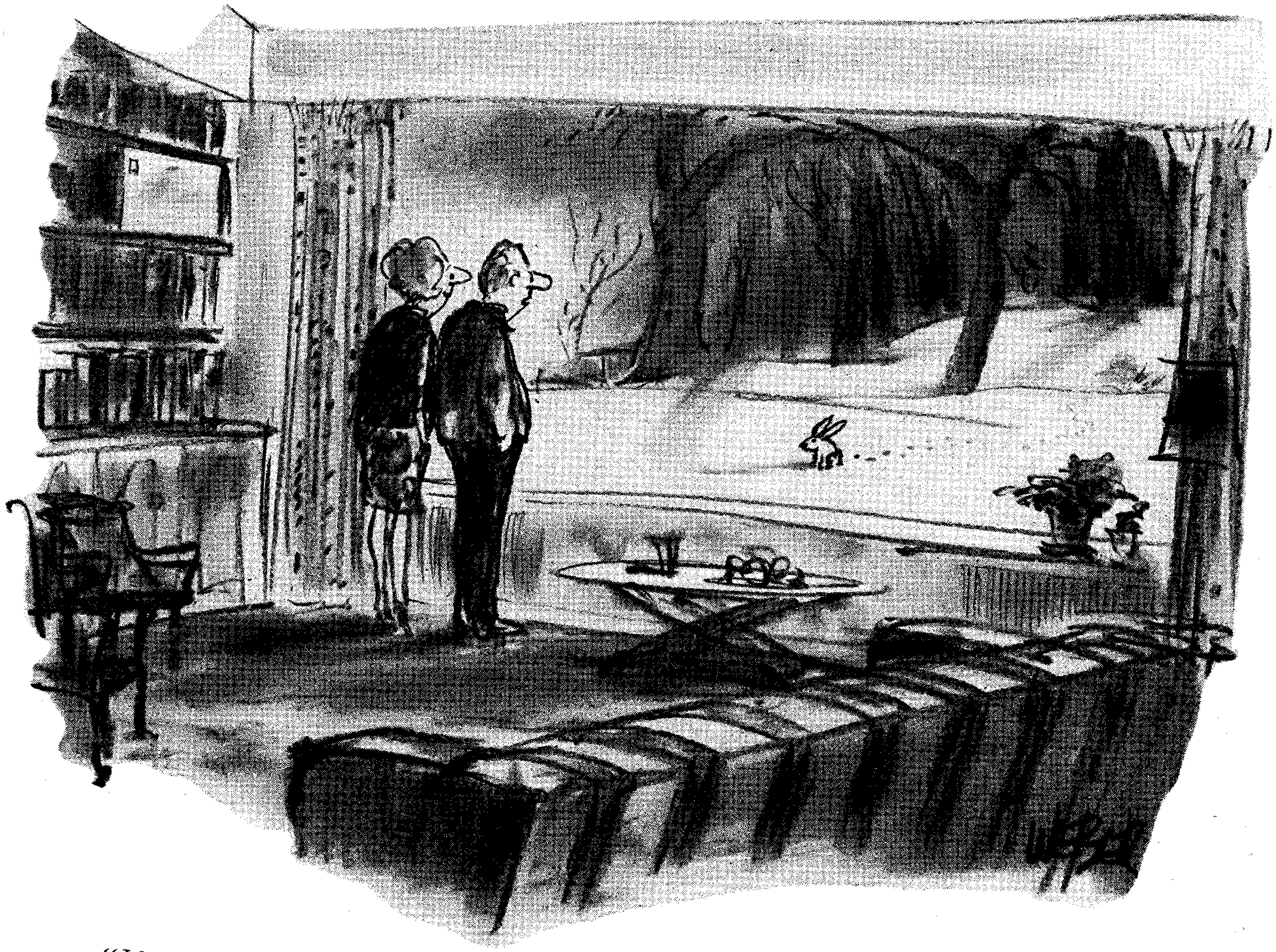
The difficulty seems to be that pinball fans just haven't got around to organizing themselves. The love of pinball has nothing to do with race, creed, or ethnicity; nor is it, strictly speaking, a sexual preference. Pinball is a form of solitaire. The attention span required for the game is extremely short. It hardly seems likely that a bunch of people who are by definition fickle loners will band together to demand their rights, but if they do we'll be with them. Meanwhile, pinball remains one of the valid reasons for going to New Jersey.

The Space

THE Space for Innovative Development is on West Thirty-sixth Street, in the heart of the garment district, an area whose inhabitants are said to live by their wits alone. It occupies what was until three years ago Christ Church—a vast brick, Presbyterian pile built in 1903, when this was a fashionable residential neighborhood. A few years ago, the church decided to sell the property, and it would probably have been demolished for commercial development if it had not come to the attention of Samuel Rubin and his wife, Cyma, who was the producer of the recent Broadway hit musical "No, No, Nanette." The Rubins wanted to help experimental theatrical groups in need of rehearsal and performing space. The Samuel Rubin Foundation bought the property in 1970 and began extensive renovations, which have not yet been completed. The Space, as it has come to be known, is nevertheless in full operation along the lines that the Rubins envisaged, and we went down there to see what was going on.

"The original idea was that this would become home base for several theatre, dance, and other companies, whose proximity would result in a lot of cross-fertilization," we were told by David Shaw, an irresistibly enthusiastic young man, who manages the building. "So far, not too much of that has happened, but the building is certainly being used." Currently in residence, he said, are the Alwin Nikolais and Murray Louis dance theatres, the Open Theatre, Free Life Communications (an improvisational music ensemble), the Multigravitational Experiment (gymnasts whose dances take place in midair), Quog (musicians experimenting with new forms of contemporary opera), Space Videoarts (which documents performers' works on videotape), and congeries of visiting artists, who rent space by the day or week, at exceptionally congenial rates. "We don't have a city license to operate as a theatre yet, because the elevator strike held up the renovations," Mr. Shaw explained. "But most of the groups give workshop performances and ask for contributions, and they're usually sold out."

Alwin Nikolais, he said, was in Germany at the moment, staging an electronic spectacle for the Hamburg Opera, but his company was upstairs rehearsing, and would we like to see it? We would. Shaw took us up a flight of stairs and into what was formerly a gymnasium, where we found Murray Louis working with the Nikolais dancers. One end of the gym was hung with narrow, very long triangles of white cloth, like sails, which the dancers could move laterally; slide projectors threw changing colors on the triangles, and a taped electronic score



"If this is the high point of our day, then I say something is radically wrong."

reverberated from several loudspeakers. "Nikolais and Louis have worked together so long that either can take over in cases like this," Shaw told us. "As you probably know, Louis was a featured dancer in the Nikolais company for years. He formed his own group in 1969. Both companies are presenting new works, and while Nik's away Murray is working on Nik's new piece."

The dancers took a break, and Louis, a compact, dark-haired man with quick movements and a mobile face, came over and joined us. The new Nikolais dance, he said, was called "Grotto." "It's an underworld sort of thing," he added. "A lot of secret little ceremonies underground. The atmosphere is meant to be grotesque and a little—you know—creepy."

We asked Louis about his own new dance.

" 'Index,' " he said. "We've already previewed it—at Duke University—and I was endlessly relieved, because it really worked. The full title is 'Index . . . (to necessary neuroses).' It deals with those little nerve endings and neuroses of daily life. I always try to make a new piece as different as possible from the last, and I had been feeling that my own company—which is very beautiful physically—was getting almost too wholesome. So I've tried to extend it into a new area. Nik did a stunning job of lighting it—he lights all my work—and Frank Garcia's costumes are just right. I know I've got a winner."

Louis went back to the dancers, and Shaw offered to show us the other studios. There are seven studios, he said, including the main theatre, in the church proper, which is not yet ready for occupancy. We saw the music room, on the fifth floor, where Free Life Communications and Quog work on alternate evenings (another Nikolais dancer was practicing there when we looked in), and the fourth-floor "circus room," used by the Multigravitational Experiment, with trapezes and rubber inner tubes hanging from a sort of scaffolding (a multigravitationalist was working out on the floor, doing what looked like Tai Chi Chuan exercises); and two smaller rooms, where dancers were doing any number of odd things. The Open Theatre has its studio on the ground floor, and Shaw explained that its members did not want anyone to watch them do *their* exercises; the window in their door, in fact, is blacked out to discourage peepers. "But they'll do a series of performances this month in their studio," he said.

Shaw told us that he had come to work for Space, as director of media, in 1970, soon after graduating from Harpur College with a degree in philosophy. "They were having all sorts of problems with the renovations, and they had nobody to watch over things here, so I was pulled into this job," he said. "It's a terrific experience. It might be the beginning of a new kind of environment where artists can work together. It also might be the philosophical factory I've been looking for but never really expected to find."

FAMILY WALLS

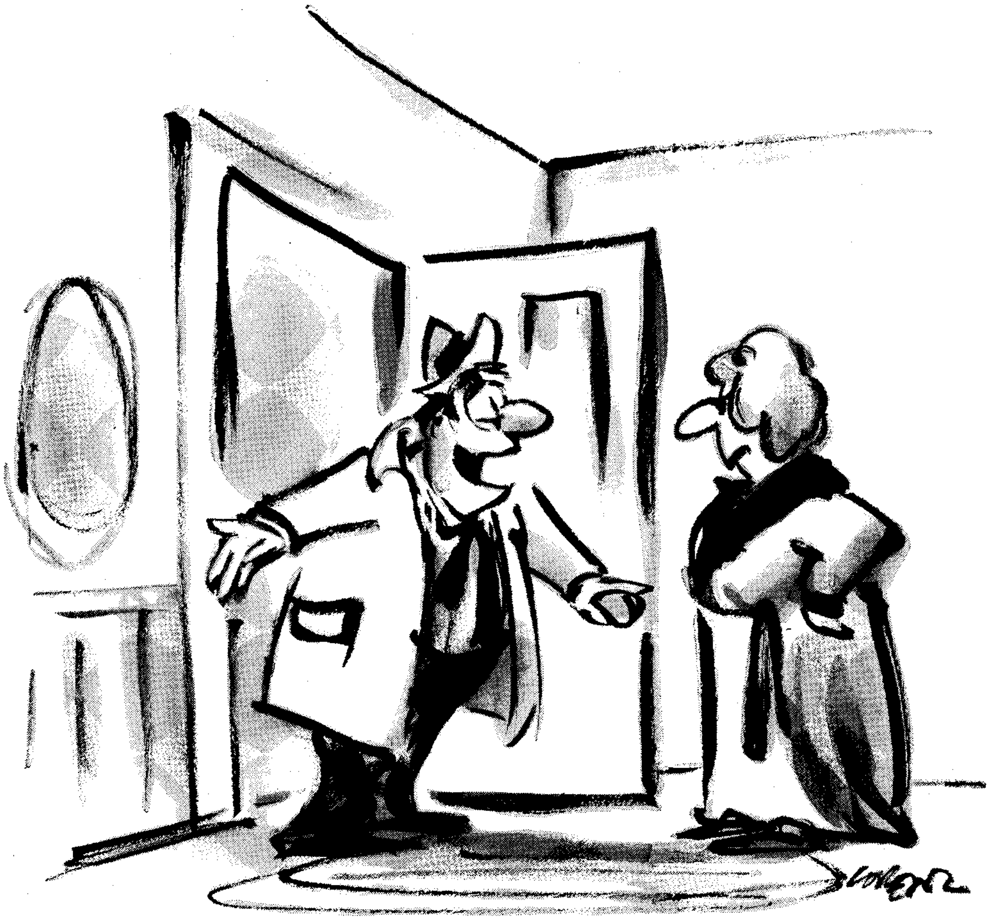
FOR the fifth day in a row there had been no rain, and in Dublin, even in June, that was unusual. Hubert Derdon, who worked in a men's outfitting shop on Grafton Street, in the center of the city, had brought his raincoat with him when he left home in the morning, but when closing time came and he saw the golden evening he thought he might walk all the way home instead of taking that long ride out in the tram. He was a creature of habit. His daily habits were comfortable, but it would do him no harm to miss his tram for once even if it meant being late for tea. Hubert was always thinking about doing more walking. He knew that for a man in his forties he did not get nearly enough exercise. But there was the raincoat, and having to decide whether to carry it or put it on. If he was going to make a start on walking he did not want to start in his raincoat. And in the back of his mind he had an objection to wasting all that exercise on hard pavements with nothing ahead of him. He thought of mountain paths and tangled woods and narrow roads that ran between green fields. He imagined himself wearing a heavy pullover and walking steadily, but not in the direction of home. All the time he was thinking about walking he was hurrying to get his place on his usual tram, and in the end he turned his own corner and walked past the neighboring houses to his own front door and turned his key in the lock at the same time as always.

Thinking about doing all that walking had given him a sense of energy and well-being. He felt in good health and good humor, and contented to be coming home after his day's work, and he was smiling as he stepped into the hall. There were red glass panels in the side frames of the front door, and he was always aware of the glass, and always closed the door carefully. At the same instant that he was hanging his raincoat on the rack he looked down the hall and saw the kitchen door close quickly and quietly, but not quickly enough to prevent him from seeing that Rose was down there. Her head was turned away from him as she closed the door.

The entrance hall where Hubert stood was narrow. It was no more than a passage, and the floor was covered with linoleum. At the end of the hall there were stairs going up to the bedrooms and, farther along, the three steps down to the kitchen. The hall was dim although it was still bright outside. The kitchen had been lighted up, the glimpse he had seen of it before the door closed. There had been only a second of time, and hardly more than a line of light that narrowed to a thread and then vanished. He might as well not have seen Rose at all, but he had seen her, and he wondered if it could possibly have been intentional—to shut the door in his face like that. He considered going down to the kitchen and asking some question, saying something, anything at all, but instead he went along the hall and into the back sitting room and walked over to the window, and turned at once from the window and began to stare at the doorway. But of course it was already too late. By this time Rose should have opened the kitchen door and called up, "Is that you, Hubert?" She must have heard him coming down the hall. You could hear everything in this house. He listened, but he could hear no sound at all. That was strange. He should at least have been able to hear some little noise—teacups and saucers or something, the tea being got ready. He might as well have been alone in the house for all the evidence he had of life near him. He felt that he was alone, and he wished there was someone in the room with him who could give him advice, because he wanted to be told to go straight down to the kitchen, or else, not to go down there but to sit down at once and ignore the whole matter.

He wished he had someone to talk to. He wanted the impulse he felt—to go down to the kitchen—to be made impossible by a command that he was bound to obey. But no word came to forbid him, and so although he knew it was impossible for him to go down and speak to Rose, he knew also that it was not forbidden, and he did not know what to do. What he could not do was to sit down. He was too angry to sit down. But he was trembling, and he sat down in his chair, which had its back to the window and was beside the fireplace, where it stayed summer and winter, close to the hearth, with Rose's low chair across the hearthrug from him. The hearthrug was a dull, warm red, and it was fringed at the ends.

Hubert wished he hadn't seen the door close. If he had taken that walk home, he would have been very late and he wouldn't have seen the door close. But when had he ever walked home from work? Never. Rose had closed the door at the exact moment when she had every right to expect him home, and



"Don't you read the papers, woman? Baseball peace has been declared!"

something in her attitude as she closed the door told him that she had seen him letting himself into the house. The more he thought back the more he was sure he was right. In the glimpse he had had of her, there had been something hasty—he would even say furtive. Unless he was imagining things. But he knew he wasn't imagining anything. She was down there now, wondering if he had seen the kitchen door close, and she was frightened, and he wondered what she was thinking about him. She had no right to behave like this. It was intolerable. The whole thing was intolerable.

Then he heard the kitchen door open and footsteps on the stairs. When Rose appeared in the doorway Hubert felt such dislike that he smiled. He saw the confusion caused by the smile, and he saw her hand fasten on the doorknob as her hand always fastened on something—the back of a chair, or her other hand—before she spoke.

"The tea is ready," she said.

"I don't want any tea," Hubert said.

"What's the matter?" she asked. "Why don't you want your tea?"

She was standing stiffly and her face was pink. It was clear that she knew she was in the wrong.

"I don't want any tea," Hubert said. "That's simple enough, isn't it? And I can guarantee you this—the next time you shut a door in my face like that I'm going to walk out of this house and I won't come back. I mean what I say."

"Hubert, I don't know what you're talking about," she said.

Hubert said nothing.

"Will you let me bring you up a tray?" she asked.

"Never mind about the tray," Hubert said. "I don't want your tray. If you'd only get out of here and leave me alone."

Hubert watched until the door was shut and then he leaned forward and put his elbows on his knees and began to study the red hearthrug. He began to hum softly:

"She is far from the land where her
young hero sleeps,
And lovers are round her sighing,
But—"

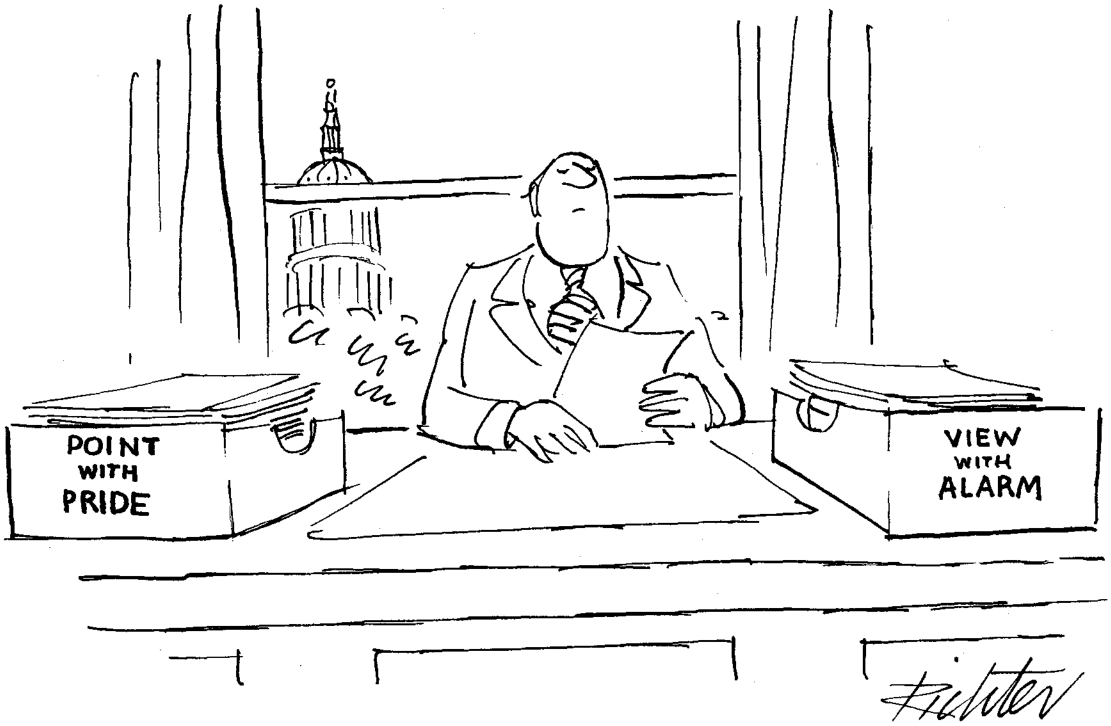
He sighed and lay back in his chair and was silent. He wished he had followed his original plan and walked home. Then he would not have seen the door close. If only he had not seen it close—but he had seen it, and having seen it he had to take a stand. It was partly the fault of the house, which was too small. Any house would have been too small, but this one was much too small. There wasn't a corner in it where you could hide without causing questions—those silent questions that were not questions at all but reproaches.

There was no possible way for Hubert to ignore what went on in the house. He would have liked to be able to shut his eyes. Then he could control his temper. Rose was not ashamed that she had closed the door against him; she was only frightened because she had been caught closing it.

He wished he had had sense enough to go down to the kitchen and have it out with her the minute he saw the door close. He felt he was walking along a path that was separated from another identical path by a glass wall so high that it went out of sight. The path he was following was full of mistakes that he recognized, because they were all his own, but while every mistake was familiar to him, every mistake came as a shock, because of the different intervals of time that elapsed between one mistake and the next. Just when he felt fine and imagined everything to be all right, there was another blunder. There seemed to be no escaping the contentiousness and disagreeableness in this house. And all the time he was making mistakes and tripping over himself he could see through the glass to that other path that was also his own. On that path there were no mistakes, and he did only the right thing and did it at the right time, and he knew how to deal with everything, and he walked like a man who was in command of himself and his life. Sometimes it seemed that only a trick of light, nothing at all, stood between Hubert and the place where he would know how to conduct life in accordance with its meaning, which he understood perfectly.

Nothing in his life made sense. But once you had said that you had said it all. Hubert could hardly march out of his house and down onto the main road and stop some stranger and say, "I understand nothing." To do a thing like that would be—it would be the action of a madman.

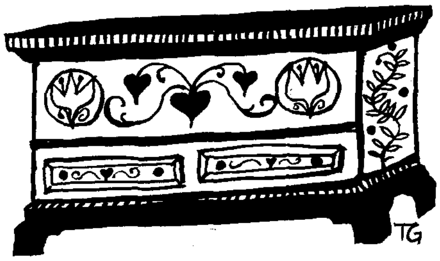
If he had been on his own it wouldn't have been so bad, but a wife makes a man conspicuous, especially if he doesn't amount to much, and at this moment Hubert felt he amounted to nothing at all. Poor Rose, he didn't blame her, but by her presence in his life she showed what he had tried to do and that he had hoped, and by her behavior she showed what his hopes had come to. He was ashamed of her. Without her, who knows what he might have done. And then again he might have gone through life invisible, but anything would have been better than being held up to ridicule in his own house. Anything in the world would have been better than being held up to ridicule to himself. He felt un-



comfortable in his chair, and angry. It was not that she was demanding or extravagant. She asked for nothing. The reason he grew irritable when the time came to hand her the housekeeping money every week was that she always took it apologetically, and, on the few occasions when he had forgotten it, reminded him timidly. Of course, he grew irritable once in a while with her pretenses, and no one knew how many times he restrained himself when she irritated him nearly beyond endurance. He could not stand the way she ate, or to know the amount of food she ate, which was a good deal more than he ever felt inclined to take. The word "appetite" embarrassed him, and the knowledge he had of her appetite, which was so much greater than his own, made her mysterious to him, but not in a way that aroused his interest or affection. He thought her appetite was something to be ashamed of, and he did not want to think about it. He did not grudge her the food, but he thought she attached too much importance to it. He dreaded to see her eat, because he could not keep his eyes off her, and there had been times when he saw her turn red and swallow quickly when she caught him watching her. He always had his breakfast by himself, and he had his dinner in town in the middle of the day, so there were only tea times and Sunday dinners to be got through.

Sometimes as they sat at tea Hubert told Rose about incidents that had taken place in the shop during the day. These anecdotes dealt mainly with the customers, and often the point they were working up to was the customer's discomfiture, which Hubert found funny, or the customer's ignorance, which Hubert also found funny. Some of the men who came to the shop were so dense that they did not know they were making fools of themselves or how they were laughed at after they left the place. They were the men who were too tall or too short or too fat or too thin for the patterns they preferred and for the cut and fit they decided upon. Hubert derided the dense customers, not because they looked ridiculous but because they did not seem to know how ridiculous they were. Hubert could forgive any man for looking like a fool if he played the fool and showed that he could laugh at himself and take a joke, but he had no mercy on people who believed, or pretended to believe, that they looked just like anybody else. Outside the shop Hubert could call attention to people's shortcomings and so test their sense of humor, but at work he naturally had to restrain himself, and it used to drive him nearly mad to see all those posturing fellows get away without knowing they had been observed by a man who had a sharp and humorous eye and a great gift for cutting people down when they got above themselves.

HUBERT had heard Rose returning to the kitchen, but he had not heard the kitchen door close, although he knew she must have closed it. Now there was no sign from the kitchen. "Well, that's all right," Hubert said, "let her do what she likes." But he couldn't go on sitting in his armchair forever, doing nothing. He couldn't concentrate. He couldn't read. He didn't want to read. He didn't want to do anything. He had made up his mind not to give in to her. Sooner or later somebody was going to have to make a move, but Hubert felt that the decision had been taken out of his hands, and that it was now up to Rose to make some gesture. When he first came home and saw her close the door against him, he had had the choice between going down to the kitchen or not going down there. Now that choice was gone. Instead of making the choice he had asserted himself, and any sign he gave now would mean that he had backed



REMNANT WATER

Here in the thrust-green

Grass-wind and thin surface now nearly
Again and again for the instant

Each other   hair-lined backwater barely there and it
Utterly:
          this that was deep flashing—
Tiny grid-like waves   wire-touched water—
No more, and comes what is left

Of *the gone depths duly arriving*
Into the weeds belly-up:
          one carp now knowing grass
And also thorn-shucks and seeds
Can outstay him:
          next to the slain lake the inlet
Trembles   seine-pressure in something of the last
Rippling   grass in the slow-burning

Slow-browning dance learned from green:
A *hundred acres of cancelled water come down*
To death-mud shaking
Its one pool   stomach-pool   holding the dead one diving up
Busting his gut in weeds   in scum-gruel glowing with belly-white
Unhooked   around him all grass in a bristling sail taking off back-
blowing. *Here in the dry hood I am watching*
Alone, in my tribal sweat   my people gone my fish rolling
Beneath me   and I die
Waiting   will wait out
The blank judgment given only
In ruination's suck-holing acre   *wait and make the sound surrounding* NO

Laugh primally: be
Like an open-gut flash   an open under-
water eye with the thumb
pressure to brain the winter-wool head of me,
Spinning my guts with my fish in the old place,
Suffering its consequences   dying
Living up to it.

—JAMES DICKEY

• •

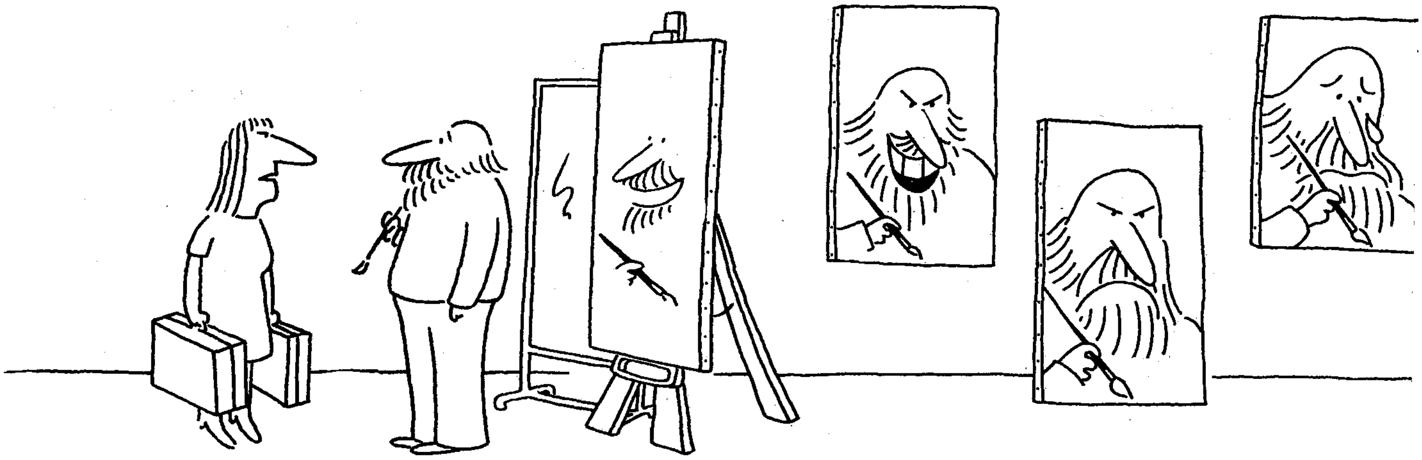
"I'll go you one better, Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith. I'm bullish on the whole human race."

• •

down. She would have to come out of the kitchen sometime. She would want to go out to have a last look at her garden. Bedtime would come. It was only a matter of waiting until the normal routine of the house washed him out of the corner he had been forced into. It would be all the same in a hundred years, but Hubert knew that as long as he lived he would never understand why Rose had closed the door against him like that. He no longer wondered why she had closed the door, he only wished he had not seen it close.

The window behind him was a big oblong, almost a square, a sash window, and it faced the end wall of their garden. At the other side of the wall lay the courts of the tennis club. Hubert and Rose considered the members of the tennis club to be a gay and fashionable set, and Hubert said they were a worthless crowd. On Saturday nights they could hear dance music from the large new addition to the clubhouse. The members called the new addition the Pavilion. The dance music annoyed Hubert, and although Rose had once loved to dance she never protested when he got up and shut the window so that they could have a little peace and quiet in the house. The entrance to the club was on the main road that ran past the end of the terrace of small houses where the Derdons lived. On one side, the club grounds ended at the long end wall that was common to the twenty-six gardens owned by the Derdons and their neighbors all up and down the terrace. The farther boundaries of the club were marked by groves of trees. If Hubert had gone to stand by the window he would have seen the tops of the trees far away beyond the courts, and beyond the trees, coming toward him, the sky. He didn't move. He sat and listened. The window was open at the top and he could hear the quarrelsome old woman next door scolding her middle-aged daughter, who was unmarried and lived at home, doing the housework and cooking and easing her occasional rebellious rages with loud crying fits that could be heard in the Derdons' kitchen and also in the back sitting room. That garden next door was a wilderness of ivy and nettles and neglected cabbage plants. It was a disgraceful household. Hubert hoped the unhappy daughter would not have a crying fit this evening, and he wished both women would be removed to some lunatic asylum and that a single man who was never at home would move in next door. He listened to the old woman's thin, cruel voice, and he thought he heard her daughter's hysterical silence. He heard, faintly, voices from the tennis courts, and he heard the Donovans' big collie crying pitifully as it strained at the chain that held it to the cramped kennel that had been its home from a puppy. The Donovans kept the dog as a protection against burglars. Hubert wished a burglar might climb over the end wall and free the dog, who could then go into the house and kill Tom Donovan and his wife and their three impertinent children, and perhaps have enough to eat for once in its life.

He heard more than he could bear to hear. The back sitting room was filling up with lives he despised and with people he detested, and he had no defense against any of it. He could have closed the window, but he was sure that the minute he appeared there with his arms up, pushing the sash tight, Rose would open the kitchen door, coming out into the garden, and he did not want to see her. He didn't want to see her, because he did not care about her. It was the first true thing he had said in a long time, and he was glad it was out in the open at last. He simply didn't care about her. He cared nothing at all about her, and he couldn't understand why he hadn't realized it a long time ago. He couldn't stand the thought of seeing her and having to speak to her and having to go on living in the same house with her. He could not think of her now without seeing the fluttering dishonesty of her expression, and he wondered if it would ever seem worth his while again to try to speak directly to her. What was the use of trying to talk to her? She never said "Yes" or "No." It was always "Whatever you



"Charles, I've had it with you and your goddam moods."

• •

like," or "I don't mind," or "Maybe, if that's what you want." And then the mute resignation that followed his decision, which, of course, was never what she wanted, although wild horses would not have dragged an objection out of her.

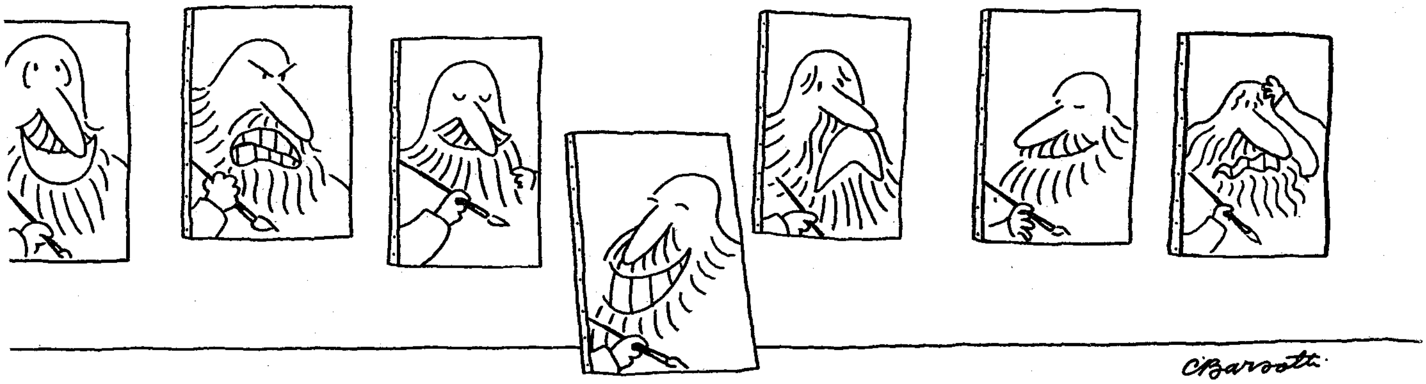
No, he wouldn't bother trying to talk to her. It wasn't worth his while, and it would only distress her for nothing. All the same, although Hubert felt that Rose was of no importance, he knew she was better than a good many people—better than the two women next door and better than the Donovans and better than that loud, good-for-nothing crowd at the tennis club. And he knew she was defenseless, and he felt that his indifference left her exposed, even though she didn't know about it, and he pitied her, because in her own way she did her best, and nobody cared anything at all about her. She was a lost cause, all right, and it was a good thing that only he knew it. It would be terrible for Rose if the rest of the world knew what he knew about her. It was no accident that she had always lagged behind him. She had no sense. She was not able to take care of herself. She had always been the same.

ROSE had not always been the same, but there was no one now to tell what she had been or to see her as she had been seen. Once in a while she thought of her father, who died when she was ten. When she remembered him, trying to remember his voice, she looked more than ever like a bird that has found its feet on the ground instead of finding its wings in the air. She looked around her, and wondered. She was tame, but the place was strange. Whatever she might have been, she was now only tame. She had turned tame when her father died, as she might have turned traitor to a cause she had once been ready to give her life for. She had known her father was dead but not that he was gone, and even when she began to know he was gone she refused to believe that he was gone out of sight, and she put the strength of a lifetime into her struggle to keep him in sight until she was sure he was safe. She had forgotten all that was familiar to her in her struggle to stand by the one who had made it all familiar. She knew he would expect her. He had said that she was faithful. He had said that she would never let anyone down. Over and over again he had said she was a good child, and that she had no bad in her. He had always defended her to her mother.

Rose's father had thought the world of her, and he had told her, and told anyone else who would listen, that she was an unusual child who could do anything she set out to do. Once when she was dancing around their kitchen showing off, he said, "One of these days Rose is going to show us how the birds fly." There was no end to their conversations, and they agreed on everything. After he was dead, when she set about remembering him, she found that she had memorized him, and he was so clear in her mind that, as she listened to her mother and the neighbors talking about him, all she had to do was to look above their heads and she could see him—not as he had been but as he was now, above them all and smiling down on them as he listened to the nice things they were saying about him, although none of them had had much opinion of him when he was alive. She hated them all, but the more she hated them the more she feared them, because she knew that if they found out about her dreams they would laugh at her and call her Miss Importance. Her mother had always said that she had too good an idea of herself, and that she was too fanciful.

Rose knew that she must be a good child, but she never learned that there is more to being a good child than just doing what you are told. She did not know where she was. She wanted to be told what to do, and when she was not told, she imagined she had done something wrong. She had never been able to meet the world on its own terms—she did not measure up—and she had no terms of her own, and had not tried to make any. She had not known she had the power to make terms. She found the world difficult, because, while she knew that life is precious and must be watched night and day or it will vanish without warning, she also knew that in the long run life is of no value at all, because it vanishes without warning. Between these two sharp edges she made her way as well as she could. When Hubert first saw Rose he thought how light and definite her walk was, and that her expression was resolute. He never learned that the courage she showed came not from natural hope or from natural confidence or from any ignorant, natural source but from her determination to avoid touching the two madnesses as they guided her, pressing too close to her and narrowing her path into a very thin line. She always walked in straight lines. She went from where she was to the place where she was going, and then back again to the place where she had been. She kept close to the house. She might as well have been in a net, for all the freedom she felt.

In the early days of their marriage Hubert and Rose lived in two rooms at the top of a house on Somerville Street, off Stephen's Green. The first evening they walked in there together was the evening of their wedding day. It was



also the occasion of Rose’s first journey in a train—from the town of Wexford, where she was born and brought up, to Dublin. A friend of Hubert’s named Frank Nolan met them at the station to welcome them and to help carry their parcels and suitcases. Rose was carrying a basket of groceries her mother had packed for her at the last minute. It was all she carried, but Hubert and Frank were burdened down. When they reached the top of the tall building they were all breathless from the long flights of stairs. Hubert dropped everything he was carrying on the landing and put his hand against the wall to support himself, until he could catch his breath.

“What made you stop?” Frank said to him. “We’d have been in Heaven in another five minutes.”

Rose thought Frank was very funny. Frank had found the rooms for them and he had given Hubert the key at the station. Rose had watched Hubert put the key carefully in his waistcoat pocket, and now she watched him take it out again. He was very self-conscious, and in his eagerness to open their door he stumbled over one of the suitcases he had put down, and he nearly fell through the doorway ahead of Rose, but Frank grabbed him and held him back, and Rose went in first.

“Ladies First!” Frank shouted, loud enough to rouse the whole neighborhood. They were all there laughing. Rose put her basket on the shaky round table that stood in the middle of the room and she stood there looking around her while Hubert and Frank brought in the luggage. The scrap of thin carpeting under her feet was faded, and it was so worn that most of it was the same straw color as her basket, with traces of red and pink to show how bright it once had been. When everything had been brought in, Frank made a great display of trying to pick Hubert up and carry him around.

“This is a remarkable parcel, Madam,” he said to Rose, while Hubert struggled. “It has delusions of grandeur. It thinks it’s alive.”

Rose had never laughed so hard in her life. She saw Hubert watching her and admiring her, and she knew they were both showing off for her benefit. Then Frank suddenly got serious and took his watch out of his pocket and looked at it and said he had an important appointment, a matter of life and death, and that he was two days and ten minutes late already. He was outside and closing the door after himself while he was still talking, and he wouldn’t listen to Hubert’s invitation to stay a minute. Then he vanished and they heard him running down the stairs. Rose looked at Hubert.

“Frank’s a great man,” Hubert said, “but I’m glad he’s gone. Aren’t you? Aren’t you glad, Rose?”

“Yes,” Rose said, and then she turned and went quickly to the window, a small, square window that looked across Somerville Street to the tops of the houses beyond.

“It’s a lovely sky,” she said.

“Take off that old hat,” Hubert said. “You’re at home now.”

She had lifted the flimsy green net curtains that covered the window while she was looking out, and as she raised her arms to take the pins out of her hat the curtains fell back to the wall and she saw that they were of unequal lengths.

“Look, one of these is too long,” she said. “I’ll have to even them up.”

She took her hands from her hat and lifted the curtains and stepped back, measuring them together at their hems.

“About an inch,” she said. “That should be right.”

She let the curtains go, and when they dropped back into place she sighed with satisfaction, as though they had passed a test and carried the whole house to victory with them, and now she knew that the curtains and the walls and the long stairs up would stand fast and keep their appointed positions, all true weights to anchor her so that she would never get lost, because she was held safe where she belonged. She turned to Hubert and smiled at him. Then she remembered her hat and she put up her hands and began searching for the pins again.

“I’ll do that curtain tomorrow,” she said.

“Green curtains for your green eyes,” Hubert said, but he knew there was no comparison, because the curtains were a garish green and Rose’s eyes were the color of the sea.

WHEN Rose was asleep her face looked solitary, and when she was awake she looked lonely. There was implacability and pride in her solitude, but her loneliness was helpless. Hubert could not reach her solitude, and he could not destroy her loneliness. When she woke up suddenly, turning over in bed, that implacable solitude shone triumphantly in her eyes for an instant before loneliness shadowed them. Hubert marvelled at her. He couldn’t understand why she had married him, and at the same time he couldn’t understand how she had lived until she married him.

“How did you ever get along before you met me?” he asked her.

“I don’t know,” she said. “I can’t remember.”

She was always smiling at him. She only stopped smiling in order to smile again.

One evening after tea he asked her if she had mended his socks. They were still sitting at the table—the shaky round table in the room with the green net curtains. They were two months married to the day, and Rose had bought a slice of dark fruitcake to celebrate the anniversary. She had cut the cake into fingers and they had eaten it all except for one small piece which lay on the plate between them. Hubert knew she wanted the cake but that she also wanted him to have it. He intended to give it to her, but he wanted to tease her. When he asked about the socks he was grinning. He still thought it absurd that Rose should do his mending. Rose had her elbows on the table and she was looking at her hands and admiring the one that wore the wedding ring. When she heard his question she looked at him in astonishment, as though he had deliberately said something he knew would hurt her.

"I forgot them," she said. "I forgot to do your socks. Isn't that just like me, to forget the one thing you asked me to do."

"It's not all that important," Hubert said.

He was still smiling, but he was hurt. She looked at him as though he was turning out to be just like her mother—catching her out in a mistake and then bullying her.

"It doesn't *matter*," he said impatiently. "Here, look, have this nice piece of cake."

"I don't want it now," she said, and "now" told him he had spoiled everything.

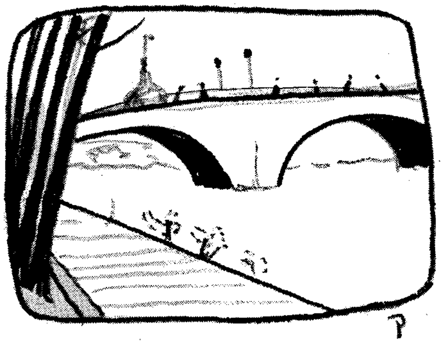
"Oh, all right, so," he said, and he took the piece of cake and crammed it into his mouth and got up from the table and went over to stand by the window.

He pushed the green net curtains aside and looked out. He saw the chimneys of the houses on the other side of the street, and the grey streaked sky above. It had been raining on and off all day. As Hubert watched, another shower began, and the raindrops dashed violently against the window. He felt a chill go through him although the window was closed. Rose still sat at the table where he had left her. He felt ashamed of himself. If he had left her alone she would have eaten the cake and then she would have been happier. He longed to comfort her but the cake was gone and he could think of no other peace offering. He wished he knew what to say to her. He hoped she would soon get up and start clearing the table, because until she gave some sign he could not turn from the window and he was tired of standing there looking out at the rain and blaming himself. Then he turned without intending to, and she was sitting with her head down and her hands in her lap. She looked at him piteously and said, "I'm sorry, Hubert."

He said gently, "There's nothing in the world for you to be sorry about."

She gave no sign that she heard him, but she continued to look at him. He felt that she was waiting for him to tell her what to do, and that she would do whatever he said. Her helplessness confounded him. He felt he could deal with *her*—after all, she was Rose, he knew her, she was his wife—but he could not deal with her helplessness. If he had put it into words he might have said, "I married Rose, not her helplessness," as another man might have said, "I married her, not her family." Hubert had seen Rose get that beaten look in her mother's presence, but there was no need for any of that now, and he knew it would be a bad thing to encourage her in these moods. It would be bad for *her*. Her mother had warned him that Rose was inclined to brood over nothing at all. The thing to do was not to take her seriously and not to admit that there was anything wrong. There *was* nothing wrong. Hubert knew that the way to deal with Rose when she was in this frame of mind was not to comfort or coddle her but to distract her, and so instead of putting his arms around her, as he wanted to do, he said, "The shower will be over in a minute. Why don't we forget about all this and go out for a little walk and talk about the nice house we're going to have all to ourselves one of these days?"

The house they found was the one they lived in now. The linoleum on the floor in the back sitting room where Hubert sat had been there when they moved in, and they had paid extra for it. Before they moved into the house, they came out on the tram from Somerville Street one day and walked around the empty rooms they would soon be living in. One tour of the house was enough for Hubert but Rose was reluctant to leave, so he sat down on the floor in the back sitting room, with his back to the wall under the window,



NORMALCY STRETCHING OUT LIKE A CLEAN BLANKET OF FACTS

Normalcy stretching out like a clean
blanket of facts
Or high building
There is no room
Providing cities
On every block
There is desire
Inching out of the groin
In its own pleasure
The city is monumental
And flowers industries
Like spring
In the clear sun
The buildings rise
With offices on every floor
Ordering space
With symmetry
The days pass through each other
Like postponements
Of themselves
People take the elevator up
And walk down the hall
With desire
Held in their throat
They are silent
At home
Watching television
They look out the window
At other buildings
Seeing a shade pulled
They look over the roofs
Toward the river
They hear children playing
A game they know
Out of their past
Like a wound
None of the toys are within reach
Beyond their hands
Are each other
In rooms
There are wires and plumbing
In the walls
Bringing convenience
To each tenant
The blaring sun
Is his own
Each morning
He puts cold water on his face
Getting ready for work
He hears traffic from the streets
Surrounded by buildings of people
Crowding into his mind
Is a city of distress
Enclosed by itself
There are desks attached to the floor
The files are locked each night
And unlocked in the morning
He rushes downstairs to work
Forgetting his watch
He goes back
In his mind
To a continent of pain
He remembers
To lock the door when he leaves

—JACK GALEF

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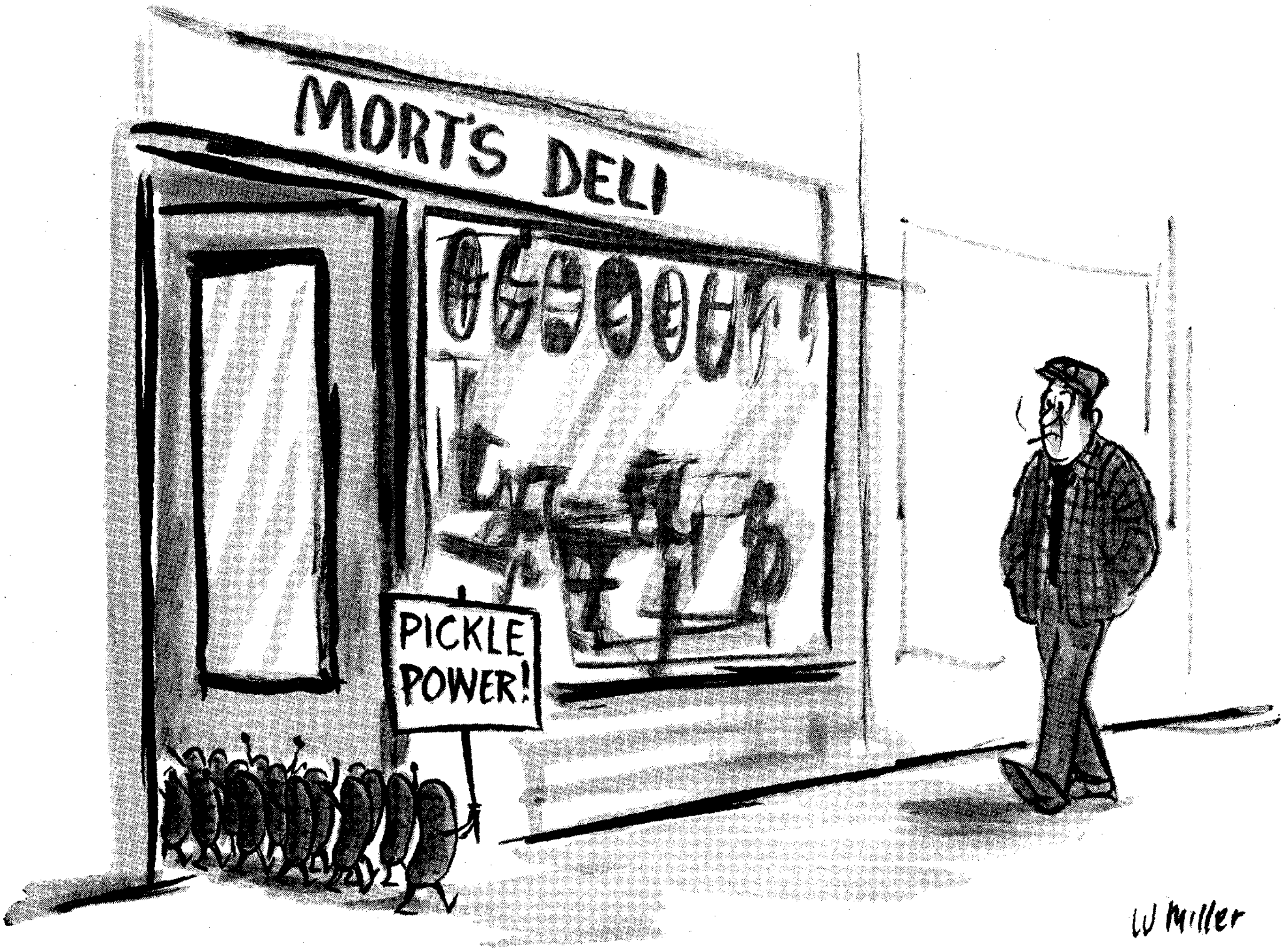

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and told her to look around to her heart's content.

He was not easy in his mind, but the deed was done *now*—they had the house. He listened to Rose walking about upstairs. There was linoleum in the back bedroom but none in the front. She walked across the bare boards of the front bedroom and then she stopped. She was at the windows upstairs, looking out and wondering about the neighbors. Now she was coming back, and down the stairs. Her step was dulled by the narrow red carpeting on the stairs, and she was coming slowly and being careful to keep to the center of each step. She continued on down to the kitchen. The floor in the kitchen was covered with red tiles. After a minute she left the kitchen and came into the back sitting room, which they then called the dining room.

"I love looking around like this," she said. "I'll never get tired of this house. I wonder how they came to pick out those colors."

She was looking down at the linoleum, which was beige and brown and maroon in a pattern of large and small feathers.

"It's in very good condition," Hubert said gloomily. "I'm afraid we'll have to get used to it."

"Oh, it's not that I don't *like* it," Rose said.

She looked curiously at the linoleum other people had admired and taken care of. If it hadn't already been in the house she would never have owned it. It was like a gift brought from some foreign place. She would never have chosen that pattern or those colors. They were a part of something strange, from someone else's life—souvenirs of a country she did not know at all and where she did not want to be, because she would find herself timid and ill at ease there, and nothing there would ever be as real to her as the linoleum they had left behind was now under her feet. She walked possessively around on it.

"I never want to leave this house," she said.

HUBERT got out of his chair and walked to the door. His mind was made up. He would go upstairs and wash his hands as usual, and change from his suit coat into his woollen cardigan, as usual, and then he would come down and let events take their course. His mind was made up, but even so, he hesitated before opening the door. But once the door was open he was up the stairs like a shot and into the bathroom, where he scrubbed his hands vigorously and splashed cold water on his face. He felt better already, knowing he was going to do the right thing. It was all a lot of nonsense, much better get everything out into the open. Now he would go straight down to the kitchen and have it out with Rose. He would laugh her out of her gloominess. It was only a matter of finding the right thing to say. He would get her to laugh at herself and see what nonsense all this bickering was. He hurried down the stairs and down the three steps that led from the hall to the kitchen as though he was bringing news that could not wait, good news, the best news, but at the kitchen door he hesitated and then, hearing no movement inside, although she must have heard him thundering down the stairs, he beat a loud postman's tattoo on the door and burst into the room to find it empty. The door into the garden was open. She had gone out there and he could not follow her. All the neighbors would look out through their back windows and anyone who happened to be out in the neighboring gardens could hear every word he said.

" 'Not the real you'? Well, of course it's not the real you. The real you is bald."

• •

He looked over at the stove to see if by any chance she had left the teapot there, but the top of the stove was as clear as the top of the table and the drainboard by the sink. The kitchen was spotless. She had finished working there. There was to be nothing to eat, then.

He went back up to the sitting room and went in. There on the dining room table, which they kept folded against the wall opposite the fireplace, she had left a tray. He went over and looked at it. Brown bread and a slice of ham. She had taken the trouble to shape the butter into curly balls. A tomato. Three chocolate biscuits. The teapot was at the fireplace, sitting inside the fender with the cozy over it. He hurried over to the teapot and pulled the cozy off it, and carried it to the table and shakily poured tea into his cup and returned the pot to the hearth. It was too hot to set down on the table. He poured milk into his tea and drank it down quickly. He wanted another cup at once, but this time he carried the cup over to the hearth and filled it there. Then he sat down at the table and began to eat his way through everything on the tray. When everything was gone he felt better, although he thought he could have done without the third chocolate biscuit. He had been hungry, that was all. Famished. He wouldn't mind having his tea from a tray like this every evening. He sat gazing at the ravaged tray and thinking about how she had smuggled it into the room while he was upstairs. It was clever of her. She had wanted him to have his tea but she had not wanted to face him. She had taken a lot of trouble over the tray.

He got up and went to the window. She was there, kneeling sideways to him by the flower bed that ran along the wall where the laburnum tree was. The laburnum had been there when they moved in, together with a yellow rose that was on the opposite side of the garden. Apart from the laburnum and the rose there had been nothing. The place was a wilderness when they first saw it, but Rose had seen immediately that it had the makings of a good garden. Her work in the garden was wonderful. Hubert did not know where she had got her knowledge of flowers. She was kneeling out there now, settling something, some little plant, into its bed. She was intent on placing the plant in its exact place, and she was as anxious at her work as though she had taken the future of the world between her hands and must set it right once and for all because there would be no second chance—no second chance for her, at least. For this moment the weight of the world was off her shoulders and in her hands.

She finished and sat back on her heels and rubbed her open hands together to get rid of the earth. Then she put her hand on the handle of the watering can and began to get awkwardly to her feet. Hubert looked away from her and down at his own hands. There was no need for him to watch her, to know how she got up. He had seen her often enough, raising herself after doing out the fireplace, by placing her hand on the edge of the coal scuttle. When he looked out again she was standing with her back to him, looking about her as though she was calculating the effect of some improvement she had in mind. She raised one hand to her hair, to smooth a loose strand up off the back of her neck into the thick bun she wore. She was wearing a white blouse with loose sleeves, and as the sleeve fell back, her upraised arm gleamed. Hubert saw her wrist and her elbow, and in that fragment of her he saw all of Rose, as the crescent moon recalls the full moon to anyone who has watched her at the height of her power. Then Rose stooped and lifted the heavy watering can with both hands and began to move slowly away toward the end wall, watering the plants as she went.

The day was almost worn out. The light was thin—fading light that left everything visible. That evening's light was helpless, the day in extremity, without strength enough left to dissemble with sun and shade, with only strength enough left to touch the world as it withdrew forever from the world. The evening light spoke and what it said was "There is nothing more to be said." There is nothing more to be said because what remains to be said must not be said. It is too late for Rose.

Hubert was silent. He had nothing to say, and in any case there was no one to hear him. —Maeve Brennan

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Balanchine was born in St. Petersburg, now Leningrad, trained in the Czar's Maryinsky Ballet School, has lived in Monte Carlo, Paris, Copenhagen, Hollywood and for many years in New York, and has been a friend and colleague of Stravinsky, Diaghilev, Prokofiev and Picasso. He now lives a life bordering on aestheticism, the one indulgence of this urbane man being a wine closet with a carefully regulated temperature control.
—*Washington Post.*

We had an aesthetic thermostat once and it didn't work.

TWO STORIES

THE CROSSROADS

I HAVE come to the crossroads twice now. In the end there is no way to name, as though to fix forever, the way the light can differ totally between one time and the next, in the same place. The difference is eternal. I can only imagine the future of light as though it would be like the light I have known, when in truth it will be totally different, of course. If, as it may be, there is to be a third time.

The first time there was the green little boy. I came alone and when I stopped at the crossroads he emerged from the dark woods on my right. The sky was dark to show that he was not real yet. An effigy made of moonlight. But he knew me, and was expecting me. He would guide me in the dark, but he had no features. He needed my eyes. He would have to be a sleeve and I would have to be a hand going to wear him, groping. As a child.

The second time there was the red little boy. It was daytime to show that he was not real yet, emerging in the same place, out of the green foliage. An effigy made of red cloth, the same shape as the first. He would take me to where I was going, but he had no features. He could not even stand up. He needed my life, to go into him like a body into an image, and go on with my threadbare hands in front of me. As a child.

Each time the crossroads, as I later realized, was a day of my life that I could not account for. And I did not even know what part of it I had forgotten, that had let all the rest drain out—its number, its name in the week, its season, its saint. But each time I entered it and passed through, by what apparently was the only way. As a child. Even so, if I reach the crossroads another time, I do not think that there will be three of me, but only one, again, in totally different light. And of an unknown color.

THE FUGITIVE

THE land of the fugitive is all around us. To someone each of these trees is a thing to hide behind. Each of these rooms is a place of concealment, judged essentially in terms of how well hidden someone would be in it, how long it would be good for hiding in, and how someone could get out of it. Each of these streets the fugitive watches with a view to passing along it unperceived. He would rather swim in a river than in a lake, and in the rivers and the lakes you can see why.

He moves from body to body, and most of them admit him like a shadow, and a hollow is conceived inside their heels. The greatness of the flight does not depend upon the fugitive but upon the pursuer.

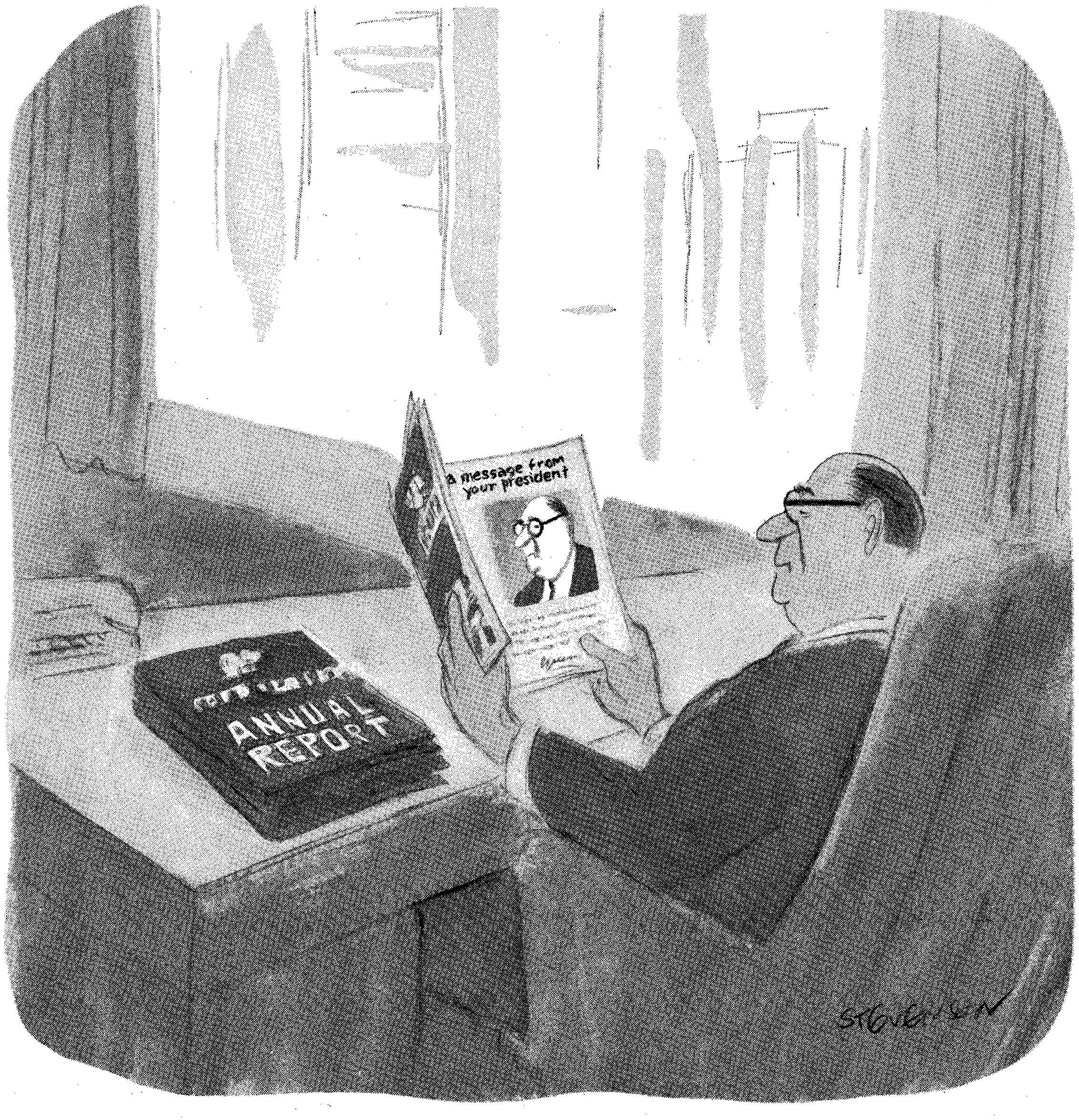
The fugitive never forgets the smell of dogs. And what is music to the fugitive? Above all things he hates his brother, the pilgrim, who walks on the ridges and rests under the trees, dissolves the rooms and the streets, and worships the rivers. The greatness of the pilgrimage depends not upon the pilgrim. That is the family likeness.

To the fugitive a cave is a place of defense. A desert is only a danger. There are fugitives with children. The children are surprised at nothing. There are fugitives who collect animals, and tame them, and try to teach them to do everything that men can do. To a fugitive even a disease may be a place of refuge, since he was already hiding in his body. There is a picture of him as an infant, learning to walk, with his arms up as though he were trying to fly.

The sleep of the fugitive is all around us.

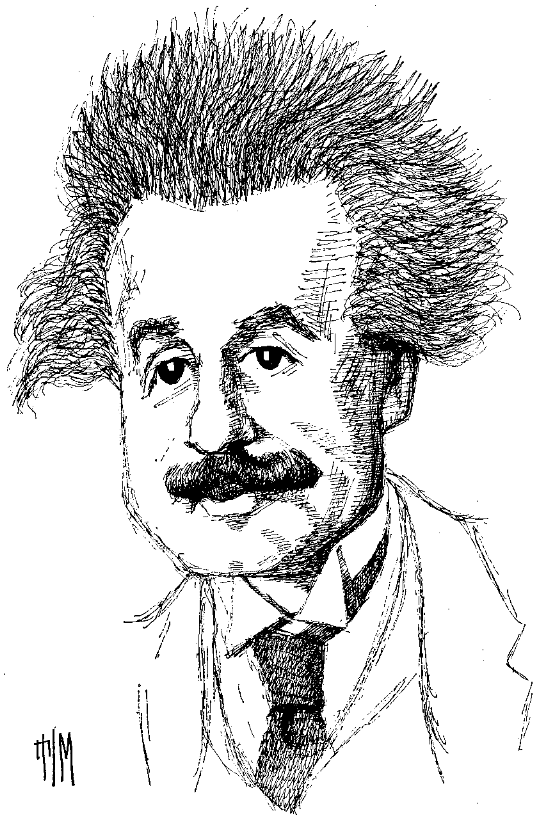
But it happens that he wakes into his brother.

—W. S. MERWIN


a message from your president
ANNUAL REPORT
STEVENSON

PROFILES

THE SECRETS OF THE OLD ONE—I



IN 1927, when Albert Einstein was forty-eight years old, he formed a close friendship with King Albert and Queen Elizabeth of the Belgians. Einstein met the royal couple in Brussels, which since 1911 had been the site of the Solvay Congresses in physics. These congresses were the inspiration of Ernest Solvay, a Belgian industrial chemist who dabbled in physics and who conceived the idea of assembling the leading physicists of the world, at his own expense, to discuss his ideas. Almost from the beginning, the conferences broadened to a general discussion of all physics. Einstein was a frequent participant at these meetings, and in 1927, when he came to Brussels from Berlin, where he was a professor of physics at the University of Berlin, he was introduced to the King and Queen, who had wide intellectual and artistic interests and who received the members of the congress at court. The simplicity and kindness of the royal couple—whom Einstein referred to as "the Kings," as if that were their family name—appealed to Einstein, and when he had occasion to return to Brussels he dropped in on them, informally, whenever he had free time. This relationship produced a series of letters—most of them to the Queen, who was widowed in February of 1934, when Albert died in a mountain-climbing accident—which are among the most personal and moving of all Einstein's writings. In 1930, Einstein, in Brussels for that year's Solvay Congress, wrote to his wife, Elsa:

> I went across to the station . . . to telephone the Kings. It was quite tedious, because the line was always busy. . . . At 3 o'clock I drove out to the Kings', where I was received with touching warmth. These two people are of a purity and kindness seldom found. First we talked for about an hour. Then an English woman musician arrived, and we played quartets and trios (a musical lady-in-waiting was also present). This went on merrily for several hours. Then they all went away and I stayed behind alone for dinner with the Kings. . . .

By the spring of 1933, Einstein was living in the Belgian seaside resort of Le Coq. He had been teaching the previous winter at the California Institute of Technology, in Pasadena, and after Hitler came into power, in January of 1933, had decided that he could not return to Berlin. Shortly before he moved, a summer home that he owned near Berlin had been sacked by the Gestapo and the property confiscated, on the pretext that Einstein planned to sell the house and use the proceeds to finance a "Communist revolt." Some of his papers on relativity had been burned in the square before the State Opera House in Berlin, and Einstein had resigned from the Prussian Academy of Sciences, to which he had been elected in 1913.

In the fall of 1933, Einstein left Europe for the newly founded Institute for Advanced Study, in Princeton, to become one of its first professors. It had been the idea of Abraham Flexner, the Institute's first director, to create a center at which young scholars could have informal contact with a small number of first-rate permanent members. There were to be no rigid classroom schedules, and the Institute would issue no degrees. (Although the Institute's funds—from the philanthropist Louis Bamberger and his sister, Mrs. Felix Fuld—were limited, Flexner was concerned that the permanent members should be as free as possible from financial worry, and when Einstein, asked to name a salary, informed him that he considered three thousand dollars a year reasonable, Flexner at once raised the figure to sixteen thousand.) Flexner also decided that the first members should be men who were working in mathematics and mathematical physics, partly because these fields required little expensive technical support—a small library at most—and partly because almost everyone could agree on who were the really outstanding mathematicians and physicists.

During his first two years in Princeton, Einstein lived in a rented house. Then, in 1935, he bought a modest white frame house at 112 Mercer Street, where he lived and worked until his death. The house—about a twenty-minute walk from the Institute—now belongs to Margot Einstein, his stepdaughter, and is shared by Helen Dukas, who was his secretary from 1928 on. Einstein had his bedroom on the second floor, and he used an adjacent room as a study, where he could work undisturbed. These quarters, simple and serene, are still much as they were during his lifetime. The study contains a few stiff-backed chairs, a small table, and an easy chair, in which he worked. A picture window faces a garden, and two walls are lined with bookshelves. There are a few pictures on the walls, among them a drawing of Gandhi. In the bedroom are photographs of his mother and of his only sister, Maja, who moved to Princeton from Italy in 1939 and lived with him until her death, in 1951. He brought with him from Europe portraits of three of the physicists whom he admired most—Michael Faraday, James Clerk Maxwell, and Isaac Newton. The Faraday and Maxwell portraits are still in the study, but Newton has come out of his frame and has been replaced by a bit of abstract modern art.

When Einstein arrived in Princeton, he was fifty-four years old, and his greatest work—the work that created modern physics—was behind him. As he grew older, he became more solitary, both in his personal life and in the path in physics that he chose to follow. During the academic year—from October to April—he went to his study at the Institute for a few hours every day, even after his formal retirement, in 1945. He never owned an automobile, and even in his seventies he walked at least one way, whatever the weather. (There was an Institute bus for members, and it took him the other way.) During the summer months, he often indulged his fondness for sailing; he had acquired a small boat of his own, which he sailed with various friends. He had several young assistants at Princeton, but his contact with the physics community at the Institute and the university was limited, as it was with the community as a whole. Einstein never fully belonged to any institution, any country, or any one person or group of people. He found great pleasure in the company of certain friends, and he constantly carried on an enormous correspondence with people of all sorts, but those who knew him always had a sense that his thoughts were elsewhere. He needed absolute solitude for his work, but this need produced an inevitable loneliness. He was also aware, obviously, of his celebrity, which he had not sought and did not understand. In September, 1952, he wrote to a friend, "For my part, I have always tended to solitude, a trait that usually becomes more pronounced with age. It is strange to be known so universally and yet to be so lonely. The fact is that the kind of popularity which I am experiencing pushes the subject into a defensive attitude that leads him into isolation."

During all the years that Einstein lived in Princeton, he kept up a correspondence with Queen Elizabeth. In these letters one finds traced most of the social and personal concerns of his later years. The first letter was written in November, 1933, a month after Einstein's arrival in Princeton, and the last in March, 1955, a month before his death. On November 20, 1933, he wrote to the Queen, in German:

> I should have written you long since, and would have, were you not the Queen. Yet I am not quite clear why this fact should be an obstacle. But such questions lie more within the province of a psychologist. Most of us prefer to look outside rather than inside ourselves; for in the latter case we see but a dark hole, which means: nothing at all.
>
> Since I left Belgium I have been the recipient of many kindnesses, both direct and indirect. Insofar as possible, I have taken to heart the wise counselling of those who urged me to observe silence in political and public affairs, not from fear for myself but because I saw no opportunity for doing any good. . . . Princeton is a wonderful little spot, a quaint and ceremonious village of puny demigods on stilts. Yet by ignoring certain social conventions I have been able to create for myself an atmosphere conducive to study and free from distraction. Here the people who compose what is called "society" enjoy even less freedom than their counterparts in Europe. Yet, they seem unaware of this restriction, since their way of life tends to inhibit personality development from childhood. Should civilization in Europe collapse as it did in Greece, the intellectual desolation that will result will be as profound as it was then. The tragic irony is that the very quality which is the source of the unique charm and value of European civilization—that of the self-assertion of the individual and of the various nationality groups—may also lead to discord and decay.

After King Albert's death, Einstein heard that the Queen Mother was finding solace and consolation in her sculpture, and on February 16, 1935, he wrote:

> Among my European friends I am now called "the Great Stone Face," a title I well deserve for having been so completely silent. The gloomy and evil events in Europe have paralyzed me to such an extent that words of a personal nature do not seem able to flow anymore from my pen. Thus, I have locked myself into quite hopeless scientific problems—the more so since, as an elderly man, I have remained estranged from the society here.

In reference to the Queen Mother's artistic efforts, he went on:

> The effect of such work on us I know from my own scientific endeavors. Tension and fatigue succeed each other as they do if one is strenuously climbing a mountain without being able to reach its peak. Intense preoccupation with things other than human factors makes one independent of the vicissitudes of fate; but it is a harsh discipline which reminds us again and again of the inadequacy of our abilities.

By 1939, the fate of Europe and, above all, of his fellow-Jews weighed so heavily on Einstein that he could no longer escape fully into the inner recesses of his work. Although he

COMPLAINTS
TOYLAND
Whitney Darrow, Jr

had been a lifelong pacifist, he came to the conclusion during the nineteen-thirties that armed resistance was the only way to confront Hitler, and that the United States would inevitably be drawn into war and so should prepare for it. He wrote to a peace meeting that was held in New York on April 5, 1938:

> Many Americans, even pacifists, are thinking and saying: Let Europe fall, she deserves no better; we shall stand aside and have no part in it. I believe such an attitude is not only unworthy of Americans but shortsighted. It is unworthy of a great nation to stand idly by while small countries of great culture are being destroyed with a cynical contempt for justice. Such an attitude is shortsighted even from the point of view of enlightened self-interest. The triumph of barbarism and inhumanity can lead only to a situation in the world in which America herself will be forced to fight, and this under circumstances vastly more unfavorable than most people can possibly anticipate today.

On January 9, 1939, Einstein wrote to Queen Elizabeth to ask her aid in obtaining permission for an aged cousin of his in Germany to emigrate to Belgium, and his letter continued:

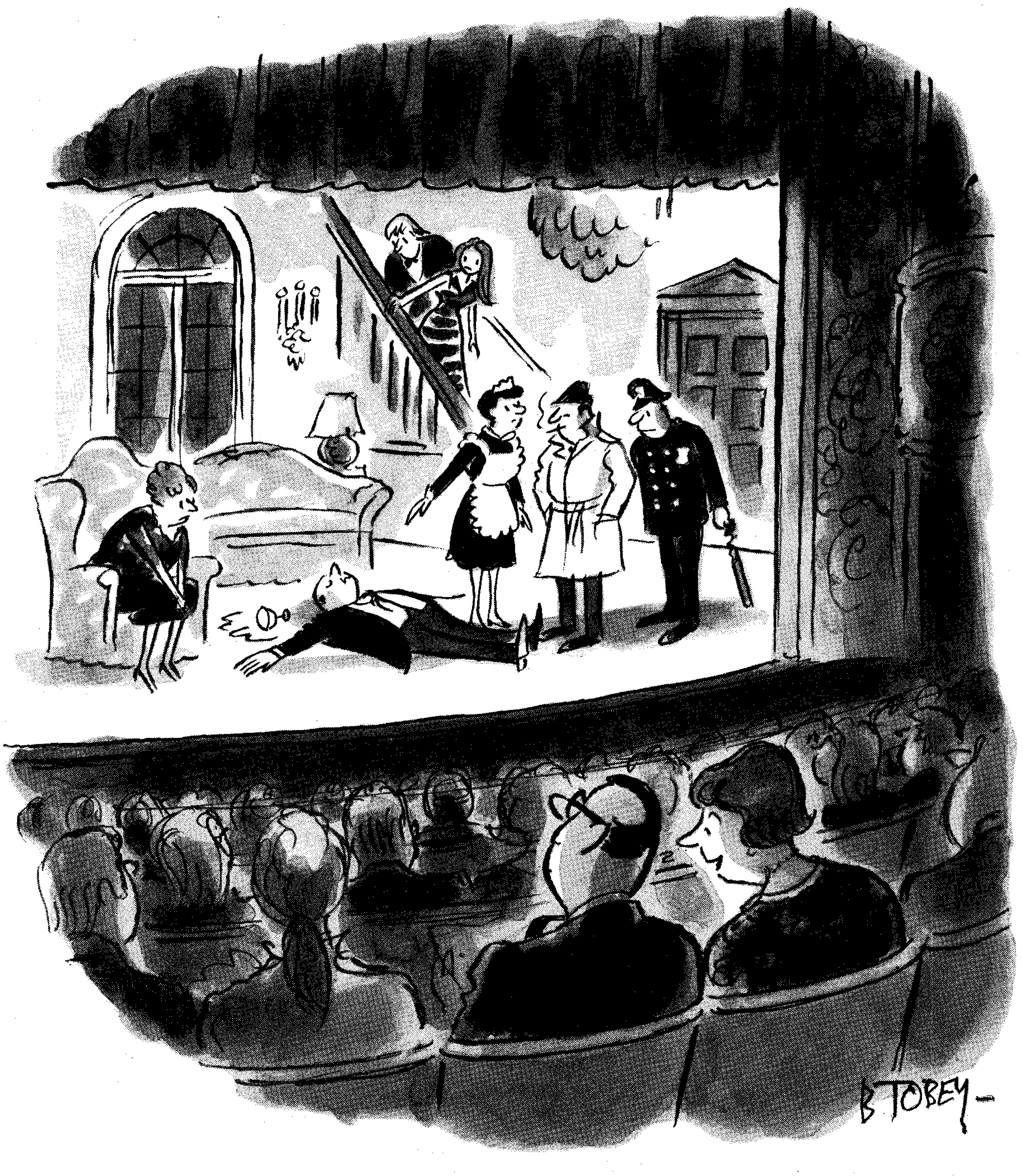
> I have been too troubled to write in good cheer. The moral decline we are compelled to witness and the suffering it engenders are so oppressive that one cannot ignore them even for a moment. No matter how deeply one immerses oneself in work, a haunting feeling of inescapable tragedy persists.
>
> Still, there are moments when one feels free from one's own identification with human limitations and inadequacies. At such moments, one imagines that one stands on some spot of a small planet, gazing in amazement at the cold yet profoundly moving beauty of the eternal, the unfathomable: life and death flow into one, and there is neither evolution nor destiny; only being.

During the summer that followed, Einstein went to Nassau Point, near Peconic, Long Island, where he sailed his boat and played chamber music with neighbors. He wrote to Queen Elizabeth on August 12, 1939:

> Except for the newspapers and the countless letters, I would hardly be aware that I live in a time when human inadequacy and cruelty are achieving frightful proportions. Perhaps, someday, solitude will come to be properly recognized and appreciated as the teacher of personality. The Orientals have long known this. The individual who has experienced solitude will not easily become a victim of mass suggestion.

And it was from his summer house on Long Island that Einstein sent his famous letter warning Franklin Roosevelt of the implications of the discovery of nuclear fission. The letter to Roosevelt, dated August 2nd, essentially inaugurated the nuclear age.

THERE was no precedent in Einstein's family for any special scientific or intellectual achievement. As far back as he himself was able to trace both his maternal and his paternal lineage, it consisted of merchants and artisans of German—and, more generally, European—Jewish life. Einstein's father, Hermann, was a happy-go-lucky, not very successful businessman. Albert was born on March 14, 1879, in Ulm. A year later, Hermann Einstein moved, with his family, to Munich to go into business with a brother. The brother had some engineering training and took care of the technical side of the business—the manufacture of electrical equipment—while Hermann was occupied with the business side. Albert



"What a relief not to have to fiddle around adjusting the flesh tones."

early acquired a taste for classical music from his mother, who played the piano, and at the age of six he began taking violin lessons. There were no signs of any special precocity in the young Einstein. He was a dreamy child who disliked sports and games, talked with some difficulty (he began to talk only at the age of three), and, because he preferred to keep to himself, was dubbed *Pater Langweil*—Father Bore—by his nurse. A year after the family moved to Munich, his sister Maja was born—the Einsteins' only other child.

"I bet you were terrific when you were middle-aged."

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All in all, Einstein's childhood was solitary and introspective, and, perhaps for that reason, he retained a vivid memory of it throughout his life. Clearly, Einstein's feeling that a mysterious order underlies the apparent chaos of natural events—the discovery that nature presents itself as a mathematical puzzle with remarkably simple yet elegant solutions—was formed in his childhood. When he was in his early forties, he told the Berlin critic and journalist Alexander Moszkowski in an interview:

> In every true searcher of Nature, there is a kind of religious reverence; for he finds it impossible to imagine that he is the first to have thought out the exceedingly delicate threads that connect his perceptions. The aspect of knowledge which has not yet been laid bare gives the investigator a feeling akin to that experienced by a child who seeks to grasp the masterly way in which elders manipulate things.

Although Einstein was consistently agnostic concerning a deity preoccupied with the working out of human destiny, he made constant and amiable references throughout his life to "God," whom he often called "the Old One." In this sense, "God" stood for the rational connections—the laws—governing the behavior of the universe, and also for his faith that such laws are at least to some degree comprehensible.

There were two vivid scientific impressions that Einstein preserved from his childhood: his discoveries of the behavior of the compass and, some time later, of the Pythagorean theorem of Euclidean geometry. These revelations are almost perfect illustrations of two complementary aspects of scientific phenomena. The behavior of the compass needle is a striking empirical fact that one who was so disposed might accept as evidence of the existence of magical forces. It takes a vast tradition of scientific experience to enable one to imagine that such a phenomenon might have an explanation, or even a description in terms of generally applicable physical laws. On the other hand, the truths of Euclidean geometry seem somehow self-evident, and it takes an equally vast tradition of scientific experience to enable one to see how they fit in with the kind of empirical phenomena exemplified by the compass. In any event, Einstein made reference throughout his life to the sense of "wonder" that the compass produced in him. In 1946, when he was sixty-seven, he wrote some autobiographical notes, which he referred to as his "obituary." In them, he said:

> A wonder of such nature I experienced as a child of 4 or 5 years, when my father showed me a compass. That this needle behaved in such a determined way did not at all fit into the nature of events, which could find a place in the unconscious world of concepts (effect connected with direct "touch"). I can still remember—or at least believe I can remember—that this experience made a deep and lasting impression upon me. Something deeply hidden had to be behind things. What man sees before him from infancy causes no reaction of this kind; he is not surprised over the falling of bodies, concerning wind and rain, nor concerning the moon or about the fact that the moon does not fall down, nor concerning the differences between living and non-living matter.

In Munich, both at his elementary school—he attended a Roman Catholic school—and at the Luitpold Gymnasium, Einstein was exposed to a certain amount of formal religious training. He was the only Jewish student in the elementary school, and he received—and, in fact, rather enjoyed—the same instruction in Catholic doctrine that the other students did. He was never aware of any anti-Semitism at school, and at home he never acquired any particular attachment to Jewish rituals. His family was entirely nonreligious, although his parents did observe in their own fashion the ancient Sabbath custom of inviting a poor Jew to share a meal with them. In the case of the Einsteins, this was the noon meal on Thursday, which the family shared with a poor Jewish medical student from Russia. The student, Max Talmey, introduced young Albert to some books of popular science, which he read avidly. At the same time, in the *Gymnasium*, he began to receive special instruction in the Old Testament—customary then for Jewish students. For a while, somewhat to the amusement of his family, he developed almost fundamentalist views on the Bible. These quickly came into conflict with his studies in science. Einstein wrote in his "obituary":

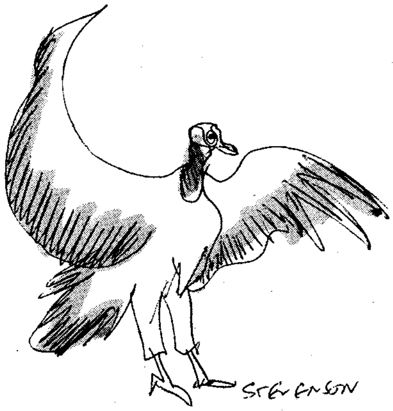
> Through the reading of popular scientific books I soon reached the conviction that much in the stories of the Bible could not be true. The consequence was a positively fanatic orgy of freethinking coupled with the impression that youth is intentionally being deceived by the

> state through lies; it was a crushing impression. Suspicion against every kind of authority grew out of this experience, a skeptical attitude toward the convictions which were alive in any specific social environment—an attitude which has never again left me, even though later on, because of a better insight into the causal connections, it lost some of its original poignancy.

When Einstein was about twelve years old, his uncle began giving him informal lessons in algebra and geometry. Among other things, he told Einstein about the Pythagorean theorem, which after much difficulty Einstein was able to prove, but he did not grasp the intricate logical framework of Euclidean geometry until he received a textbook from his uncle. (The book is still in existence, with Jakob Einstein's name in it and marginal notes in Einstein's handwriting.) In his 1946 essay, Einstein continues:

> At the age of 12 I experienced a second wonder of a totally different nature: in a little book dealing with Euclidean plane geometry, which came into my hands at the beginning of a school year. Here were assertions, as for example the intersections of the three altitudes of a triangle in one point, which—though by no means evident—could nevertheless be proved with such certainty that any doubt appeared to be out of the question. This lucidity and certainty made an indescribable impression upon me. That the axiom had to be accepted unproved did not disturb me. In any case it was quite sufficient for me if I could peg proofs upon propositions the validity of which did not seem to me to be dubious. For example, I remember that an uncle told me the Pythagorean theorem before the holy geometry booklet had come into my hands. After much effort I succeeded in "proving" this theorem on the basis of the similarity of triangles; in doing so it seemed to me "evident" that the relations of the sides of the right-angled triangles would have to be completely determined by one of the acute angles. Only something which did not in similar fashion seem to be "evident" appeared to me to be in need of any proof at all. Also, the objects with which geometry deals seemed to be of no different type than the objects of sensory perception, "which can be seen and touched." This primitive idea, which probably also lies at the bottom of the well-known Kantian problematic concerning the possibility of "synthetic judgments *a priori*," rests obviously upon the fact that the relation of geometrical concepts to objects of direct experience (rigid rod, finite interval, etc.) was unconsciously present.

Though Einstein enjoyed the studying he did on his own, he hated the *Gymnasium*. He despised rote learning, and once remarked, in later life, "The teachers in the elementary school appeared to me like sergeants, and the *Gymnasium* teachers like lieutenants." When Albert was fifteen, the family business in Munich failed, and his father and his brother set up a new factory in Pavia, near Milan. Einstein was left behind to live with a family while he continued at the *Gymnasium*, but after six months he could no longer stand the separation from his family and the rigid discipline at school, and persuaded a physician to give him a certificate stating that he had had a nervous breakdown and must leave school and join his parents in Italy. Then he obtained a certificate from his mathematics teacher stating that his knowledge of mathematics was sufficiently advanced so that he could present himself for study at any technological institute. One of his first acts after he joined his parents in Milan was to renounce his German citizenship. Hence, from fifteen to twenty-one, when he became a Swiss citizen, he was stateless. Like many high-school dropouts before and since, Einstein decided to spend part of his time wandering around. Unlike most dropouts, he also set up, and followed, a program of studying mathematics on his own. This was an extraordinarily happy period in his life. In 1895, Einstein took the general entrance examination for the Swiss Federal Polytechnic School, in Zurich—which was the most celebrated European center outside Germany for the study of science—and failed it, but he had done so well on the mathematics and physics questions that the director of the Polytechnic suggested that he obtain a diploma at a Swiss cantonal high school and reapply for admission. Einstein enrolled in a school in Aarau, twenty miles west of Zurich, and after a year there he reapplied at the Polytechnic and, being now armed with a diploma, was accepted without further examination. In Aarau, when he was sixteen, he decided to abandon pure mathematics, which was what he had been teaching himself, and take up physics. Also at this time, he began to feel that the physics he was learning, mostly by independent study of original texts, was fundamentally flawed. It took him ten years—until 1905—to sort things out in his mind to the point where he was able to write his first paper on the theory of relativity.



When Einstein began his study of physics, at the end of the nineteenth century, two theories were regarded as essentially sacrosanct—Newtonian mechanics, and Maxwell's equations governing electricity and magnetism. The development of mechanics originated with the Greeks, and Greek mechanics was systematized by Aristotle. According to this system, earthly matter in motion sought the center of the earth—its natural goal. The earth itself was, according to this physical scheme, absolutely fixed and immovable. (The motion of material objects, like that of conscious entities, was governed by "motives" and "goals" that varied according to the composition of the object; that is, according to whether it was "earth" or "air" or "fire" or "water.") The more massive an object was, the greater was its tendency to seek the center of the earth, and so the faster it fell. This, of course, reflects the everyday observation that a rock falls through air more rapidly than a feather. The weakness of Greek physics lay in the inadequate attention paid to quantitative experiment. Experiment would have revealed that the speed of fall of an object was not necessarily related to its mass. A rock with a mass of ten grams does not fall, under similar circumstances, twice as rapidly as a rock with a mass of five grams. (The law of fall is, of course, complicated by the presence of the air, which causes friction that affects a feather more than a rock.) In addition to the elements of earth, air, fire, and water, the Greeks postulated a fifth essence—the "quintessence"—of which the heavenly bodies were thought to be composed. It was believed that these bodies, because of their special nature, moved only in perfectly circular orbits at constant speed—that is, that theirs was uniform circular motion. This cosmology quickly came into conflict with observations of planetary motion. The motion of the planets with respect to the "fixed" stars, as it is observed from earth, is by no means uniform and is quite complicated; in fact, a planet even appears to reverse its direction periodically—the phenomenon of "retrograde motion." To preserve the principle of uniform circular motion, the later Greek astronomers were obliged to devise very complicated superpositions of circular motions to fit the observed orbits. This work of superposition was carried out in greatest detail by the as-

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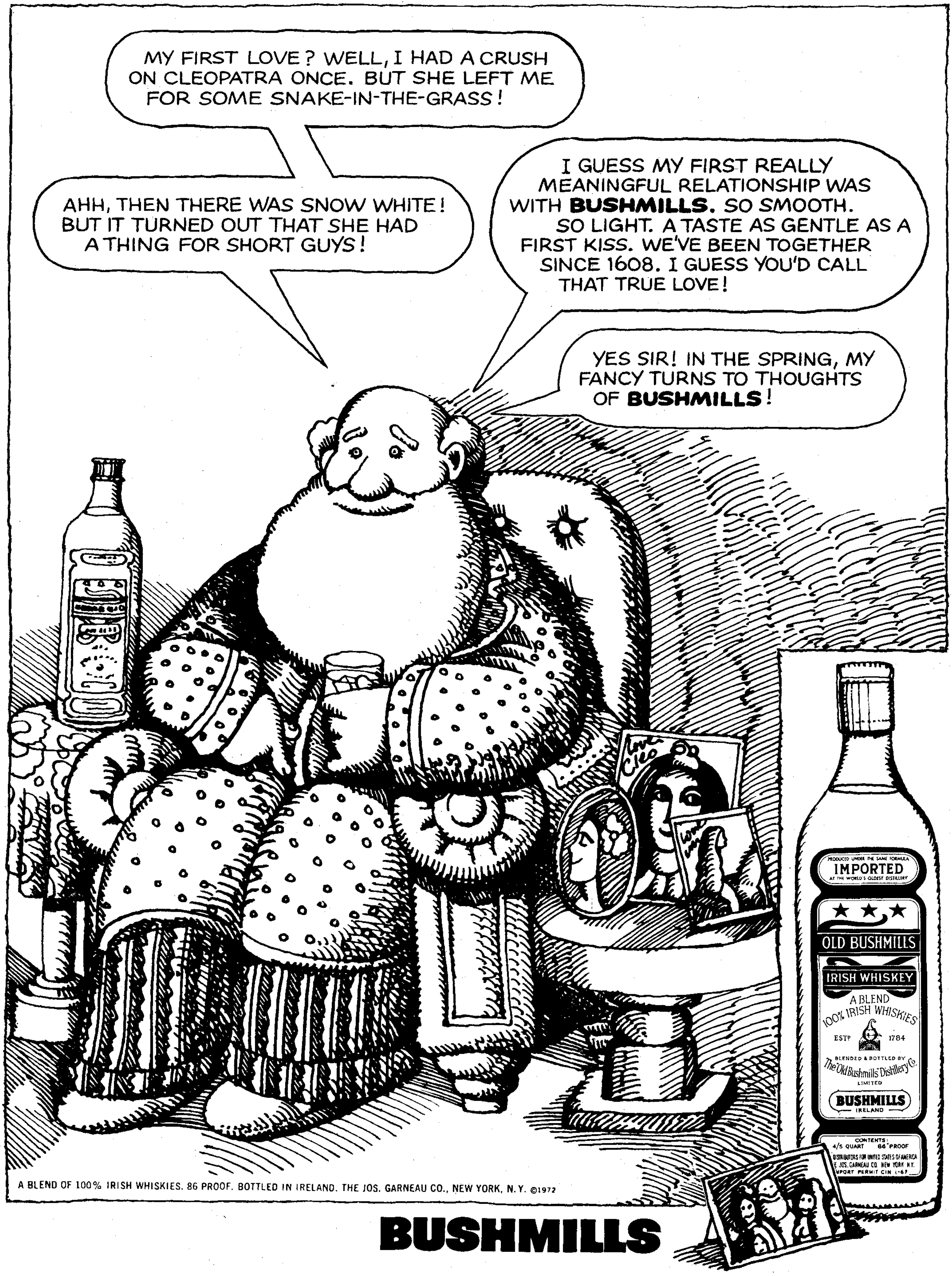
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tronomer Ptolemy, who lived in Egypt in the second century A.D. His work was summarized in a book known as "Almagest" ("The Greatest"), which dominated European planetary astronomy through the Renaissance—until the time of the Polish cleric Copernicus, early in the sixteenth century.

Copernicus made the very important observation that if the planets, the earth included, were assumed to be moving around a stationary sun rather than around a stationary earth, the description of their motions in terms of superpositions of uniform circular motions would be enormously simplified. Such a description required far fewer circles than one depending on a stationary earth. It was not until the advent of Johannes Kepler, half a century later, however, that the principle of describing planetary orbits in terms of uniform circular motions was got rid of once and for all. Kepler, making use of precise data collected by his patron, the Danish astronomer Tycho Brahe, showed that the orbit of Mars could be described accurately as an ellipse with the sun at one focus. This was an enormous liberating step in the history of scientific ideas. Still, Kepler's result was essentially an empirical observation; it had little predictive power. For example, it could not account for the elliptical motion of the planets or explain why other objects, like projectiles, did *not* generally move in ellipses. Kepler intuitively believed that some influence emanating from the sun determined planetary orbits in part, but he never gave this idea a quantitative form.

The next great figure in the development of physics was Galileo Galilei. Galileo's contributions to astronomy and his conflict with the Church are common knowledge. Perhaps less widely appreciated are his contributions to the science of mechanics, which represented the great liberating step from the physics of Aristotle. By a combination of intuition, mathematical deduction, and experimentation, Galileo correctly stated the laws that actually do apply to objects, in the absence of friction, when they fall freely to earth. In particular, he realized that this motion was not uniform, as Aristotle had it, but was uniformly accelerated: the speed increased constantly with time. (In general, physicists use the word "acceleration" to mean the rate of change with time—either in magnitude or direction—of any velocity.) Moreover, neglecting air resistance, any two objects in the neighborhood of the earth were equally accelerated; that is, a feather and a cannonball would fall with the same acceleration. Moreover, Galileo also clearly understood the role of inertia in mechanics, which had not been appreciated by Aristotle. According to Aristotelian physics, an object in motion required the continuing action of some force if it was to remain in motion. This idea was abstracted from the everyday observation that if we wish to push an object along the surface of the earth we must supply a force to keep it moving. It is an equally common observation, however, that an object in motion requires some force to stop it or to change its speed or direction. Galileo had the insight to imagine a situation in which all the effects of friction could be removed; he envisioned a very smooth surface, like ice, on which an object in motion would keep moving until a force was brought into play to alter its motion. Moreover, he understood that this inertial component of motion played a role in all the motions that we commonly observe. As an illustration, he considered the motion of a projectile. If the projectile is held at rest and dropped, it will fall straight down. On the other hand, if the projectile is given an initial impulse horizontally, it will describe a curved trajectory—a parabola, in fact—before it hits the ground. Galileo saw this motion as being the result of two independently functioning components—a force that causes the projectile to drop vertically, and an inertial force that in the absence of air friction would maintain the projectile on an infinite horizontal straight-line trajectory if the downward force could be switched off. In particular, he understood that both a state of rest and a state of uniform motion in a straight line correspond to a situation in which no effective forces act; in other words, the role of a force is to change the state of motion—to produce an acceleration. This was a tremendously important observation, replacing the erroneous Aristotelian analysis of forces and their relation to motion. The stage was now set for Newton.

It is almost impossible to exaggerate Newton's influence on physics. His major work, the "Principia," was published in 1687, and for two centuries his theory of mechanics remained essentially unchallenged. To begin with, Newton made Galileo's analysis, which had been restricted to certain simple motions, both quantitative and general. He did this by changing the emphasis from a study of orbital motions as a whole to a study of "local" properties of orbits—the behavior of the motion from point to point along the orbit. By means of differential calculus (which he and the German philosopher and mathematician Baron Gottfried Wilhelm von Leibniz invented simultaneously and independently), he was able to give a precise definition of the rate of change of distance along an orbit—that is, he gave a mathematically correct general definition of velocity for motions of any complexity—when the intervals of length are al-

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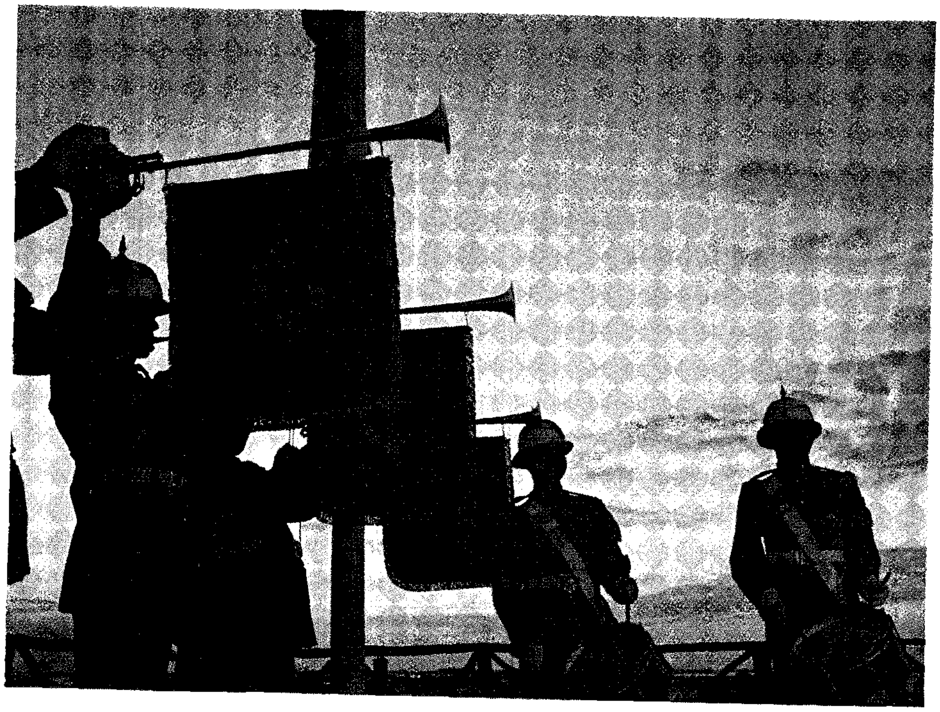

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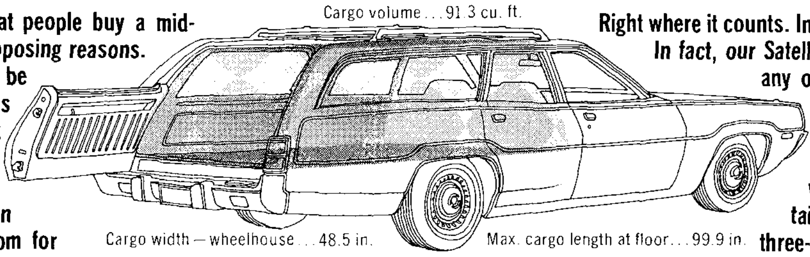
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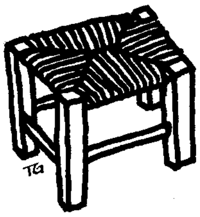
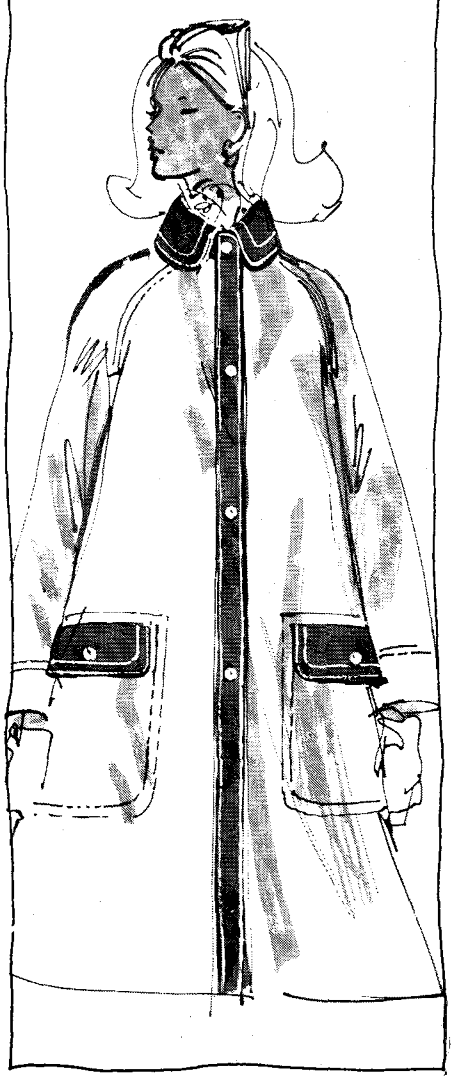
lowed to become arbitrarily small. Hence, he could specify the velocity at any point along the orbit, and, given the velocity, he could define its rate of change at a particular point; in other words, he could determine the acceleration caused by whatever forces were acting on the object in orbit. Thus, Newton arrived at what we would now call a differential equation that relates force to acceleration—an equation that describes the motion over an infinitesimal portion of the orbit. This is the equation $F=ma$, which every high-school physics student learns. In general, the equation is without content unless it is possible to specify the force.

Newton then took another essential step: he produced a mathematical expression for the force of gravity. According to his notion, every mass in the universe attracts every other mass with a force that is proportional to the product of the masses involved and that diminishes as the square of the distance between them increases. It is possible to insert this expression in the equation relating force to acceleration and then to solve this equation by the process of integration (also developed by Newton). Integration enables one to sum up the effects of the infinitesimal changes along an orbit. To visualize this, one may think of the orbit as being composed of tiny—infinitesimal—straight-line segments. The motion along these segments is easily computable, and the orbit as a whole can be reconstituted by summing up the line segments. The solutions to the equation yield the particle orbits, and Newton was able to show, with his expression for gravitational force, that the only possible particle orbits when particles were moving under each other's gravitational influence—for example, a planet and the sun—are conic sections: ellipses, hyperbolas, and parabolas. Which of these orbits a particle moves in depends on its "initial conditions"—on how much initial velocity it is given. (All this has now become very familiar from rocketry. To get a rocket in orbit—to cause it to follow an elliptical path around earth rather than a parabolic path, which would make it fall back to earth—one must supply the rocket with enough initial velocity.) With one stroke, Newton had accounted for both the elliptical orbits of Kepler and the parabolic projectile orbits of Galileo. However, the consequences of his mechanics go much deeper. According to Newtonian mechanics, once the forces and the initial conditions are specified it is possible to calculate the motions of particles into the indefinite future. In other words, in classical Newtonian physics the entire future course of the universe is fixed by its present state and is therefore, at least in principle, calculable.



The second important theme in nineteenth-century physics was electricity and magnetism. The modern study of electricity, especially of electric currents, really began in the late eighteenth century, when the Italian physicist Alessandro Volta invented the voltaic cell—the battery. Although electricity had been known for centuries in the form of lightning and other discharges, and although static electricity created by rubbing objects together was a popular subject of study in the eighteenth century, Volta's device was the first to generate a steady current of electricity over a long period and thus to allow the properties of a steady current to be studied. In 1820, the Danish physicist Hans Christian Oersted discovered that such an electric current would perturb a magnetic needle of the sort found in compasses. When a compass was placed near the electric current, the needle moved. Magnetism—the attraction that pieces of iron have for each other—had been known since the Greeks, but no one had had any explanation for it, much less any notion that this phenomenon and electricity were in any way related. The connection was made quantitative when, soon after Oersted's discovery, the French physicist André Marie Ampère showed that a circular loop of metal wire with an electric current flowing through it produced a magnetic force of exactly the same character as would be produced by an iron bar magnet. This discovery led him to make the conjecture, not widely accepted at the time, that the origin of magnetism in materials can be traced to circulating electric currents in them. (This, we now know, is substantially true; there is, however, an additional source of magnetism, which has become apparent since the advent of the quantum theory; it derives from the intrinsic angular momentum—the "spin"—of elementary charges.) Ampère demonstrated that two current-carrying wires can have a magnetic interaction in the same fashion that two ordinary iron bar magnets do. By the beginning of the nineteenth century, as a result of all these developments, three things were clear with respect to electricity and magnetism: that magnets influence, or interact with other magnets; that electric currents can interact with



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magnets; and that electric currents can have magnetic influence on each other.

The next crucial step in the study of electromagnetism was taken by the remarkable, largely self-taught English physicist Michael Faraday, whose portrait Einstein kept in his study. Faraday, born in 1791, was a genius in experimental physics. He came from a poor family—his father was a blacksmith—and left school at the age of twelve to go to work as an errand boy in a bookstore. There he began to study the books on science that he found on the shelves. When he was nineteen, a customer gave him tickets to four lectures by Sir Humphry Davy, the great British chemist. Faraday was so impressed by Davy's lectures, which were on the use of electric-arc discharges to create high temperatures, that he decided to work in science, at no matter what menial level. He applied to Davy, submitting to him as a proof of his earnestness notes he had taken on Davy's lectures and had illustrated with diagrams of his own. He was hired as a laboratory assistant to Davy in 1813, and, beginning in 1824, he developed experiments that led, in 1831, to his discovery of electromagnetic induction and the concept of the electromagnetic field.

Faraday showed in his experiments that under certain circumstances magnets can induce electric currents. These experiments are fairly simple to follow. In one of them, he took an ordinary iron bar magnet—a so-called permanent magnet, which retains its magnetism more or less indefinitely—and moved it through a coil of wire capable of carrying a current. The coil was attached to a galvanometer, which measured the flow of electric current in it. When the magnet was moved, the galvanometer registered a surge of current, indicating that a moving magnet could induce an electric current. This unexpected discovery completed the symmetry between electricity and magnetism—although in a subtle form, for *it is only a changing magnetic field* that can induce a current. The discovery is also the basic principle of the dynamo, in which electric currents are produced by coils of wire moving—by steam or water power—through magnetic fields.

The concept of the electromagnetic field—which is a quantitative measure of the influence of an electric charge on a magnet on other charged objects or magnets situated elsewhere in space—also comes from Faraday, although he spoke not of a field but of "lines of force." This concept had its origin in the observation that if one takes bits of iron filings and puts them on a sheet of paper over a bar magnet and then shakes or taps the paper, the filings will form a pattern of lines stretching from the north pole of the magnet to the south. Faraday abstracted from this observation the idea that the lines were, in effect, present even when no filings were there. In other words; the magnet produced a field of influence in space, and this field could be measured at any point in space by observation of the behavior of iron filings or a small compass needle at that point. Faraday soon extended this notion to apply to the influence of electrically charged objects on each other. But the abstract idea of a field is an essentially mathematical one, and Faraday did not have the mathematical training, or perhaps the mathematical skill, to put his findings into a quantitative theory. This was done soon afterward by the Scottish physicist James Clerk Maxwell, who became to Faraday what Newton was to Galileo and Kepler.

Maxwell was born in Edinburgh in 1831, the year that Faraday discovered electromagnetic induction. He was a mathematical prodigy, who began doing serious original work in mathematics at fourteen and was elected to the Chair of Physics at Marischal College, in Aberdeen, at twenty-four, immediately after a brilliant career at Cambridge. His work covered essentially all branches of physics, and was of such quality that Einstein, throughout his life, repeatedly expressed the belief that Maxwell's contributions were more significant than his own. Maxwell began early in his career to formulate the set of equations that quantify Faraday's lines of force, and these are the starting point of all modern discussions of electricity and magnetism. The equations, which are "partial differential" *equations, require more background in* calculus to follow than do the ordinary differential equations of Newton's law. The basic idea is, however, not difficult. As Faraday found, a magnetic field that varies induces a flow of electrical current. To describe this quantitatively, we need an equation that relates the variation of a magnetic field to the current induced, or, to put it more generally, to the variation in

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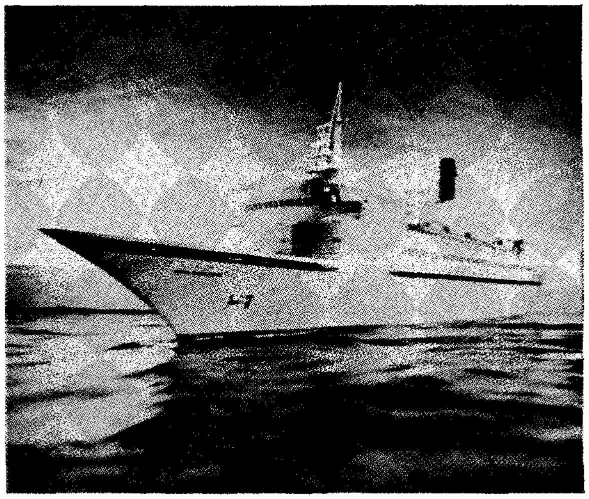

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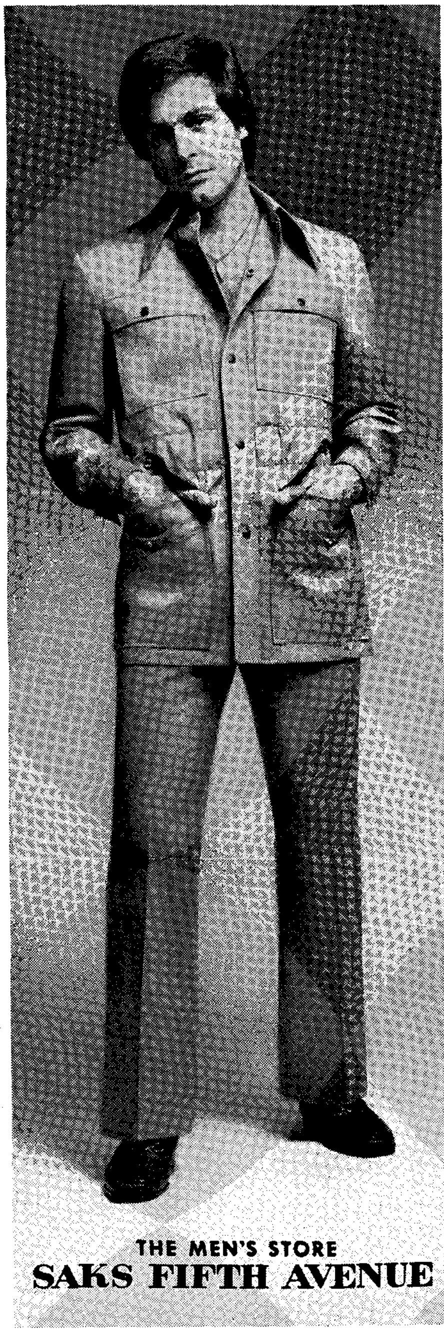

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the induced electric field. A field can vary in either space or time; that is, at a given point in space the field can vary in time, or at a given time the field can have values that differ from point to point in space. The Maxwell equations relate the variation of, say, the electric field in space to the time variation of the magnetic field. They put into precise mathematical formulas just the sort of empirical observations that Faraday made. Although Faraday did not have the mathematical training to follow the details of the Maxwell equations, he did sense the equations' power to express what he had been trying to say. When Maxwell was twenty-six, and was still groping toward his final formulation, he received a letter from Faraday, who was sixty-six. Faraday wrote:

> There is one thing I would be glad to ask you. When a mathematician engaged in investigating physical actions and results has arrived at his conclusions, may they not be expressed in common language as fully, clearly, and definitely as in mathematical formulae? If so, would it not be a great boon to such as I to express them so?—translating them out of their hieroglyphics, that we also might work upon them by experiment. I think it must be so, because I have always found that you could convey to me a perfectly clear idea of your conclusions, which, though they may give me no full understanding of the steps of your process, give me the results neither above nor below the truth, and so clear in character that I can think and work from them. If this be possible, would it not be a good thing if mathematicians, working on these subjects, were to give us the results in this popular, useful, working state, as well as in that which is their own and proper to them?

One of Maxwell's conclusions was a prediction of an entirely new phenomenon—the propagation of electromagnetic radiation in a vacuum. His idea was that if one can cause an electrically charged object to vibrate, then part of the electromagnetic field surrounding the charge will become detached and will propagate, or move, away from the charge as a wave. This wave, unlike water waves or sound waves, will, according to the Maxwell equations, propagate in empty space—in a total vacuum. Moreover, Maxwell could predict from his equations the speed at which these waves would propagate. He discovered that this speed was about a hundred and eighty-six thousand miles a second—the speed of light. This was the first clue that light was an electromagnetic phenomenon. We are so accustomed to the idea that light—and also radio waves, another form of electromagnetic radiation—can propagate through empty space from the moon, the stars, and all corners of the universe that we give hardly any thought to what a remarkable phenomenon it is, compared to the kinds of wave motion that are familiar to us, those in which we actually see a material medium undulating. Maxwell's contemporaries, however, were inclined to disbelieve the whole affair. The existence of such propagating electromagnetic waves in a vacuum was confirmed experimentally only in 1888, nine years after Maxwell's death (and Einstein's birth), by the German physicist Heinrich Hertz, who invented oscillators to create the Maxwell waves and receivers to detect them. He was even able to confirm Maxwell's prediction that such waves would propagate with the speed of light. But most of the physicists of this period, being accustomed to models of Newtonian physics, which involved the interplay of forces among material objects, would not accept the idea of a wave oscillating in empty space, so they resurrected the old idea of a medium—the "ether"—that permeated all space and provided a substance in which the Maxwell waves could oscillate. Maxwell himself accepted this explanation. In 1864, he wrote, "We have therefore some reason to believe, from the phenomena of light and heat, that there is an aethereal medium filling space and permeating bodies, capable of being set in motion and of transmitting that motion from one part to another, and of communicating that motion to gross matter so as to heat it and affect it in various ways." As time passed, the properties of this ether got stranger and stranger, and much more difficult to visualize than the Maxwell waves themselves. Under the liberating influence of Einstein's ideas, most physicists abandoned the concept of "ether" fairly early in the present century.

ABOUT seven years after Hertz's experiment, when Einstein was sixteen, he asked himself what would be the consequences of his being able to move with the speed of light. This question, innocent as it appears, eventually led him into deep conflict with what were then the foundations of physics. According to Newtonian physics, a theoretical experiment involving a material observer actually moving with the speed of light is, in principle, in no way prohibited; in fact, Newton's law $F = ma$ means that if one is accelerated long enough by the application of force, however small, one must eventually reach the speed of light—and any speed beyond. But let one imagine a wave—for simplicity, a

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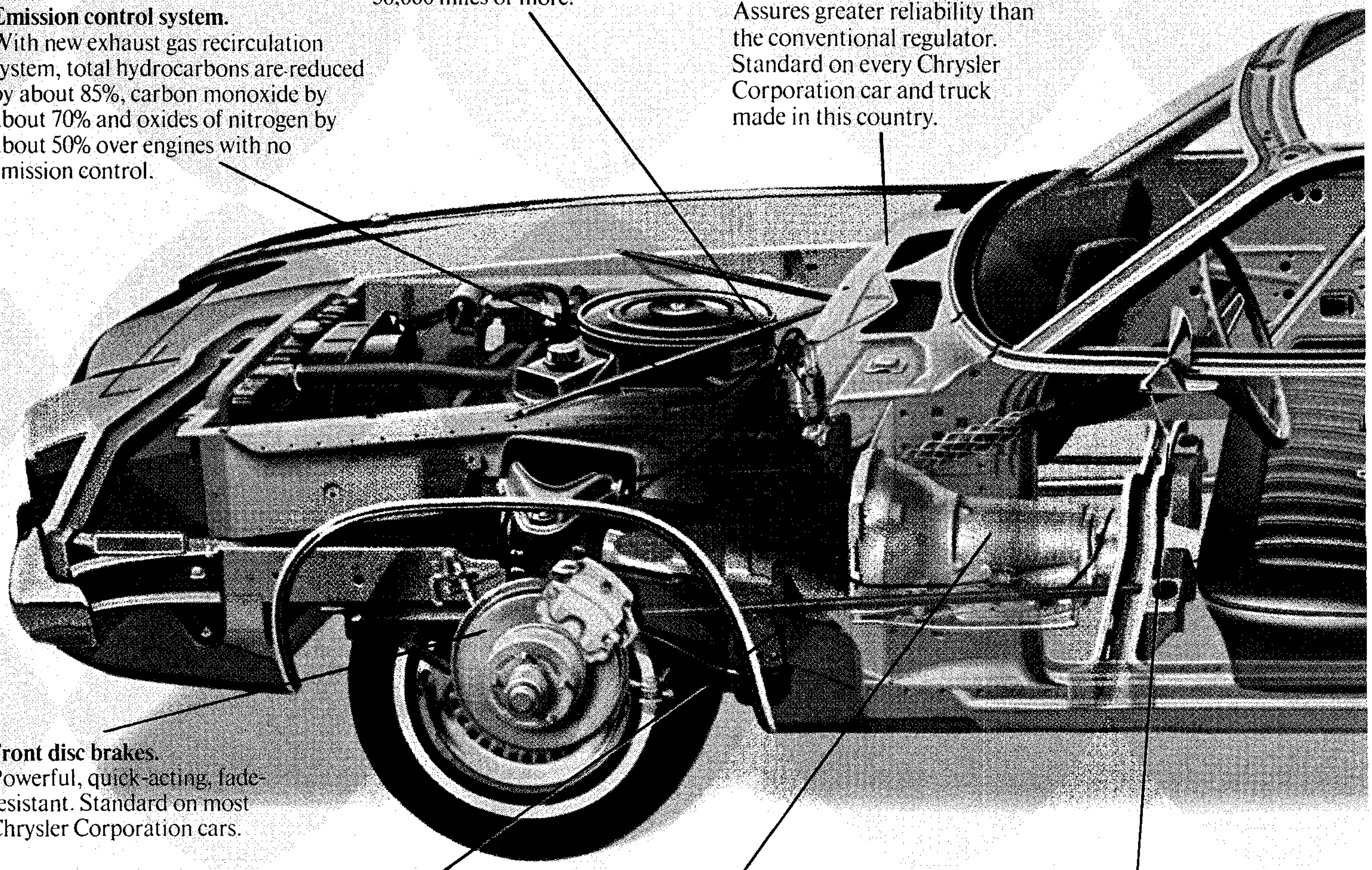

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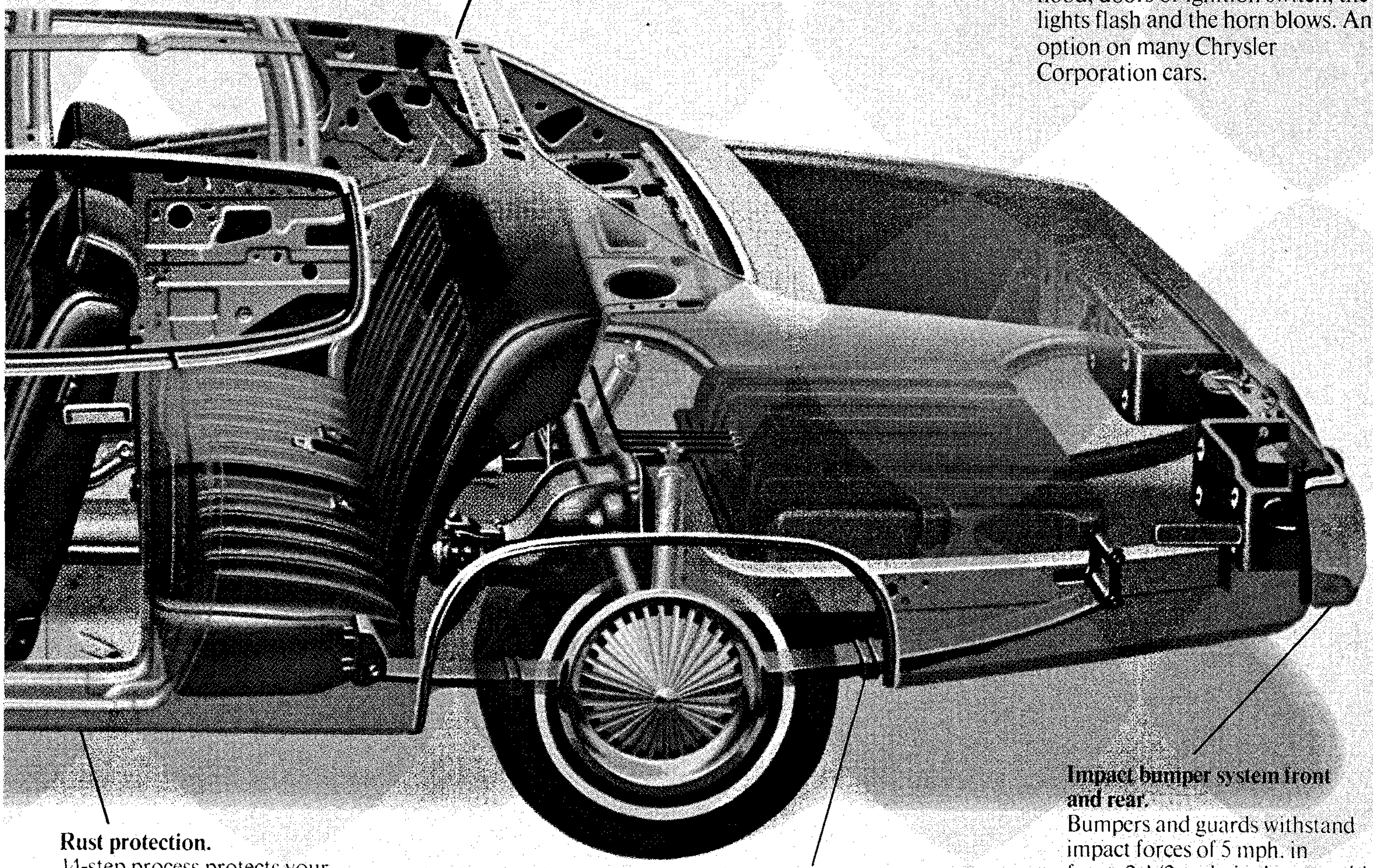

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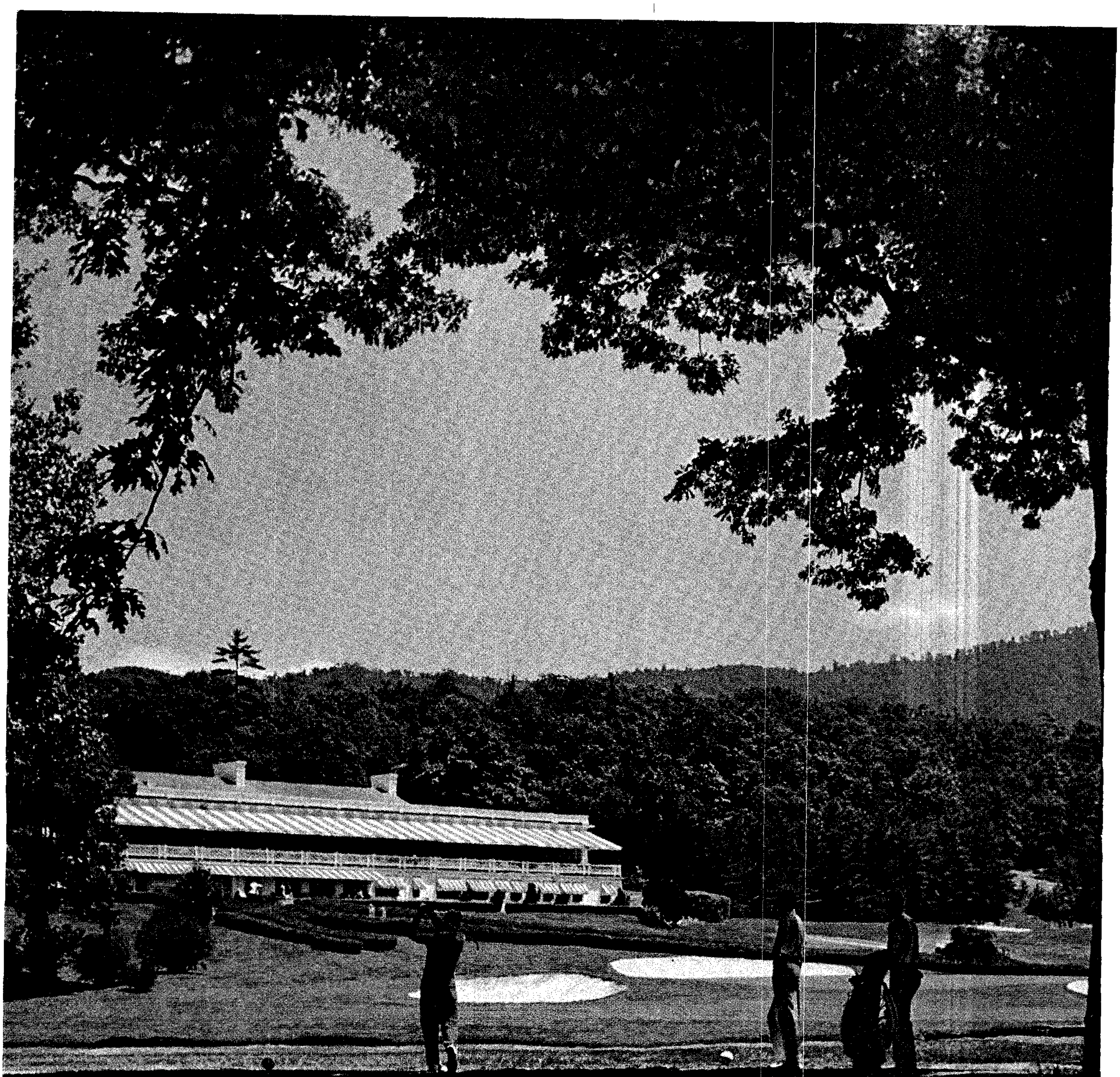

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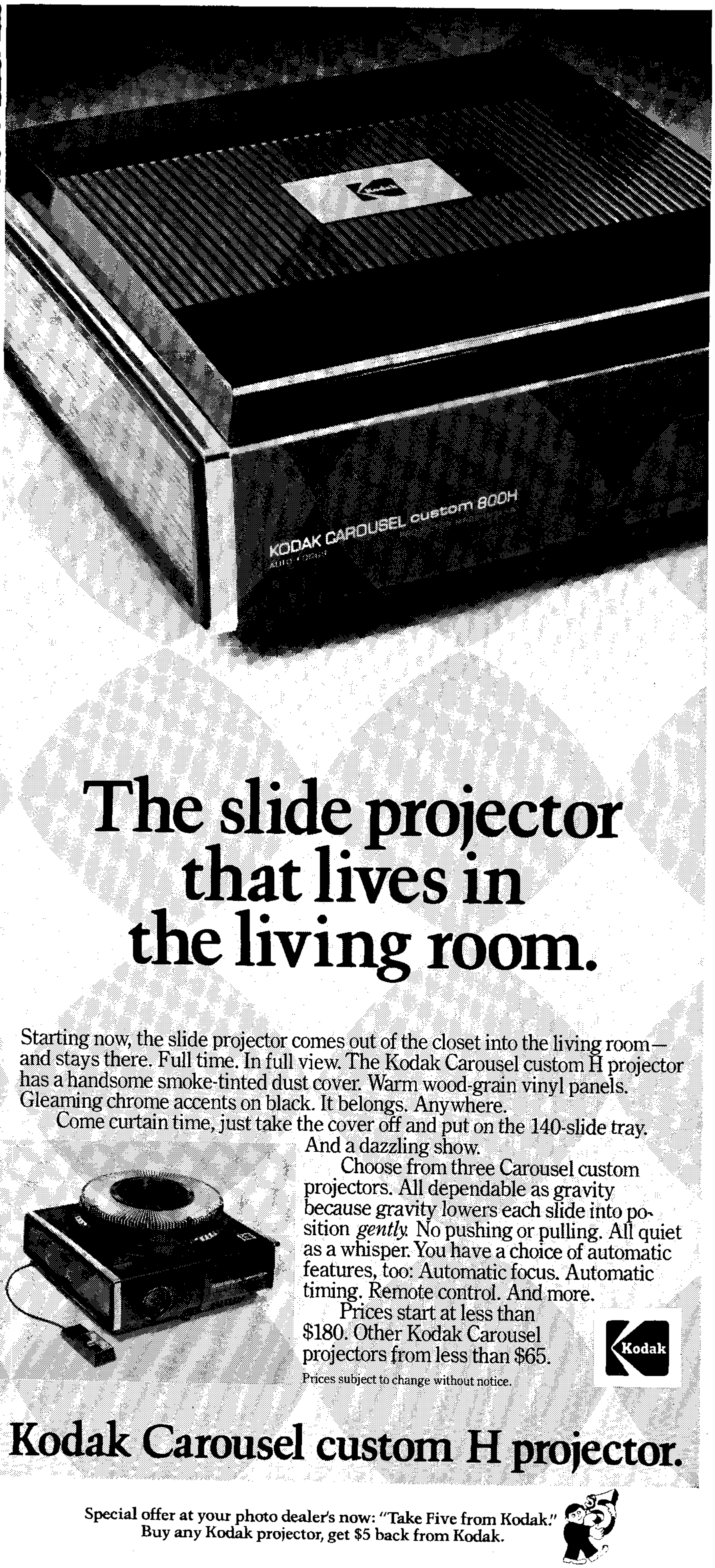
wave with a regular pattern of crests and troughs. Suppose the observer is at rest and the wave moves past him. Then he will observe the regularly repeated pattern of crests and troughs; in other words, the amplitude of the wave motion as he observes it will go through periodic, repeated oscillations. In the case of the Maxwell waves, these oscillations are what the Hertz antennas detect. Suppose, however, that the observer can move at the same speed as the wave. Then he can move alongside a crest or a trough, and the oscillations will simply disappear. Now, according to the doctrine that had come into acceptance after Hertz's experiment, light was just such an oscillatory wave motion in the ether. If one could move through the ether with the speed of light, then the wave pattern of light would disappear. The Maxwell equations, however, did not allow such a possibility, and so either they must be wrong or it must not be possible for a material observer to move with the speed of light. From the point of view of classical physics, either alternative seemed absurd.

Moreover, Einstein realized that an observer moving with the speed of light would violate the principle of relativity. In Newton's physics, when no forces act on an object the object either will remain at rest or if it has begun moving in uniform motion in a straight line will remain in uniform motion in a straight line. A force is required only to produce an acceleration. As far as the laws of mechanics are concerned, there is no difference between a state of rest and a state of uniform motion in a straight line with a constant velocity. When one is first confronted with a statement like this, one is tempted to dismiss it as obvious nonsense, whatever Newton's laws say. In the kind of motion we are familiar with in daily life, things generally begin in a state of rest and, by an application of force, are accelerated—pushed or pulled—into a state of motion. But imagine the situation of someone in a closed vehicle—a train on an absolutely smooth track, say—that has already been set in uniform motion with respect to the track; since there is no acceleration, nothing to shake him, he would simply have no way of detecting the movement. The revolution of the earth around the sun gives us an example. We are not conscious that it is taking place, for the accelerations caused by gravity are too small for us to notice. This is called a principle of relativity, because it means, as far as Newton's laws are concerned, that there is no such thing as a state of



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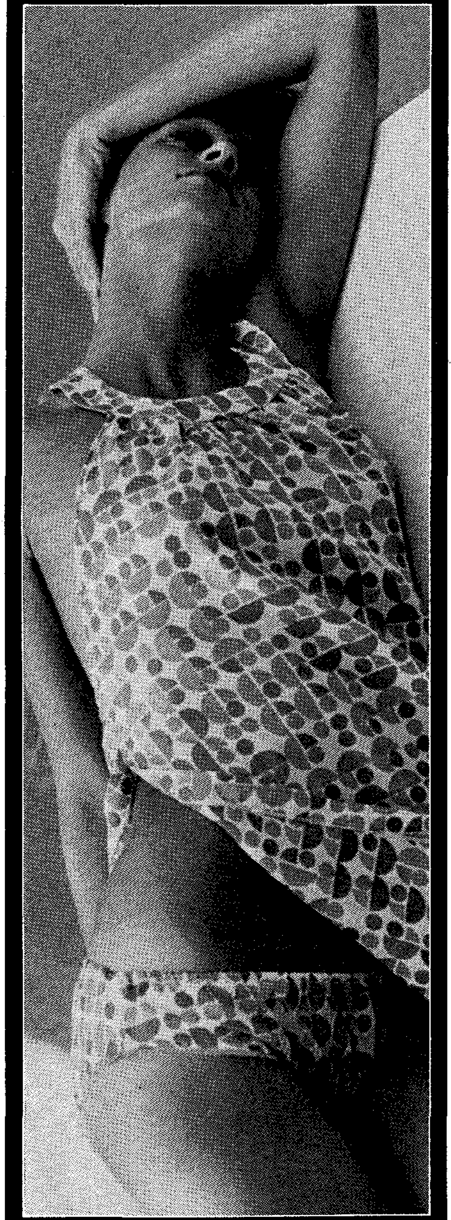

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absolute rest or of absolutely uniform motion, because there is no way to detect them. The only physically detectable—and therefore physically meaningful—states of uniform motion are the *relative* motions of an observer with respect to some reference system such as the straight track. It is perfectly meaningful to say that an observer is moving uniformly with respect to such a system at a velocity of five miles an hour—one can, in principle, look out the window of the train and measure one's velocity with respect to the ground—but it is not meaningful to say that the ground is absolutely at rest. The question is: at rest with respect to what?

Newton was aware of the difficulty of identifying a state of absolute motion. In fact, without such an identification his law $F = ma$ loses its exact meaning, since the law assumes that we know—can specify—what is meant by an acceleration. To solve this problem he resorted to theology. A devout Christian mystic, he felt that it was explanation enough to say that rest and motion were distinguishable in the consciousness of God. God, then, provides the absolute frame of reference in Newtonian mechanics. Because of the enormous practical success of Newton's theory, and because the "fixed" stars—which are not actually fixed but undergo motions that are very slight when viewed from earth—provide a stationary frame of reference that is adequate for most practical problems in Newtonian mechanics, the theological underpinnings of his theory were largely forgotten or ignored by his successors. However, the problem of relativity presented itself in a new guise with the discovery of the Maxwell waves and the postulation of an ether to carry them. Could the ether, if it existed, provide the absolute frame of reference? Einstein, according to his later essays, felt intuitively from the time he began the study of physics that such an idea was obviously nonsense. The notion of absolute rest—or absolute motion—was meaningless. In other words, the Maxwell theory, too, would have to satisfy a relativity principle. But here the same paradox asserted itself. If Newtonian mechanics were correct, we could accelerate such an observer until he was moving at the velocity of light, and at this velocity light would no longer appear as light—that is, as an oscillatory wave motion—and in such a case the observer could determine his absolute velocity, in contradiction to the relativity principle. Einstein devised a particularly nice illustration of this. He imagined a man looking into a mirror illuminated by a light bulb. If the man and the mirror were to move with the speed of light, which is permitted by the Newtonian physics, the light from the bulb could never catch up with the mirror, so at this velocity he would no longer be able to see himself. He would then be able to say that he was moving with the velocity of light—in contradiction to the relativity principle.

At the time Einstein was struggling with these problems, a number of parallel developments that bear on the questions he raised were taking place in physics, but, from all the available evidence, Einstein was unaware of them. The main reason for this lack of awareness was that at that time he was completely isolated from other physicists; he did not have a regular academic appointment in a university physics department until 1909, four years after his first paper on relativity appeared, and while he was working on that paper his nominal employment was as a minor official—a technical expert third class—in the patent office in Bern. Moreover, such was the isolation of the Polytechnic in Zurich, where Einstein had received most of his formal training in physics, that the Maxwell equations had not been taught there at all. He learned them himself by studying textbooks. And in his 1905 paper on relativity there is no specific reference to any other physics paper.

Essentially all of Einstein's contemporaries were firmly convinced of the existence of the ether and were hard at work either trying to detect it or trying to construct mechanical models of it. In these models, an oscillating electric charge caused a disturbance in the ether, and this disturbance propagated somewhat as sound waves do on the surface of a drum—by elastic vibrations of the material. However, it soon became clear, especially through the work of the Dutch physicist H. A. Lorentz, that the analogy was strained, to put it mildly. Sound waves and light waves propagating in a vacuum differ in several important respects. For example, such light waves are transverse; the plane in which they oscillate is at right angles—perpendicular—to the direction of propagation of the wave. (The wave is oscillating up and down while it propagates forward.) Sound waves, which are formed by the compression and expansion of a material medium, can oscillate in the direction of propagation as well as transversely. And

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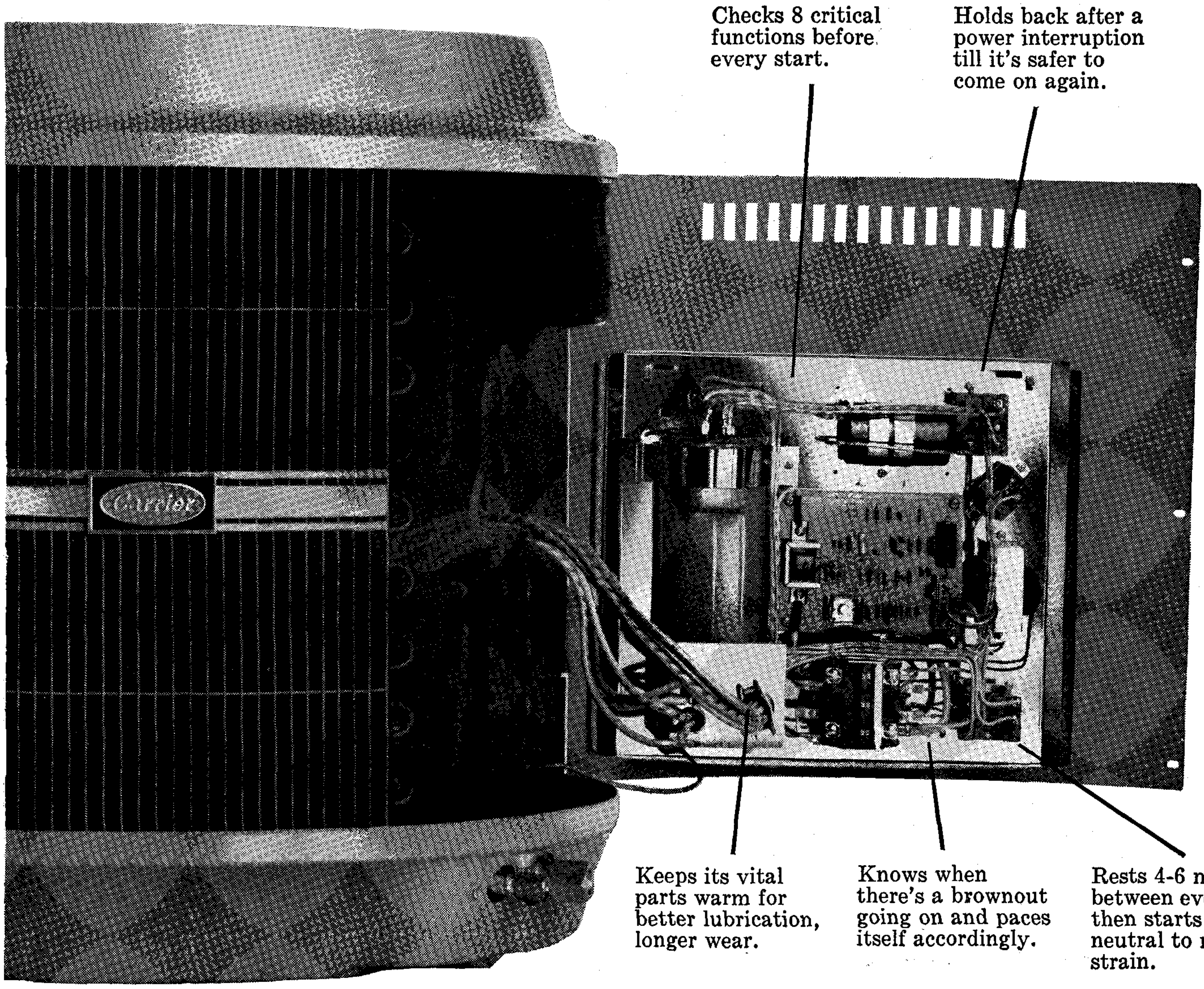

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what Lorentz showed was that if completely transverse light waves were to exist in the ether, the ether would have to be infinitely rigid—be an omnipresent medium through which bodies could move without resistance yet at the same time be infinitely rigid.

In his 1946 essay, Einstein wrote:

> The incorporation of wave-optics into the mechanical picture of the world was bound to arouse serious misgivings. If light was to be interpreted as undulatory motion in an elastic body (ether), this had to be a medium which permeates everything; because of the transversality of the lightwaves in the main similar to a solid body, yet incompressible, so that longitudinal waves did not exist. This ether had to lead a ghostly existence alongside the rest of matter, inasmuch as it seemed to offer no resistance whatever to the motion of "ponderable" bodies.

But this was just part of the difficulty. A more remarkable "fact" about the ether emerged when physicists asked whether the earth was at rest or in motion with respect to it. By the end of the nineteenth century, it had begun to appear, absurdly, as if neither alternative was possible.

The first hypothesis that was ruled out was that the earth, as it moved around the sun, dragged the ether along, like some sort of imperceptible atmosphere, in which, in effect, it remained at rest. That this was not possible was decided rather early in the century by a consideration of the phenomenon of stellar aberration—a result of the earth's orbital motion around the sun—which had been discovered in 1728 by the British astronomer James Bradley. A textbook example is useful in explaining aberration: Imagine a man walking with an umbrella in a rain shower; there is no wind, so the rain falls straight down. Since the man is walking, he will have to tilt his umbrella at an angle to the rain if he wants to avoid a raindrop in front of him. The faster he walks with respect to the speed of the fall of the rain, the greater the angle at which he will have to tilt his umbrella. This image can be used to describe the "fall" of light into a telescope on the moving earth. In order to catch the light, an observer must tilt the telescope through a small angle and not aim it in the "true" direction—the direction the star would have if the earth were at rest. Thus, to see a star through a telescope attached to the moving earth one must look not directly at it but slightly away from it. The amount of angular tilt in the case of a star is very small, since the earth's speed in orbit is at most about one ten-thousandth of the speed of light. The effect is observable because the earth is moving in an elliptical orbit around

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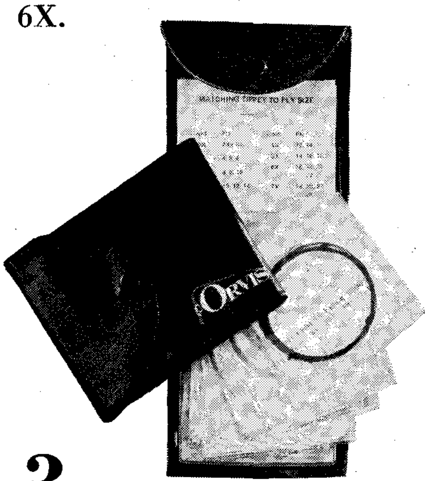

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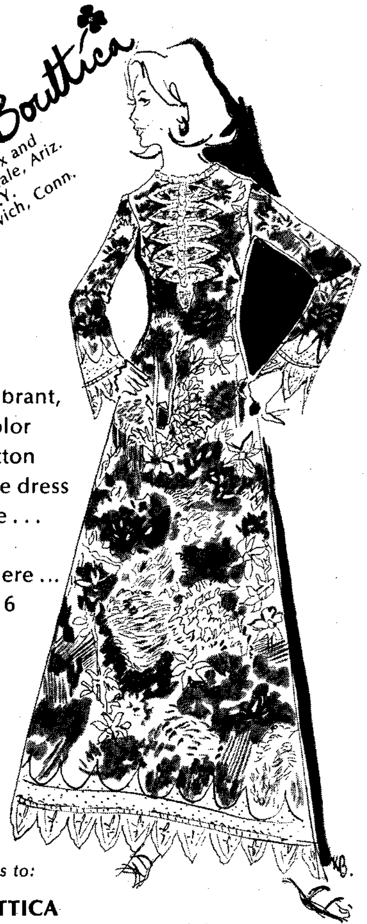

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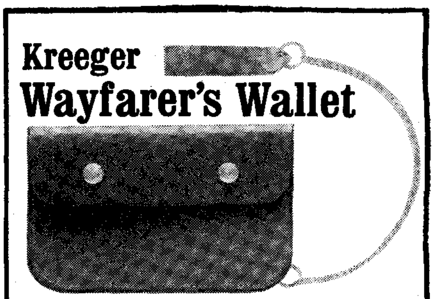

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the sun, which requires readjustment of the telescope angle to take account of the constant change in its orientation; in fact, one must move the telescope through a tiny ellipse as the earth makes a complete revolution around the sun. If the earth dragged the ether along, however, the movement of the ether would act on the starlight like wind on falling rain: it would, in effect, compensate for the earth's motion and cancel out the aberration effect. Since the aberration is observed and simply accounted for by the earth's motion, when the ether theory of light propagation was proposed by Maxwell it was generally accepted by physicists that the earth did not drag the ether along.

This left open a second possibility; namely, that the ether was at rest and the earth was moving through it, and hence the ether provided the absolute-rest frame needed for the Newtonian laws. This proposition can be subjected to a rigorous experimental test, and in the eighteen-eighties this was done, in a series of experiments by another remarkable nineteenth-century figure—Albert Michelson, the first American to win a Nobel Prize in one of the sciences. (He won the prize in physics in 1907, for his work in optics.) Michelson, who was born in Poland in 1852, was educated, after his family came to America, at the Naval Academy, at Annapolis. Following his graduation, in 1873, and two years at sea, he began the experiments on the properties of light which were to constitute his life's work. As was the custom of the time—and, in fact, a necessity then—he went to Germany and France for advanced training in optics. With his new techniques, he was able, in 1882, to give the most precise experimental value for the speed of light that had yet been obtained. (He found it to be 299,850 kilometres a second, or 186,318 miles a second. The techniques for measuring the speed of light have steadily improved since; the best value is now given as 299,792.4562 kilometres a second, or approximately 186,282 miles a second.) By the time Michelson made his measurement, he had returned to the United States and had joined the Case School of Applied Science, in Cleveland, as a physics instructor. He conducted his experiments to determine the nature of the ether with the help of an instrument that he had begun to develop while he was in Germany. This was the Michelson interferometer. The interferometer is a device that takes advantage of the wavelike characteristics of light. If two trains of waves are superposed, they will interfere with each other; that is

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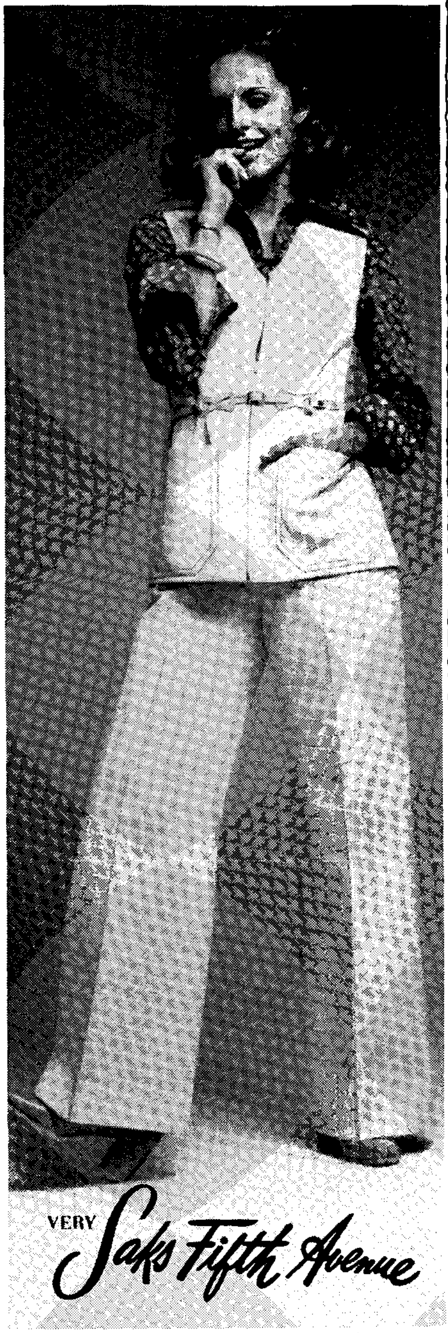

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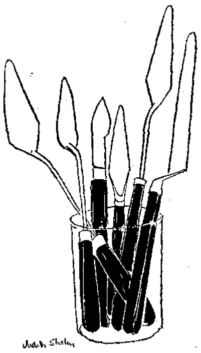
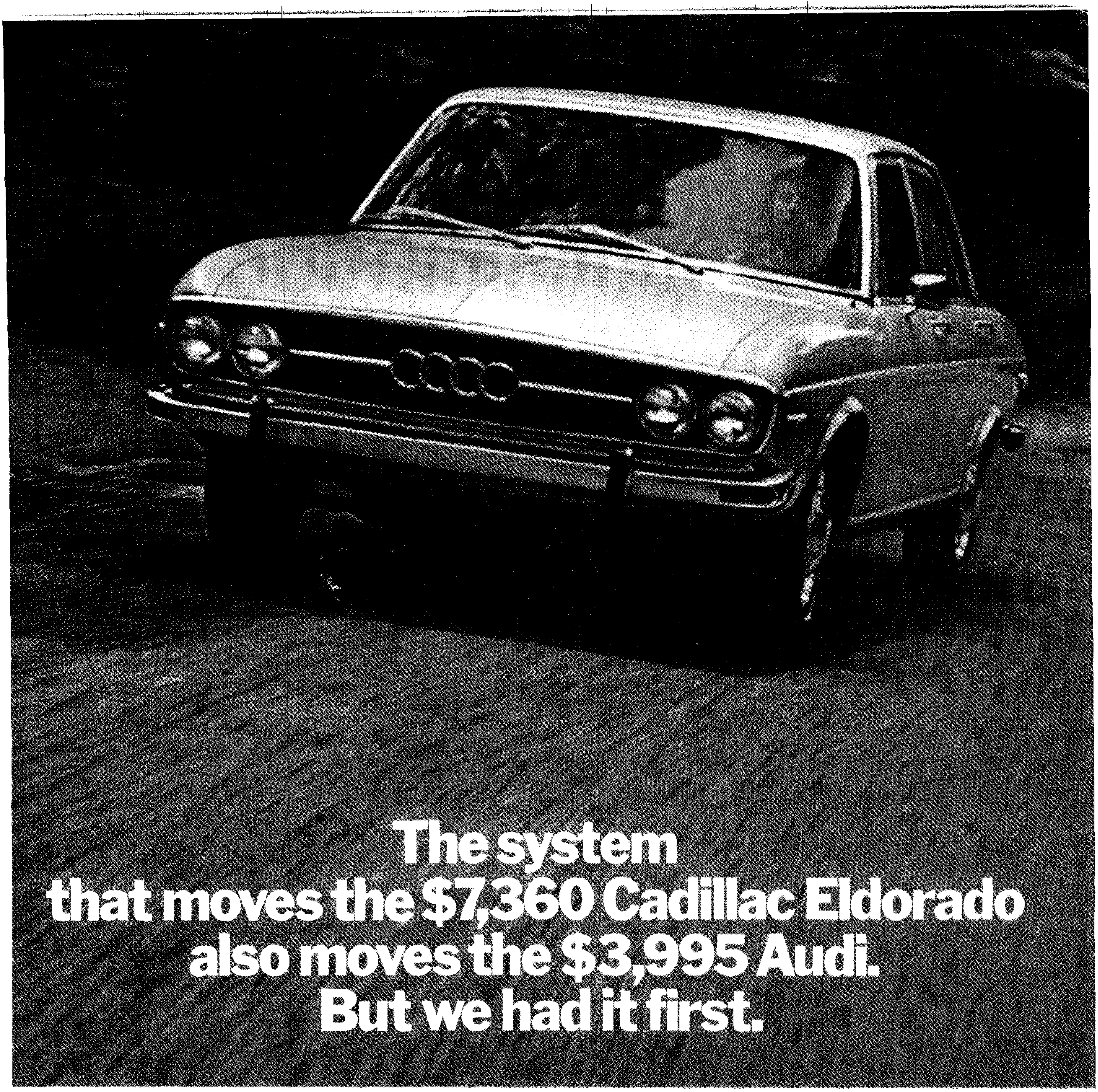


to say, the combined wave trains will produce a new wave form, with characteristics related to those of the original waves. The original wave trains may or may not be in phase; when two simple wave patterns of identical shape interfere, the two patterns may be exactly superposable on each other or one of the waves may have its crests and troughs ahead of the other's. Now, the Michelson version of the interferometer is extremely simple in principle. It consists of two straight arms of equal length that are joined to form a right angle. At the end of each arm is a mirror. At the corner where the arms are joined is another mirror, thinly silvered. This mirror splits a light beam, and it is tilted in such a way that half of the light passes through the surface to travel along one of the arms, while the other half is reflected at right angles along the other arm. The two light beams bounce back from their mirrors at the ends of the arms and meet again at the join, where the now interfering light rays are collected in a telescope focussed on the central mirror. If the time it takes for the light beams to travel back and forth along the two arms is the same, they will meet at the join in phase. If for some reason the time differs, then when the beams meet they will be out of phase and hence will form observable interference fringes. There are two reasons the time could differ: either the two arms are not the same length, so that it takes longer for the light to make the round trip along one arm than along the other, or, if they are the same length, the speed of light may be different in the different directions.

The latter statement sounds rather odd, and from the point of view of a post-Einsteinian physicist it *is* odd. But nineteenth-century physicists, convinced of the existence of a stationary ether, reasoned that as the earth moved through the ether the ether appeared to flow by like water in a stream. In the stationary ether, light moved with a given fixed velocity. But to the observer on the earth the ether appeared to be flowing by, and the light, once it began propagating in the ether, would share its motion, like a swimmer caught in a current; in fact, the nineteenth-century physicists said, if the Michelson interferometer should be placed so that one arm was in the direction of the current and the other was at right angles to it, the light moving along these two paths would propagate like a swimmer who swims back and forth with and against a current, compared to a swimmer who travels the same distance back and forth at right angles to the current. The effective light velocities would be different in these two cases, it was argued, and hence the time it took to make the round trip along the two arms of the interferometer should be different even if the two arms were exactly the same length. Thus, if the earth was moving through a stationary ether, one would expect to see interference fringes, and from the spacing between these one could determine the absolute speed of the earth with respect to the ether.

These rather simple principles became the basis of one of the most celebrated experiments in the history of physics—the Michelson-Morley experiment. (Edward Morley, an American chemist and physicist, collaborated with Michelson on the first precise version of the experiment. Michelson carried out preliminary versions of it in 1881, and in 1887 the two men performed their refined version. It is the 1887 version that is known as *the* Michelson-Morley experiment.) The precision involved is so great that if one carries out the straightforward algebra required to find the difference in the time of arrival (given the stationary-ether hypothesis) of the two light beams, this turns out to be proportional to the square of the velocity of the earth to the velocity of light—which means one to one hundred million. Nonetheless, the experiment was so well designed that it could detect effects on the interference of this order of magnitude, or even less. No such effects were found. To improve the reliability of their setup, Michelson and Morley mounted their equipment on a heavy block of stone, which was, in turn, mounted on a disc of wood floating in a tank of mercury. This enabled them to rotate the whole apparatus constantly to eliminate the possibility that they were seeing any accidental effect caused by some quirk in its construction. They also put mirrors at each of the four corners of the square block, which doubled the path length of the light and so improved the accuracy of the experiment. They made the experiment with the apparatus in sixteen different orientations. They made it at noon and at 6 P.M., to see if the earth's orientation to the sun had any effect on it. The experiment has recently been repeated with far greater accuracy, thanks to modern electronic techniques, but neither Michelson and Morley nor any subsequent experimenters found any



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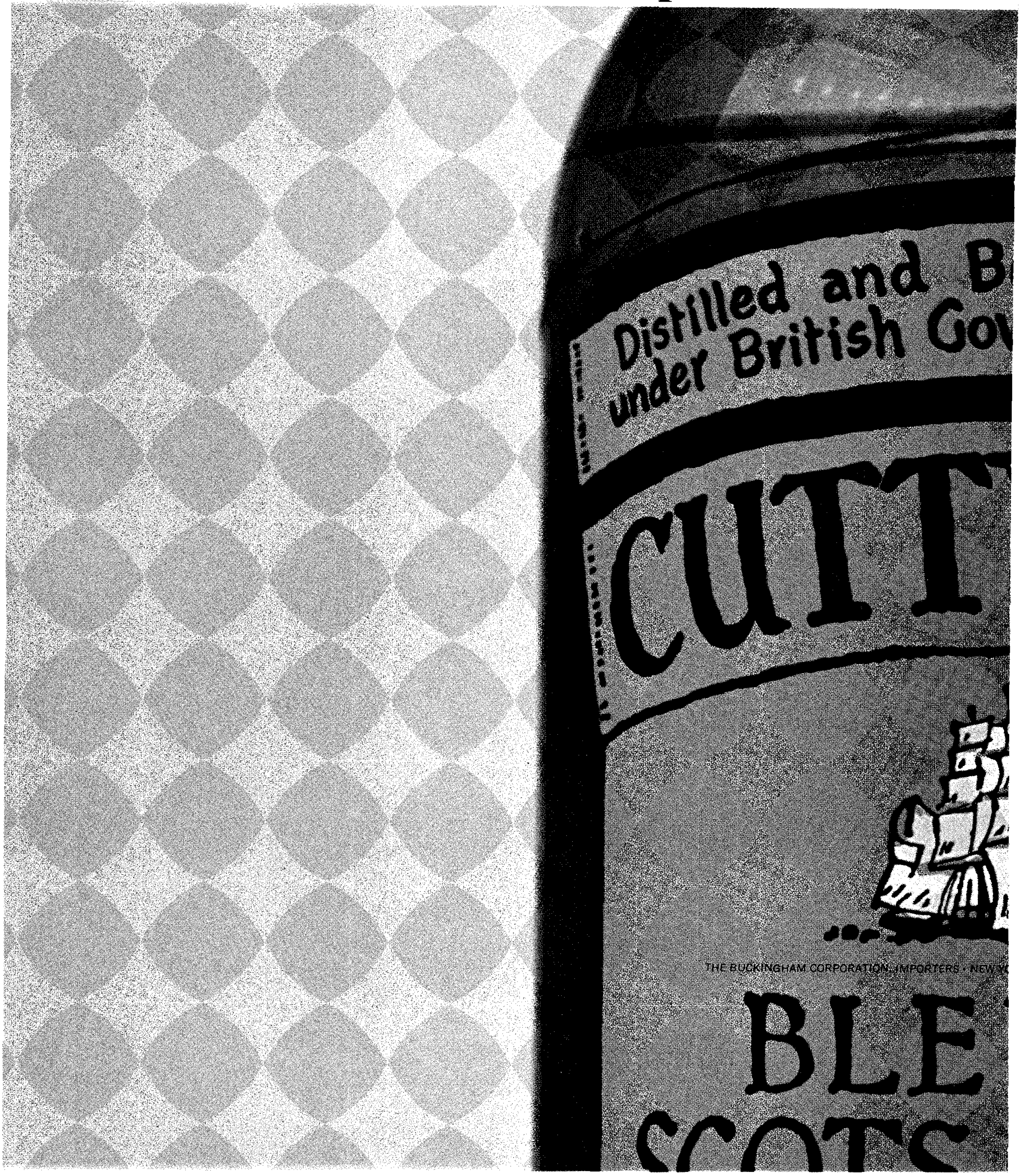
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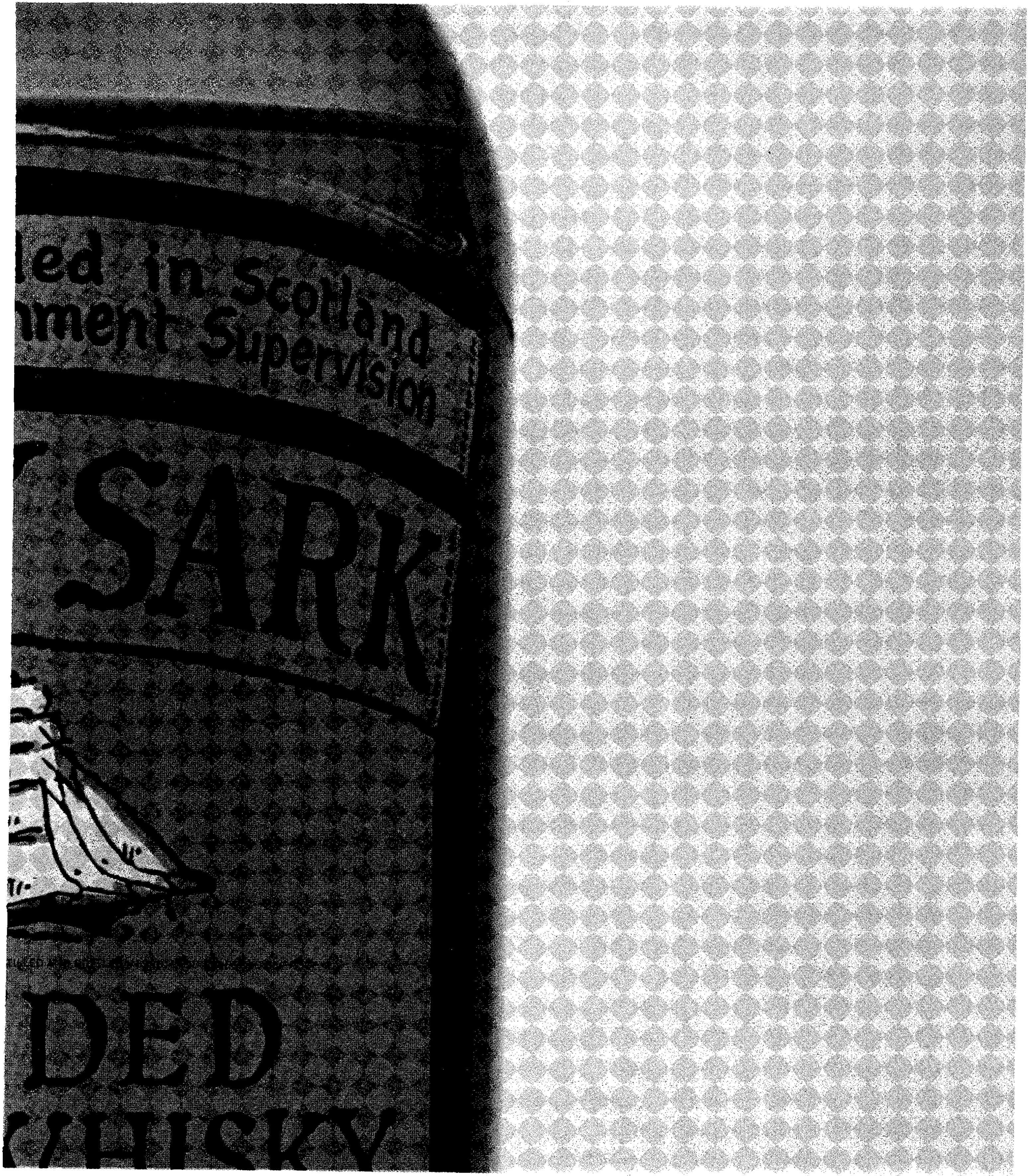
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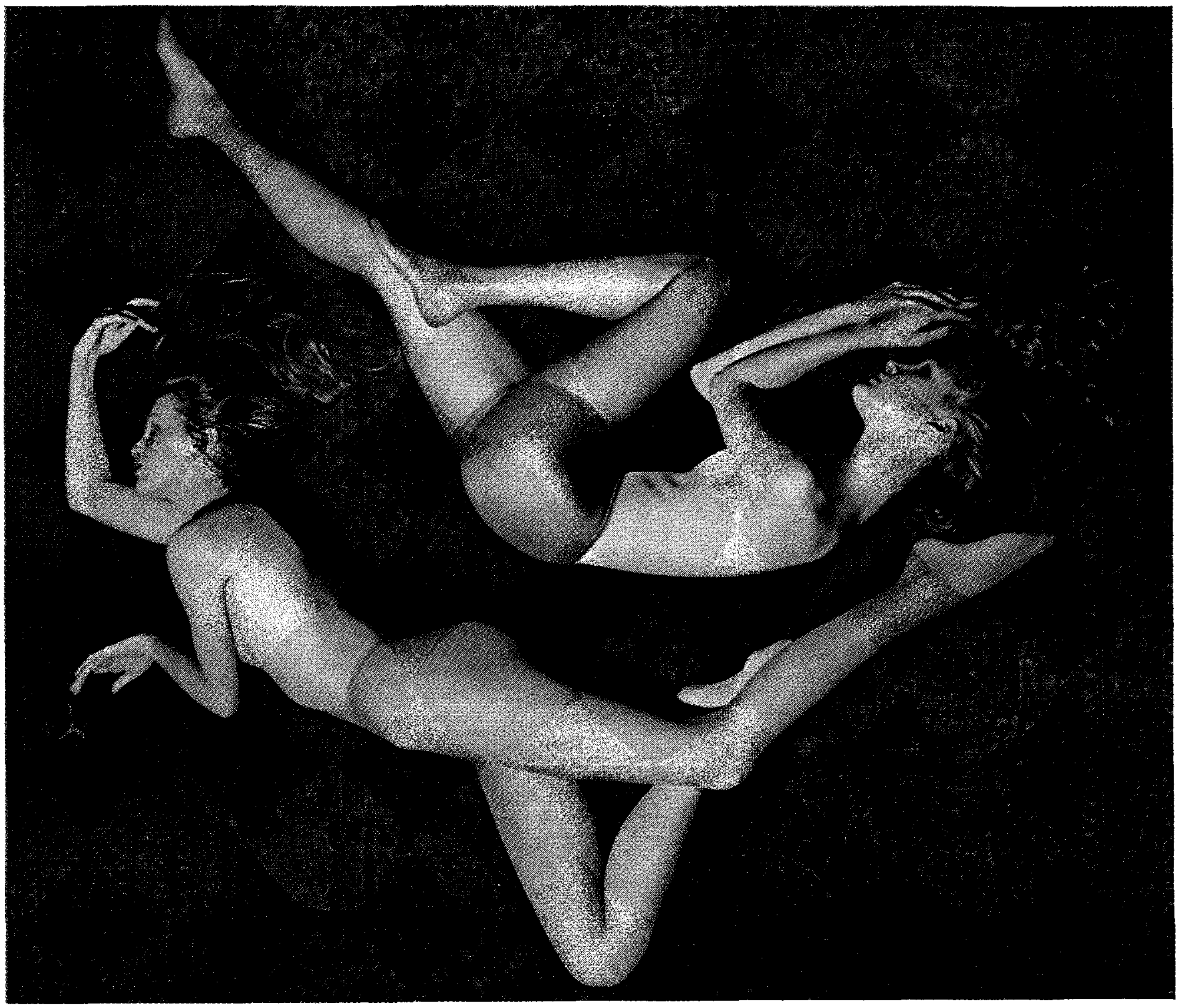

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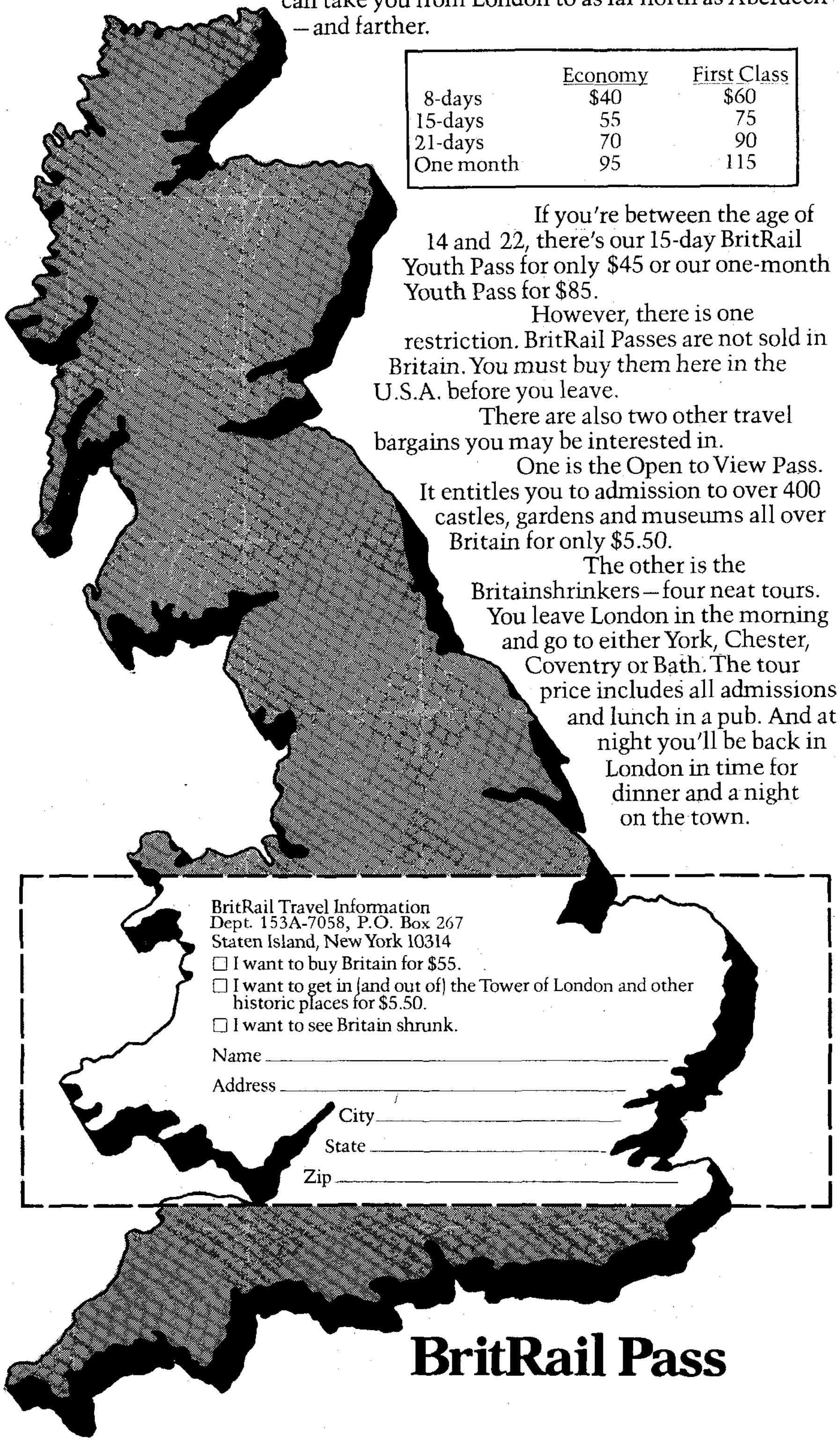
evidence of an ether that could affect the speed of light.

IN most textbook presentations of the theory of relativity, one finds the statement that the Michelson-Morley experiment was the starting point for Einstein's theory. But there is no mention of the experiment in Einstein's 1905 paper; there is a vague reference to experiments of this general character, but no reference to Michelson and Morley in particular. One might be tempted to conclude either that Einstein had never heard of their experiment or that if he had heard of it it made so little impression on him that he did not bother to refer to it. Einstein subsequently explained to various physicists that the latter was the case. He had been convinced of the absurdity of an absolute-rest frame from the beginning.

Whatever effect the Michelson-Morley experiment may have had on Einstein, there is no doubt at all about the effect it had on his scientific contemporaries. They were stunned. The whole ether interpretation of the Maxwell equations was tottering. It was a moment for heroic speculative efforts, and in 1892 the Irish physicist George Francis FitzGerald proposed a remarkable theory to save the ether. His idea was that the arm of the Michelson interferometer that was along the line of direction of the earth's motion contracted in such a way as to compensate for the time difference caused by different velocities of the light along the two arms. According to FitzGerald, the contraction and the velocity effect exactly cancelled out, and this explained the null result of the Michelson-Morley experiment. The fact is that to explain the Michelson-Morley experiment along these lines one would need a contraction of only about a two-hundredth of a micron (two hundred-millionths of a metre), a contraction so small that only an interferometer measurement could reveal it. The question was: Why should there be such a contraction except as an ad-hoc explanation of the Michelson-Morley experiment?

In 1895, Lorentz, who had also hit on the notion of contraction to explain the Michelson result, or non-result, proposed an explanation for the contraction itself. Lorentz had been developing a theory of electromagnetic forces to supplement Maxwell's theory of electromagnetic fields. His basic idea was that electrically charged matter functioned as the source of the Maxwell fields but that the fields existed in the empty spaces between particles of matter; that is, he suggested a clear



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separation between matter and fields. In this theory, two charged particles interacted by means of the mutual influence of their fields. Lorentz thought that if matter consisted of "molecules"—electrically charged bodies held together by electromagnetic forces—it might well be that when an object was in motion with respect to the ether these forces would change in such a way as to produce what physicists now call the Lorentz-FitzGerald contraction. In 1906, the year after Einstein's first relativity paper appeared, Lorentz gave a series of lectures at Columbia University in which he summarized this point of view. He said, in part:

> We can understand the possibility of the assumed change of dimensions, if we keep in mind that the form of a solid body depends on the forces between its molecules, and that, in all probability, these forces are propagated by the intervening ether in a way more or less resembling that in which electromagnetic actions are transmitted through this medium. From this point of view it is natural to suppose that, just like the electromagnetic forces, the molecular attractions and repulsions are somewhat modified by a translation imparted to the body, and this may very well result in a change of its dimension.

Lorentz wrote up his lectures in book form—"The Theory of Electrons," which appeared in 1909, when he was fifty-six. The book, a classic of nineteenth-century scientific thinking, was revised in 1915, with appendixes and footnotes reflecting Lorentz's growing acceptance of Einstein's theory of relativity. Although Lorentz was too great a physicist not to appreciate Einstein's work, it is clear that, at least in 1909, he could not quite get himself to believe it. At the end of the first edition of his book, Lorentz presents a summary of Einstein's theory, which was just coming to the attention of his contemporaries, and then writes, "Yet, I think, something may also be claimed *in favour of the form in which I have* presented the theory. I cannot but regard the ether, which can be the seat of an electromagnetic field with its energy and its vibrations, as endowed with a certain degree of substantiality, however different it may be from all ordinary matter." Lorentz's book is something like a magnificent old European castle, beautifully constructed and haunted by ghosts.

EINSTEIN, having failed to get an academic job in physics upon his graduation from the Polytechnic, was earning his living in Bern—not disagreeably, he felt—by examining patent applications. And he was still struggling with the problem of relativity, which he had recognized as a real problem since he was sixteen. From the point of view of Einstein's special theory of relativity, the solution to the Michelson-Morley puzzle is so simple that at first one may be somewhat disappointed in it. The solution is merely that there is no puzzle. Einstein's basic premise is that a state of motion with constant speed and a state of rest cannot be distinguished by *any* experiment, *either electromagnetic or mechanical*, that can be performed by an observer in the system that is in motion or in the system that is at rest. Of course, the relative motion of the two systems can be measured, but the observer in each system can claim, with equal validity, that he is at rest and it is the other observer who is moving. This is, in fact, just what the Michelson-Morley experiment indicates. The experiment is carried out on the earth, which to a high degree of approximation can be regarded as a system moving uniformly. Hence, no effect is to be expected. If Michelson and Morley *had* found an effect, Einstein's theory of relativity would simply have been wrong. In this context, the Lorentz-FitzGerald contraction plays no part, since there is no stationary ether to provide the frame of absolute rest. The real problem is how to reconcile Newtonian mechanics, which allows an observer to be accelerated to the speed of light, with the relativity principle for electromagnetic theory, which does not allow an observer to travel at the speed of light. The genius of Einstein was in recognizing that these two theories cannot be reconciled and that Newtonian mechanics is in fact wrong. To say that a theory like Newtonian mechanics—one of the most successful scientific discoveries ever made—is "wrong" is merely to say that it is strictly correct only within a limited domain of phenomena. Newtonian mechanics was created to describe motions of objects that move much slower than light, and for such objects Newtonian mechanics and Einstein's special theory of relativity give results that are nearly identical. There are, in principle, "relativistic corrections," but these are so small that they can be neglected in practice—in, say, computations of planetary orbits. This explains why Newtonian mechanics works well for astronomical phenomena like planetary motion, and also why the relativity theory was not formulated sooner. It also explains why people have such difficulty with the relativity theory: the theory appears to violate common sense. But, of course, common-sense experience does not involve material objects moving at speeds

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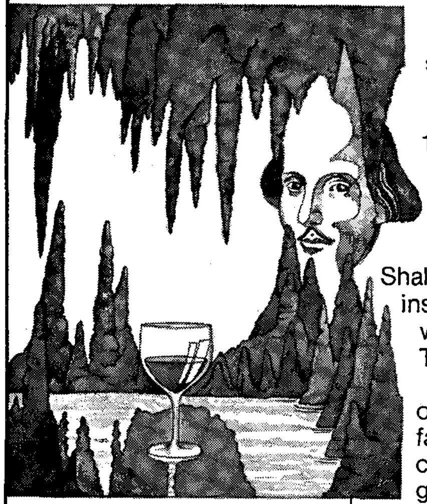

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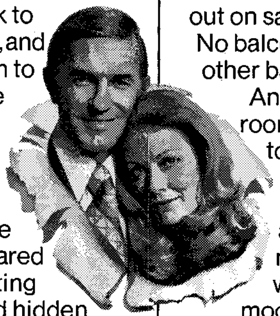

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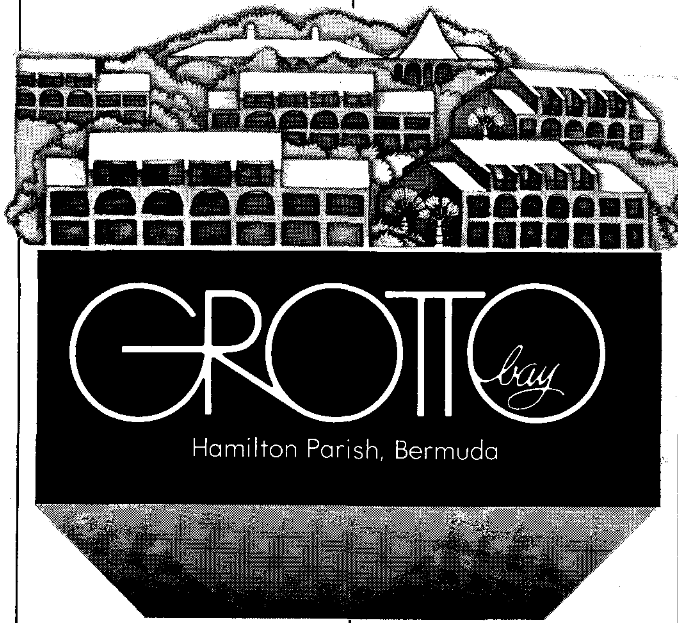

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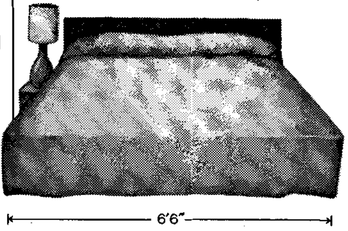

cracking of two hundred years of tradition. But styles change, why not in Bermuda?)

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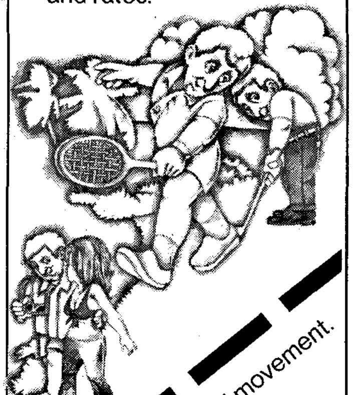

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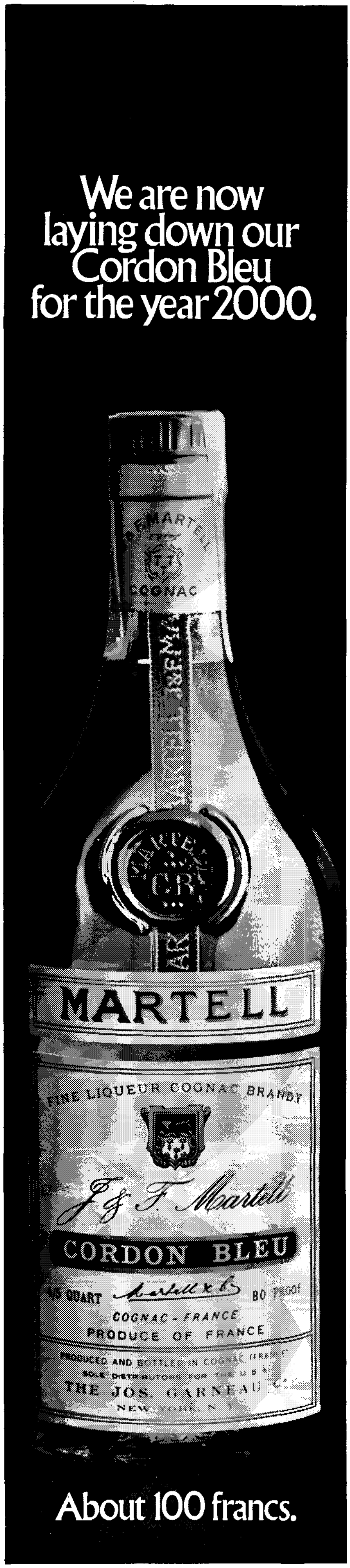
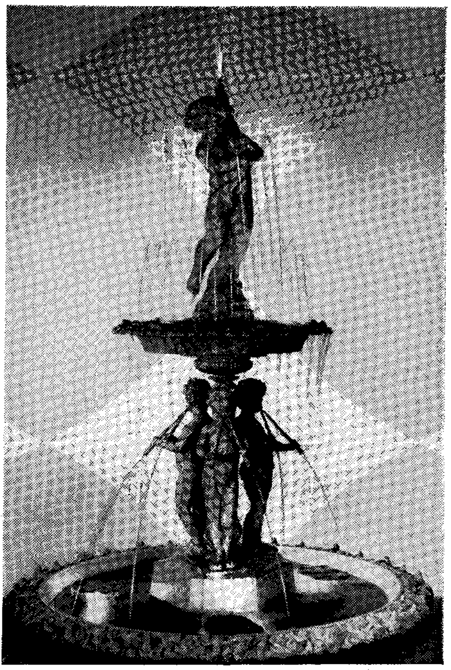


close to that of light. By contrast, scientists working with cyclotrons, synchrotrons, and cosmic rays, for example, do deal with particles moving at speeds that differ only by tiny fractions of a per cent from the speed of light. If one tried to predict the motion of such particles on the basis of classical Newtonian mechanics, one would get complete nonsense when one compared the results with those obtained by experiment. The "relativistic corrections" are crucial and dominate the phenomena.

Einstein's 1905 paper on relativity, which was published in the German journal *Annalen der Physik* under the title "Zur Elektrodynamik Bewegter Körper" ("On the Electrodynamics of Moving Bodies"), begins with an analysis of the relativity of time. In ordinary experience, we are conscious of an apparently irreversible flow of events divisible into what is occurring now, what has occurred and is contained in the memory, and what will occur in the future. This set of subjective impressions, which is common to the entire human race, has led to the quantification of time—in effect, to the invention of time. For purposes of physics, one must be careful to distinguish between the subjective sense of time, which by its very character must be imprecise and personal, and the objective time measured by clocks. (In physics, a "clock" is any phenomenon that repeats itself—for example, the periodic motion of a pendulum or of a balance wheel, or even a heartbeat.) The first important observation in Einstein's 1905 paper is that every statement about the objective time of an event is in reality a statement about the simultaneous occurrence of two events; that is, the event in question occurs simultaneously with, say, the superposition of the hands of a clock on certain numbers painted on a dial. Einstein writes in his paper, "When I say, for example, 'The train arrives here at seven,' that means, 'The passage of the little hand of my watch at the place marked "7" and the arrival of the train are simultaneous events.' " However, this sentence, as Einstein was quick to point out, contains an undefined concept; namely, the concept of "simultaneity." Of course, we all "know" what it means for two events to be simultaneous. Typically, we look at an event and at our watch and compare the observations. In everyday life, there is no need to analyze the procedure further, for we function in this way without any special difficulty. If we think about it, however, we realize that, because the speed of light is not infinite,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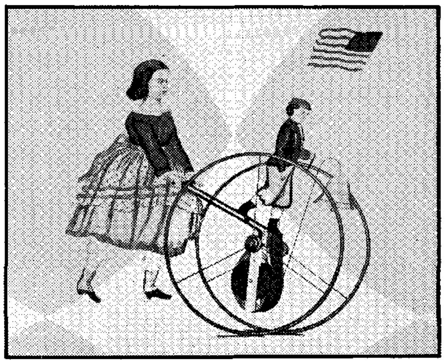
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it takes a certain amount of time for the light that is illuminating the event in question to reach our eyes, and so, strictly speaking, what we are comparing with our watches is an event that has already occurred. As a rule, we can ignore this fact, because light travels so fast and the distances involved are so small that the delay is of no importance. However, if we want to time events on, say, the moon, the delay is significant. It takes light—or radio waves, which move at the same speed—about two and a half seconds to make the lunar round trip. This raises the essential question how we can tell whether events on the earth and the moon are simultaneous. We might try to do so by synchronizing our watches, which is to say by comparing them when they have been brought arbitrarily close together, to eliminate the delay effect. Now, if the two watches have been constructed identically and one is later transported to the moon, we can perhaps have confidence that the watches have remained synchronous. But how can we really be sure? What is needed here is a procedure to determine simultaneity—what the physicist and philosopher of science Percy Bridgman has called an "operational definition."

In arriving at an operational definition of simultaneity, Einstein took advantage of the fact that light propagation in a vacuum obeys a very simple law: it propagates at constant speed in straight lines. If we wish to determine whether two clocks are synchronous, then, we can measure the distance between the clocks and go to the midpoint between the two clocks and instruct observers stationed at the clocks to transmit light signals when the clocks read, say, 7. If the light signals are received at the midpoint simultaneously, the clocks are synchronous at the instant of measurement. (In the relativity theory, it is assumed that we can determine whether two events that occur at the same point in space are simultaneous.) This way, we can construct a network of synchronous clocks. All this is elementary, and even the most conservative Newtonian physicist would find nothing disturbing about it. It is with the next step that the revolution begins.

The question is: Can this procedure be applied to two clocks that are in motion with respect to each other, and, if so, what is the result? In arriving at an answer, Einstein made a hypothesis that at first sight is rather startling but that has been confirmed by every experimental test of it ever carried out. This is that the speed of light as measured by an observer is the same no mat-

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ter at what speed the object emitting the light is travelling with respect to *that observer, provided only that* the light source is moving uniformly. This principle says, in other words, that if we measure the speed of the light emitted by a flashlight, this speed will always be the same, no matter how rapidly the flashlight is moving with respect to us when it emits the light. (It is well known that light emitted by a moving source shifts in color—the Doppler shift. If the source is moving toward the observer, the light is shifted toward the blue end of the spectrum, because its frequency is increased and its wavelength is decreased; however, these two shifts compensate in such a way that the speed remains the same.)

Direct experimental evidence can now be given for this "principle of constancy;" the most dramatic example is found in the light coming from double stars. These are pairs of stars that move in orbits around each other. Clearly, there are parts of the orbital path in which each of the stars is moving toward the earth and parts in which it is moving away. It is easily proved that if the speed of light differed at these two places in the orbit, the observer on earth would see various "ghost" images of the moving star; it would appear to be in two places at once. Such images are not observed, though, and this is conclusive evidence in favor of the principle of constancy. What is remarkable about this evidence is that it was not known until *after* Einstein's relativity theory was proposed, and neither were any of the other forms of evidence usually cited. The double-star observations, for example, were carried out by the Dutch astronomer Willem de Sitter in 1913. In formulating this principle, Einstein was again guided by his intuition about what was simple and correct. The Maxwell equations contain the principle of constancy, but because they conflict with the equations of Newtonian mechanics Einstein had to guess which equations were right. In the early nineteen-fifties, Einstein commented on this in a conversation with the physicist R. S. Shankland, who had asked him about the principle of constancy. In 1905, Shankland knew, there were other suggestions for electromagnetic equations besides Maxwell's that the confusion in the experimental situation did not rule out. Shankland writes:

> [Einstein omitted these other suggestions] because he could think of no form of differential equation which could have solutions representing waves whose velocity depended on the motion of the source. In this case the emission theory would lead to phase relations such that the propagated light would be all badly "mixed up" and might even "back up on itself." He asked me, "Do you understand that?" I said no and he carefully repeated it all. When he came again to the "mixed up" part he waved his hands before his face and laughed, an open hearty laugh at the idea.
>
> Then he continued, "The theoretical possibilities in a given case are relatively few and relatively simple, and among them the choice can often be made by quite general arguments. Considering these tells us what is possible but does not tell us what reality is."

To return to the question of synchronizing a clock at rest with a moving clock, this ultimately comes down to the question whether two events that are seen as simultaneous by an observer at rest will also appear simultaneous to a moving observer. Let us imagine that we have an observer at rest stationed at the midpoint between two clocks at rest, and that when we begin the experiment we have a moving observer just passing this midpoint. According to plan, a light signal is fired from each clock when it reads 7. The midpoint observer sees the two signals arrive simultaneously a short while later. The moving observer, however, does not see them arrive simultaneously. Because he is moving toward one light signal and away from the other, the distance that one signal travels before it meets him is less than the distance the other signal travels, and since, according to the principle of constancy, the two signals are moving at the same speed, the one signal will reach him before the other one. The moving observer will claim that the events are not simultaneous, and thus that the clocks are not synchronized. In other words, the moving observer and the observer at rest will not agree on the settings of the clocks. Time in the moving frame will differ from time in the rest frame. This is a consequence of the fact that light does not move with infinite speed. Until Einstein made his analysis, it had been tacitly assumed that the rate of a given clock was the same whether or not the clock was in motion. Having raised this question, Einstein went on in his paper to derive the mathematical formula that predicts how the rate of a given moving clock is related to that of a clock at rest. This derivation uses the principles of relativity and constancy, but it is extraordinarily simple from a mathematical point of view. The logic is subtle, but there is not a single mathematical step that cannot be followed by some-

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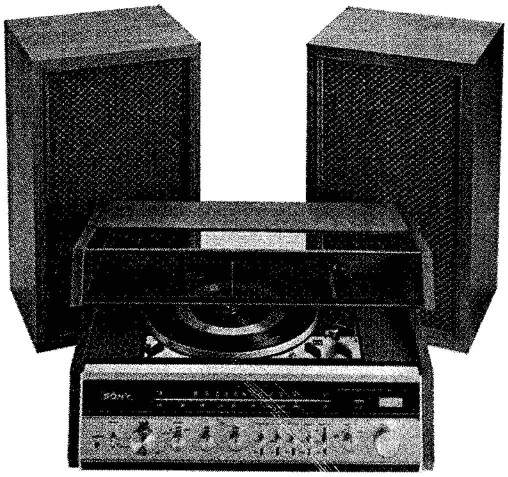

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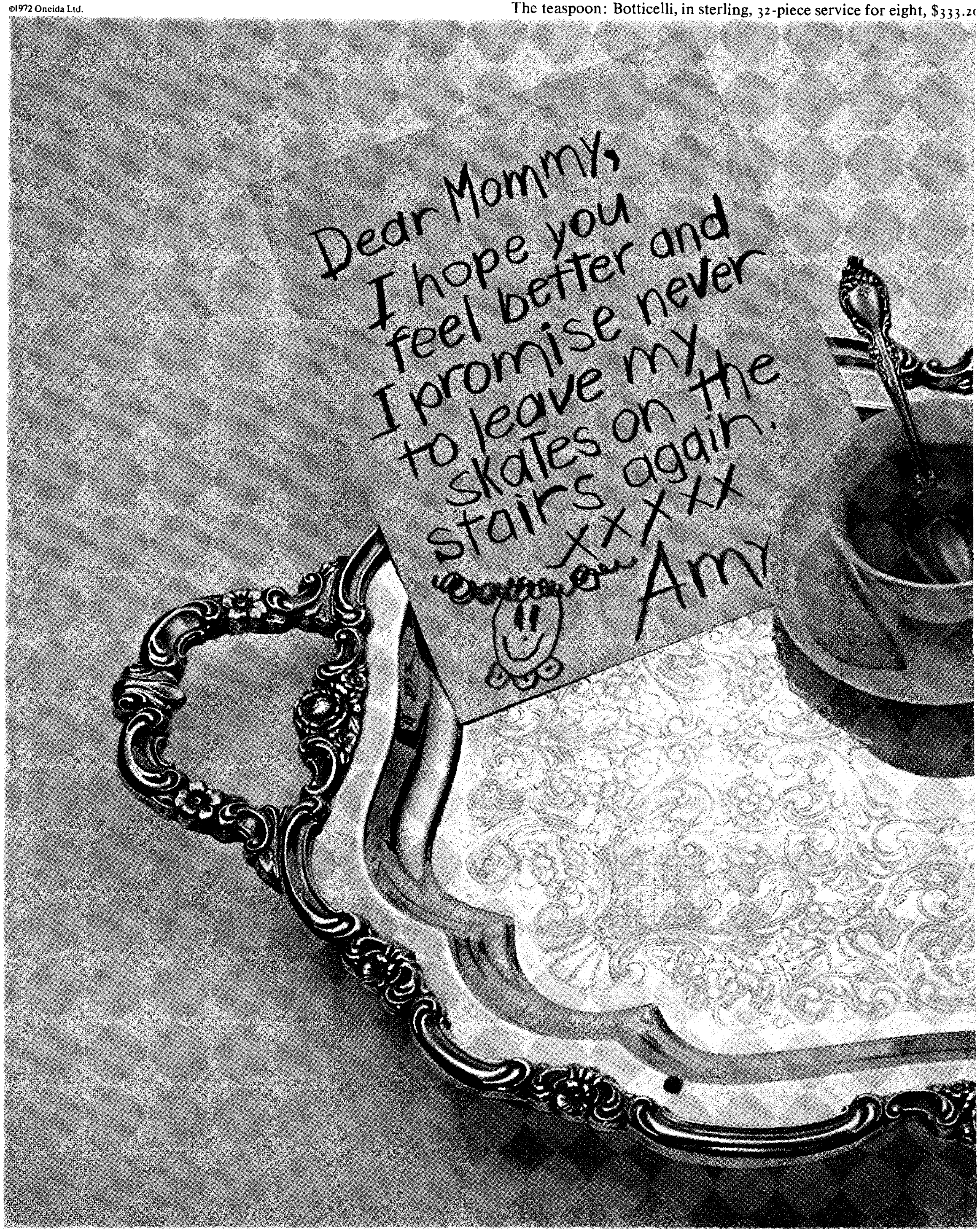
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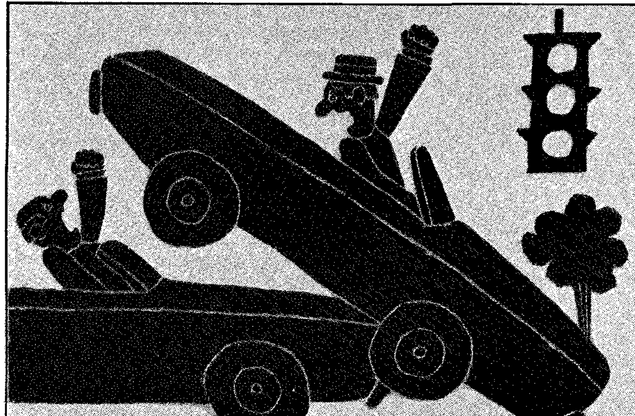

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one with a knowledge of high-school algebra.

To show that the rate of a moving clock is slower than that of a clock at rest, we can imagine a particularly simple form of clock. Consider two mirrors separated by a certain distance, and imagine that we have set off a light signal between the mirrors. The light will bounce back and forth between the mirrors at a regular rate, since the speed of light is constant. In principle, this is a perfectly good clock, and we can make it as precise as we like by decreasing the distance between the mirrors. Now, suppose we attach one mirror to the floor of a very large boxcar and attach the other mirror to the ceiling and then move the boxcar along a railroad track while we remain beside the track, at rest. Suppose the light starts off from the lower mirror. When the boxcar is at rest, the light, as we see it, will simply have to follow a straight-line path at right angles to the lower mirror to hit the upper one. When the mirrors are in motion with respect to us, however, we will see the light start off at an angle from the lower mirror to catch the upper one. In fact, to make the round trip, as we view it from our spot at rest, the light will have to follow a triangular path, which is obviously longer than the path it would follow if the system were at rest with respect to us. Since, according to the principle of constancy, the speed of light is the same whether the clock is in motion or at rest, we would say, having observed it in both states, that the time of the round trip is longer for the clock that is in motion. Hence, we would argue that the period of the light clock is longer when the clock is moving than when it is at rest. Using nothing more complicated than the Pythagorean theorem, one can make this argument quantitative and derive the mathematical expression relating the two clocks. This expression will be identical to Einstein's general expression for the behavior of *any* clocks, since nothing in his arguments depends on how the clocks are constructed. One feature of this expression is especially interesting; namely, that it ceases to make sense if the clock is moving faster than the speed of light. More exactly, the period of the moving clock becomes longer and longer, in the view of an observer at rest, as the clock's speed approaches that of light, and if the clock could attain the speed of light the period observed by the observer at rest would become infinite. The speed of light is thus a natural speed limit in the theory, and such a limit is needed to avoid the paradox that Einstein discovered at the age of sixteen.

Although these arguments are correct, it would be hopeless to try to test them by running past someone's wristwatch. These relativistic effects are, typically, of an order of magnitude of the square of the speed of (in this case) the clock to the speed of light, and hence for normal everyday terrestrial velocities exceedingly small. Using Einstein's formula, one can show that if the clock moved at, for example, half the speed of light—ninety-three thousand miles a second—it would appear to be slowed down by about thirteen per cent. For terrestrial speeds of as much as a few hundred miles an hour, the effect is, from a practical point of view, negligible.

In the high-energy physics of elementary particles, however, this time retardation plays a crucial role, and a readily observable one. Most of the so-called elementary particles are unstable and decay into stable particles. The decaying particles have what is called a half-life—the amount of time it takes half of any given sample to decay. This half-life makes a particle a kind of clock, and so, according to the theory, a sample that is in motion should decay with a longer half-life than a sample at rest. In big atomic accelerators, one makes such particles by the million, and when these emerge from the accelerator they are often moving at speeds that differ from the speed of light by tiny fractions of a per cent. It is possible to measure the half-life of such a beam and to compare it with the half-life of an equivalent sample of the same particles that have been brought to rest before they decay. In this case, the two half-lives differ substantially: the result is in perfect agreement with the theory of relativity.

EINSTEIN stressed throughout his life the idea that the natural universe is subtle and complex but also that there is beauty—and, indeed, "simplicity"—in the laws that underlie its behavior. He once said, "*Raffiniert ist der Herr Gott aber boshaft ist er nicht*"—"God is sophisticated but he is not malicious." He never tired of trying to make the formulation of his own ideas more beautiful by simplifying them. In 1943, during the Second World War, Einstein was approached by the Book and Author Committee of the Fourth War Loan Drive with the suggestion that if he still had the original manuscript of his 1905 paper on the

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special theory of relativity, and if he was willing, it might be auctioned off at a rally to raise money for the war effort. Einstein said that he would have been perfectly willing but that the original manuscript had been thrown away in 1905, just after the paper was printed. However, he did have the manuscript of a new paper, "Bivector Fields II." He presented the new manuscript to the committee (on February 3, 1944, it was sold at a War Bond auction in Kansas City for five million dollars, to W. T. Kemper, Jr., a custodian of insurance funds, and was then placed in the Library of Congress), and then he had an idea: he would copy out by hand the entire relativity article—twenty-eight pages—from the 1905 *Annalen der Physik*, and it could be sold as a facsimile (at the same War Bond rally, it was sold to the Kansas City Life Insurance Company for six and a half million dollars and was also turned over to the Library of Congress). Einstein asked Helen Dukas, his secretary, to read the manuscript to him, since he had forgotten exactly how he had put the various arguments. At one point while Miss Dukas was reading, Einstein interrupted her to ask if that was actually what he had written. Having been assured that it was, he remarked that he now realized that he could have said some of it more simply.

Late in November of 1915, the world-renowned German physicist Arnold Sommerfeld, who was teaching in Munich, received a response to several letters he had written to Albert Einstein, who was then a professor in Berlin. Einstein wrote:

> During the last month, I experienced one of the most exciting and most exacting times of my life, true enough, also one of the most successful. Writing was out of the question.
>
> For I realized that all of my field equations of gravitation up till now were entirely without support. Instead of that the following points of departure turned up. . . .
>
> After all confidence in the former theory has thus disappeared, I saw clearly that a satisfactory solution could be found only by means of a connection with the universal theory of covariants of Riemann. . . . The final result is as follows. . . .
>
> Now the marvellous thing which I experienced was the fact that not only did Newton's theory result as first approximation but also the perihelion motion of Mercury (43″ per century) as second approximation. For the deflection of light by the sun twice the former amount resulted.

In other words, Einstein had just worked out the general theory of relativity, on which he had been laboring

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since 1905. This was a generalization of his special theory of relativity—"special" because it applied only to uniformly moving systems. The general theory, which many physicists believe to be the most nearly perfect, and thus the most aesthetically beautiful, creation in the history of physics—and perhaps in all science—has now replaced Newton's theory of universal gravitation. It has cleared up some anomalies in the behavior of planetary orbits ("the perihelion motion of Mercury"); has led to important predictions (for instance, that light rays are bent by the gravitational attraction of the sun); has become the basis of all modern cosmology, including the theory of the expanding universe; and is at present—with the discovery of pulsars and the conjectured existence of "black holes" of gravitation—again at the center of scientific interest. Its methodology is so different from anything that happened before or since that even now, nearly sixty years later, scientists are not quite sure how to fit it in with the rest of physics. It is small wonder that Sommerfeld reacted, in his phrase, "somewhat incredulously" to Einstein's letter. On February 8, 1916, Einstein, mindful of Sommerfeld's doubts, wrote him a postcard that said, "Of the general theory of relativity you will be convinced once you have studied it. Therefore, I am not going to defend it with a single word."

At the time of this correspondence, Einstein was thirty-six years old, and was widely recognized by his scientific contemporaries as a creative genius. A few years earlier, Max Planck, the progenitor of the quantum theory and one of the world's leading physicists, had written in a letter of recommendation for Einstein, "If Einstein's theory [the special theory of relativity] should prove to be correct, as I expect it will, he will be considered the Copernicus of the twentieth century." Einstein's personal fortunes had improved considerably since the publication of his first theory of relativity. In 1905, even after the publication of his relativity paper, he was working—a full eight-hour day, apparently, and at an annual salary of thirty-five hundred Swiss francs, or about seven hundred dollars—examining patent applications in Bern; his research in physics was done in his free time. Now, in 1915-16, he was the director of the newly formed Kaiser Wilhelm Institute for Physics, he was a member of the Prussian Academy of Sciences, and he held the title of professor at the University of Berlin; he had no official academic obligations, however, and could divide

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his time between research and teaching in any way he saw fit. From all accounts, *none* of this had the slightest effect on Einstein's way of life. He had no interest in the social events that were meant to be an essential part of the life of a great German professor, and in every way, according to the physicist Philipp Frank, who was then a professor of physics in Prague and saw a good deal of him, he resembled nobody so much as one of those bohemian violinists who frequented the cafés where both he and Professor Frank spent a fair amount of their spare time.

I once asked Professor Frank whether the Einstein of this period would have seemed bright if one engaged him in conversation or met with him in a physics colloquium. In asking this question, I had it in mind that even the greatest of physicists come in all varieties: some are incredibly quick, some are not; some take themselves extremely seriously, some do not; some are full of humor, some are not. I was curious to know where the young Einstein fitted into this spectrum. The Einstein of the postwar years in America—he was then in his sixties—had assumed, as naturally as he did everything else, the aura of an Old Testament prophet. In the pictures I had seen of him, his eyes suggested that he was carrying the burdens of the world. But in his early days he was, Professor Frank said, "very bright" and was much given to jokes. There was a sense of irrepressible joy and gaiety about him, combined with a sense of profound inner serenity and an all but impenetrable wall of reserve. In a biography that Professor Frank published in 1947, he said:

> The immediate impression that Einstein made on his environment was a conflicting one. He behaved in the same way to everybody. The tone with which he talked to the leading officials of the university was the same as that with which he spoke to his grocer or to the scrubwoman in the laboratory. As a result of his great scientific discoveries, Einstein had already acquired a profound inner feeling of security. The pressure that had often burdened his youth was gone. He now saw himself in the midst of the work to which he was going to devote his life and to which he felt himself equal. Alongside this work the problems of daily life did not appear very important. Actually he found it very difficult to take them seriously. His attitude in intercourse with other people, consequently, was on the whole one of amusement. He saw everyday matters in a somewhat comical light, and something of this attitude manifested itself in every word he spoke; his sense of humor was readily apparent. When someone said something funny, whether intentionally or not, Einstein's response was very animated. The laughter that welled

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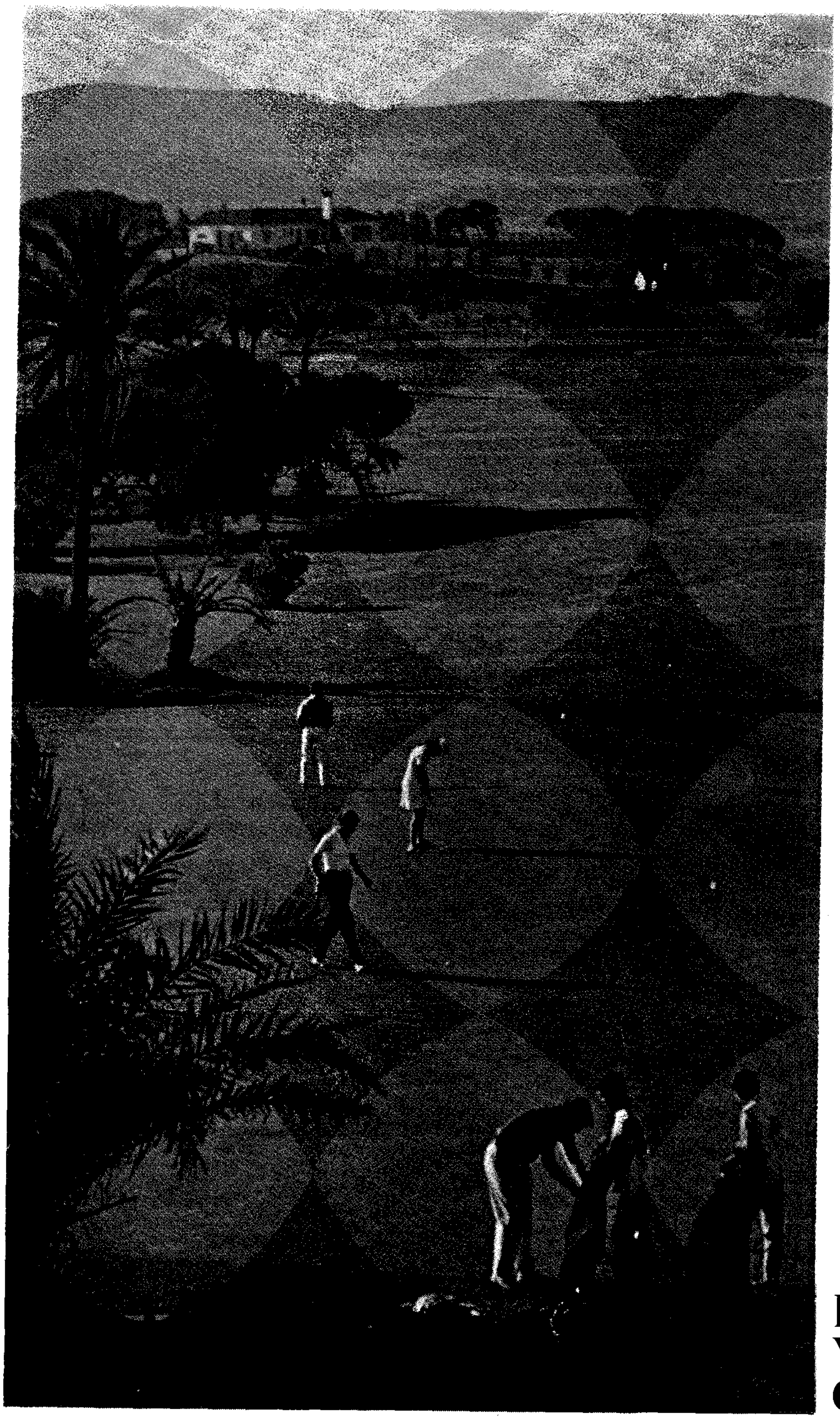

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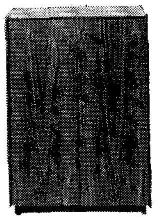
up from the very depth of his being was one of his characteristics that immediately attracted one's attention. To those about him his laughter was a source of joy and added to their vitality. Yet sometimes one felt that it contained an element of criticism, which was unpleasant for some. Persons who occupied an important social position frequently had no desire to belong to a world whose ridiculousness in comparison to the greater problems of nature was reflected in this laughter. But people of lesser rank were always pleased by Einstein's personality.

Despite what Professor Frank has referred to as Einstein's "rabbinical" appearance, his personality retained at least some of this mischievous and puckish aspect to the end. Abraham Pais, then a colleague of Einstein's at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton and now a professor at Rockefeller University, visited him regularly from 1947 until half a year before his death, and later wrote in a letter:

> We discussed physics; very often it concerned the foundations of quantum mechanics. On a number of occasions, Gödel, the logician, would join in. Even though there was not much of an agreement, I would always come away feeling better for these talks. On one occasion, I told Einstein a joke to which he responded with one of the most extraordinary kinds of laughter I have ever heard, then or since. It was rather like the barking of a seal. It was a happy laughter. From that time on, I would save a good story for our next meeting, for the sheer pleasure of Einstein's laugh, which would light up his face and make him look almost like a boy enjoying a good prank.

Einstein had begun the serious study of physics at the Swiss Federal Polytechnic School in 1896. His career there was erratic, for he pursued most of his studies—which included much laboratory experiment—on his own. Unlike many theoretical physicists, Einstein seemed to be quite at home in the laboratory, and he retained throughout his life a fondness for scientific gadgets. (He never developed any interest in chess or mathematical puzzles—common forms of recreation for theoretical physicists—but he liked figuring out how new inventions worked.) Late in life, he reminisced about his experience at the Polytechnic. In his 1946 autobiographical essay, he wrote:

> There I had excellent teachers (for example, Hurwitz, Minkowski), so that I really could have gotten a sound mathematical education. However, I worked most of the time in the physical laboratory, fascinated by the direct contact with experience. The balance of the time I used in the main in order to study at home the works of Kirchoff, Helmholtz, Hertz, etc.... The hitch in this was, of course, the fact that one had to cram all this stuff into one's mind for the examina-



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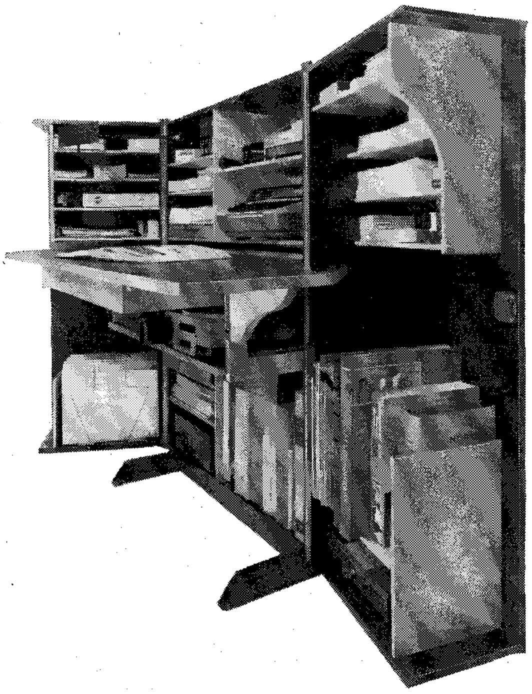

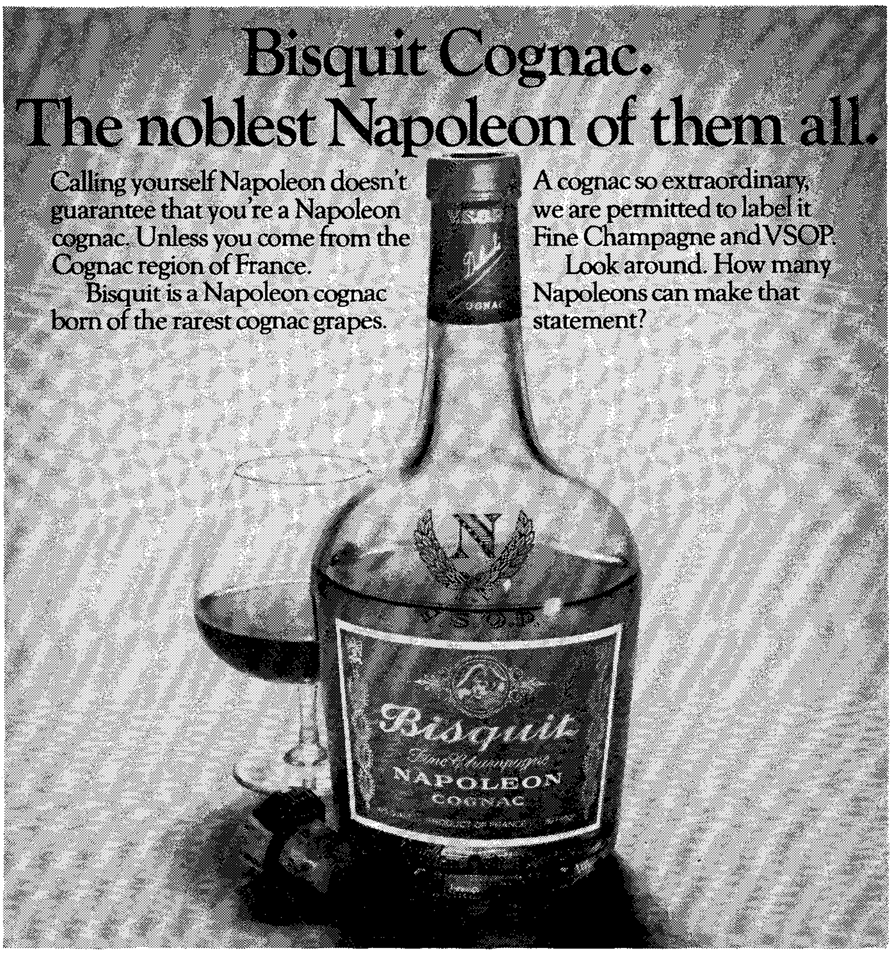

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tions, whether one liked it or not. This coercion had such a deterring effect that, after I had passed the final examination, I found the consideration of any scientific problems distasteful to me for an entire year. In justice I must add, moreover, that in Switzerland we had to suffer far less under such coercion, which smothers every truly scientific impulse, than is the case in many another locality. There were altogether only two examinations; aside from these, one could just about do as one pleased. This was especially the case if one had a friend, as did I, who attended the lectures regularly and who worked over their content conscientiously. This gave one freedom in the choice of pursuits until a few months before the examination, a freedom which I enjoyed to a great extent and have gladly taken into the bargain the bad conscience connected with it as by far the lesser evil. It is, in fact, nothing short of a miracle that the modern methods of instruction have not yet entirely strangled the holy curiosity of inquiry; for this delicate little plant, aside from stimulation, stands mainly in need of freedom; without this it goes to wreck and ruin without fail.

Among Einstein's student friends was Mileva Marić, a woman of Serbian and Greek Orthodox background, who had come from Hungary to study in Zurich. She and Einstein were married in 1903. Einstein was a student in a section of the Polytechnic whose primary function was to train science schoolteachers; in other words, he was studying to be not a physicist but a high-school physics teacher. He was receiving a hundred Swiss francs a month—nineteen dollars—from a relative, of which he put aside twenty toward the cost of obtaining citizenship in the canton of Zurich; each canton charged a fee for the non-Swiss-born to acquire citizenship. Einstein, because of his distaste for German militarism, which had already reflected itself in the atmosphere of secondary-school education, had been stateless since 1895; he finally became a Swiss citizen in February of 1901, the year after he graduated from the Polytechnic. His only hope of going on for advanced training was to obtain some sort of assistantship, from a professor at the Polytechnic or elsewhere. This hope was frustrated when, after his graduation, his teachers failed to hire him for such a position. He found a temporary teaching job at a technical high school in Winterthur, near Zurich, but it lasted only a few months, and he next answered a want ad for someone to tutor young students in a boarding school in Schaffhausen. This job also lasted a short time: Einstein soon convinced his charges that the *Gymnasium* education they were receiving was stifling; when he asked to be given the full responsibility for the education of the boys, he was fired. In 1902, Einstein was taken on by the Bern patent office, where he remained for the next seven years. He now had enough financial security to marry. Ultimately, the marriage was not successful; the Einsteins were separated in 1914 and divorced in 1919. They had two sons—Hans Albert, who was born in 1904 and is now a professor of hydraulic engineering at the University of California at Berkeley, and Eduard, who was born in 1910 and died in 1965.

The picture of Einstein that emerges from these early years is one of a young man largely self-educated, bound by neither a religious nor a national tradition, and above all accustomed almost from childhood to making and acting on his own judgments. During his years in the patent office, he worked under conditions that a scientist today would find all but impossible. He had very little contact with professional physicists, and none of the books and journals he needed for his work were available at the patent office or even at the library of Bern's university. He was without guidance from senior colleagues, and without encouragement as well. In physics, as in the other aspects of his life, he had to be self-reliant. There was no one else for him to rely on.

It is doubtful whether a present-day physics journal would publish a paper written in the style of "Zur Elektrodynamik Bewegter Körper," Einstein's 1905 paper on relativity. Nearly all the ideas and many of the formulas in that paper bear at least a distant relationship to work that had been done by other physicists—most notably Lorentz and the French polymath Henri Poincaré—but Einstein made not a single reference to these men, and the similarity, more apparent than real, between Einstein's work and that of his immediate predecessors has led some historians of science to denigrate Einstein's contributions. But, given the way he was living, and his educational and professional background, it is likely that most of the work of other physicists was unknown to him. Although Einstein was in correspondence with many of the leading physicists in Europe within a few years after his paper was published, he once remarked that he did not meet a real physicist until he was thirty years old. The only person he was able to discuss his ideas with was an engineer, Michele Besso, who was a fellow-employee at the patent office, and whom Einstein

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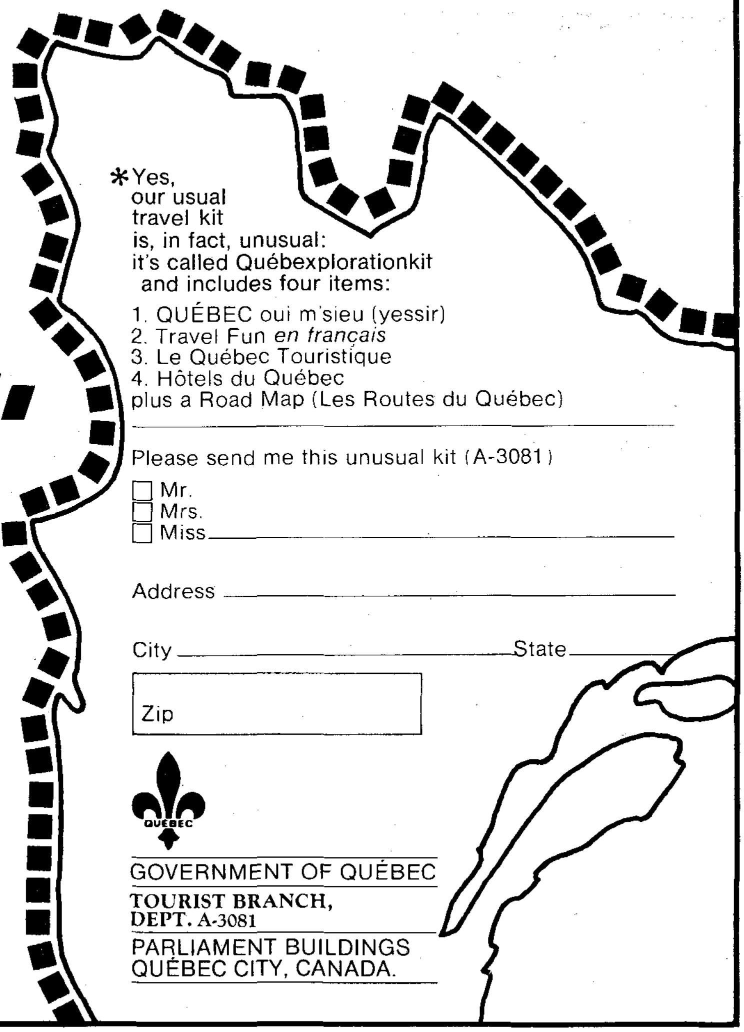

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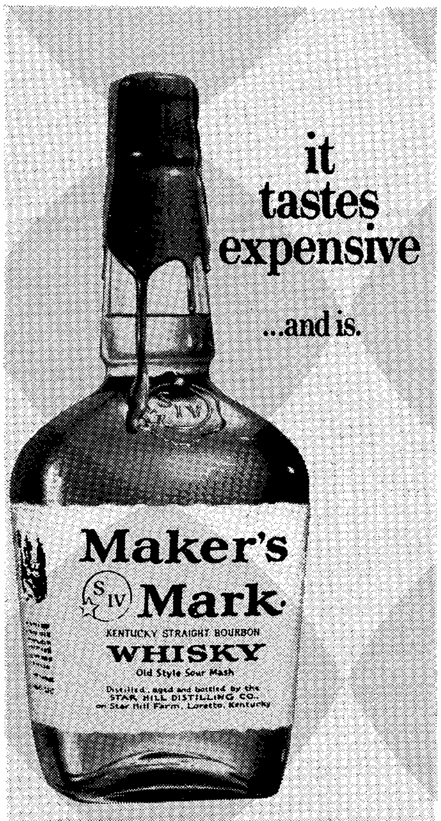

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had known since his student days in Zurich. He immortalized Besso in the last sentence of his 1905 paper: "In conclusion, I wish to say that in working at the problem here dealt with I have had the loyal assistance of my friend and colleague M. Besso, and that I am indebted to him for several valuable suggestions."

THE distinction between Einstein's methodology and that of his contemporaries can be made clearer through the physics of time. The physicists of the nineteenth century inherited a vague concept of "absolute time" (and "absolute space" as well) that can be traced back to the common-sense physics of the Greeks. Aristotle's characterization of time in "The Physics," which reads, ". . . 'the passage of time' is current everywhere alike and is in relation with everything," hardly differs from that given in Newton's celebrated first scholium in the "Principia," in 1687: "Absolute, true, and mathematical time, of itself, and from its own nature, flows equably without relation to anything external, and by another name is called duration." Newton never doubted the existence of this "absolute time," and he compared it with "relative, apparent, and common time," defining the latter as "some sensible and external (whether accurate or unequable) measure of duration by the means of motion, which is commonly used instead of true time; such as an hour, a day, a month, a year." In other words, Newton attempted to distinguish between "common" time, which is measured by clocks, and some sort of "absolute" time, whose primary existence was in the consciousness of God.

Until the end of the nineteenth century, physicists had little reason to question the idea of an absolute time that would be the same to all observers. This question came up somewhat indirectly in Lorentz's attempt to derive the Lorentz-FitzGerald contraction from an electrodynamic model of matter, and then more directly in the work of Poincaré. First, to Lorentz. Lorentz worked on his idea for explaining the contraction for over ten years, and in 1904 he published a paper—"Electromagnetic Phenomena in a System Moving with Any Velocity Less Than That of Light"—that contained the most sophisticated version of his theory. In the paper, he made the assumption that electrons were charged spheres and that they contracted into ellipsoids when they were in motion; by means of this primal contraction he

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sought to explain the over-all contraction of material objects composed of them. In the course of his argument, he found it useful to introduce a novel concept that he called "local time." This was the time measured in the coordinates appropriate to a moving object. For Lorentz, the introduction of this local time was a kind of mathematical trick to simplify the Maxwell equations when he was doing computations for material objects in motion. He did not attempt to attach any experimental meaning to the term "local time." "True time"—the only time he recognized as having physical significance—was time measured by an observer at rest in the ether. In a paper published before 1904, he had presented an approximate version of the transformation from true time to local time, valid for velocities that were small compared to that of light, but in the 1904 paper he gave an exact transformation law valid for *any* velocity less than that of light. These transformations play an important role in Lorentz's computation, but basically as mathematical auxiliaries, whose physical significance is obscure. It was only after Einstein published his 1905 paper that the real meaning of the Lorentz transformations became clear.

The situation with Poincaré is more remarkable. As one reads, for example, a lecture like "The Principles of Mathematical Physics," which Poincaré delivered in 1904 at the International Congress of Arts and Sciences, in St. Louis—a year before Einstein's paper—one is continually baffled as to why Poincaré did not invent the relativity theory. In the first place, he gives a lucid statement of the "principle of relativity" itself: "The principle of relativity [is that according to which] the laws of physical phenomena should be the same, whether for an observer fixed, or for an observer carried along in a uniform movement of translation; so that we have not and could not have any means of discerning whether or not we are carried along in such a motion." Poincaré then cites the evidence for the principle—in particular the work of Michelson, who "has pushed precision to its last limits." However, Poincaré makes clear in the very next sentence what distinguished his thinking from that of Einstein. The principle of relativity *is to be explained*, and to do so "mathematicians are forced today to employ all their ingenuity." This, as Poincaré viewed it, was what Lorentz was attempting to do with his dynamic explanation of the Lorentz contraction, although Poincaré indicates that he felt

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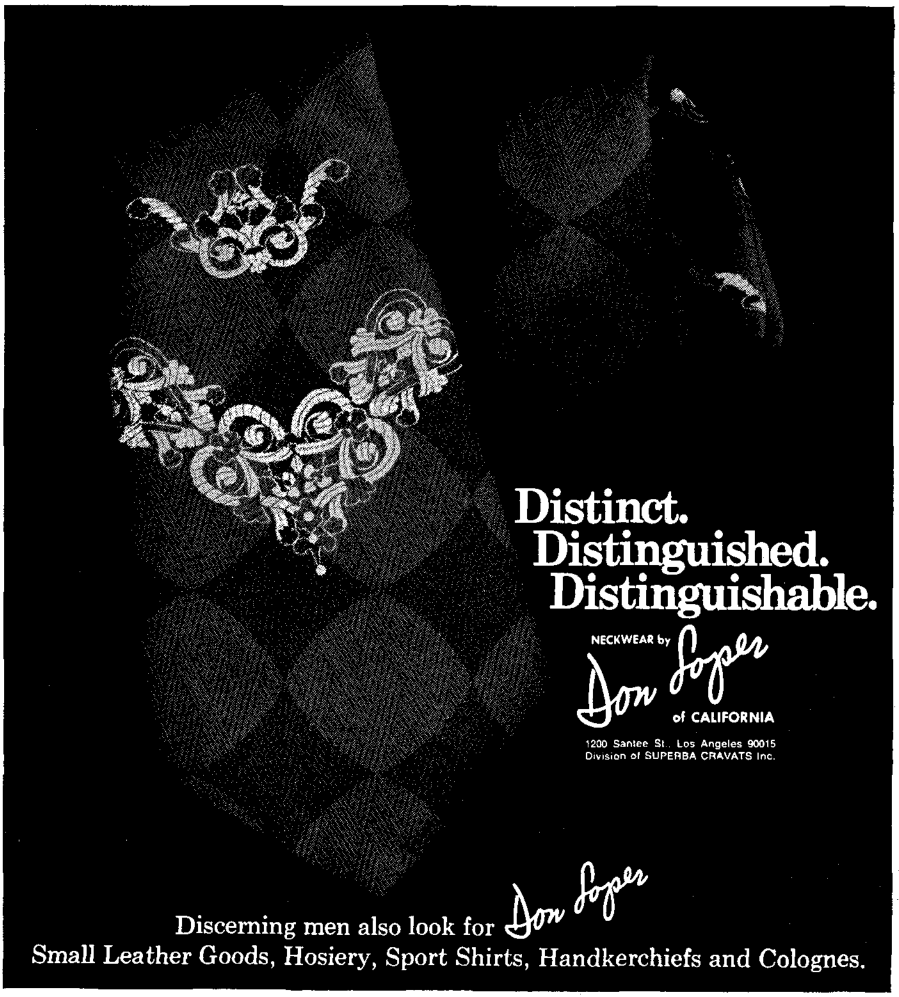

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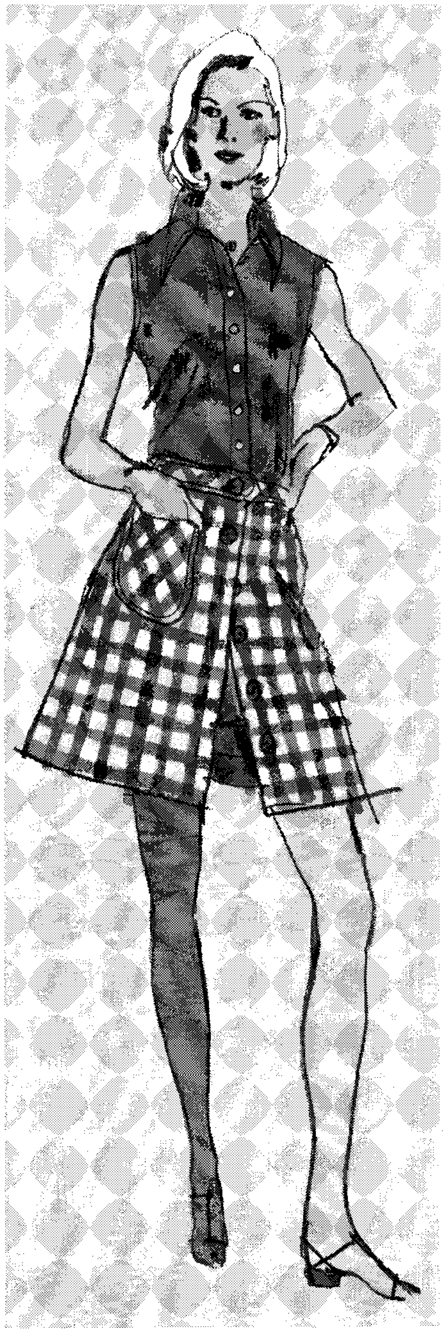

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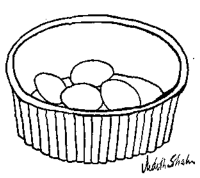
Lorentz had used too many arbitrary hypotheses. He then discusses Lorentz's "local time," and points out that it can be understood in terms of an analysis of simultaneity, much in the spirit of Einstein's. Moreover, he had a clear appreciation of the fact that since the Lorentz transformations ceased to make sense when the velocities exceeded that of light, a new mechanical theory—replacing Newton's—must be found in which this would be a feature. "Perhaps, likewise we should construct a whole new mechanics of which we only succeed in catching a glimpse, where inertia increasing with the velocity, the velocity of light would become an impassable limit." Two paragraphs later the lecture ends, the "new mechanics" an unrealized hope and conjecture.



In creating the "new mechanics," Einstein managed to stand much of this on its head. In the first place, he threw out the ether altogether. The only mention of ether in Einstein's 1905 paper is in a now famous sentence in the second paragraph: "The introduction of a 'luminiferous ether' will prove to be superfluous inasmuch as the view here to be developed will not require an 'absolutely stationary space.' " In the second place, in Einstein's formulation the principle of relativity is not something to be deduced from the theory but something that forms part of the axiomatic basis of the theory, from which conclusions are to be deduced. This is not to say that the principle of relativity cannot be experimentally tested. If the conclusions that are deduced from the principle disagree with experiment, then the principle must be wrong.

Among the first conclusions to emerge in Einstein's paper were the Lorentz transformation equations themselves (which Einstein had apparently not known of). These transformations give the relation between the space and time coördinates in the moving and the rest frames; in particular, they define the "local time" in terms of the time measured in any given rest frame. From Einstein's point of view, local time is not a mathematical trick but is inherent in the notion of time as something measured by clocks. It is possible to synchronize clocks that are at rest with respect to each other but are separated by large distances. This procedure, however, leads to the conclusion that moving clocks cannot be synchronized with clocks at rest but, as seen by an observer at rest, are "slow."

The Lorentz-FitzGerald contraction also emerges from the general Lorentz transformation equations. From the point of view of Einsteinian relativity, it is not needed for the explanation of the Michelson-Morley experiment, since this experiment takes place in what can be regarded, practically speaking, as a nonaccelerating frame of reference. In Einstein's theory, the contraction is not attributable to any particular model of the forces that hold matter together but is a feature of a careful "operational definition" of what is meant by "length." The contraction of "length" is built into the procedure by which lengths are measured by rulers, just as the dilation of "time" has to do not with the material construction of a given clock but, rather, with the procedure involved in the comparison of the readings of clocks. To put things baldly, any model of matter consistent with Einstein's postulates, which yield the Lorentz transformations, must produce the Lorentz contraction. The Maxwell equations are invariant under the Lorentz transformations; that is the mathematically precise way of saying that they are not altered in form when the space and time coördinates appearing in them are subjected to a Lorentz transformation, provided that the electromagnetic fields in the equations are also transformed suitably. Hence, any electrodynamic model of matter consistent with invariance under the Lorentz transformations will have the Lorentz contraction as a feature. But so will any other model that is relativistically invariant. The Lorentz contraction is difficult to check by direct experiment, but indirect checks abound. In particular, since velocity is the ratio of distance to time, and since both distance and time are affected by the Lorentz transformations, one would expect velocity to be affected also. This is the case. In Newtonian physics, a man on a train running at a speed of three miles an hour with respect to the train, which, in turn, is moving at five miles an hour with respect to the ground, will have a speed of eight miles an hour with respect to the ground. This is known as the Newtonian addition theorem for velocities. In Einstein's theory, the Newtonian addition theorem is replaced by a new one, which is essentially identical to it when all the velocities involved are small with respect to that of light. When the velocities approach that of light, however, the new theorem gives completely different results. In particular, any velocity added to the velocity of light is still the velocity of light, which

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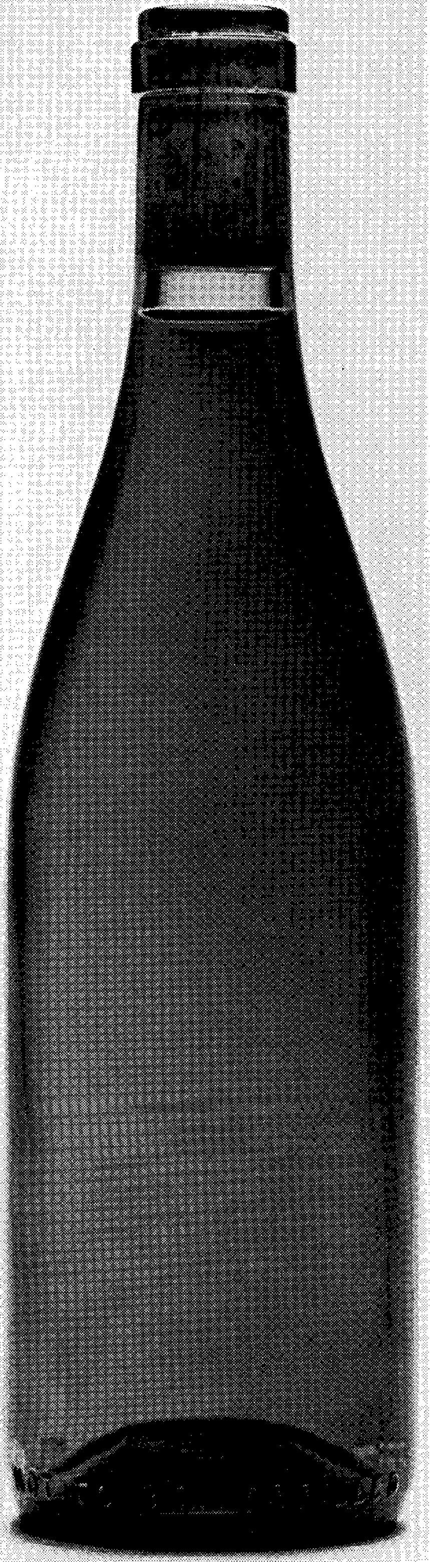

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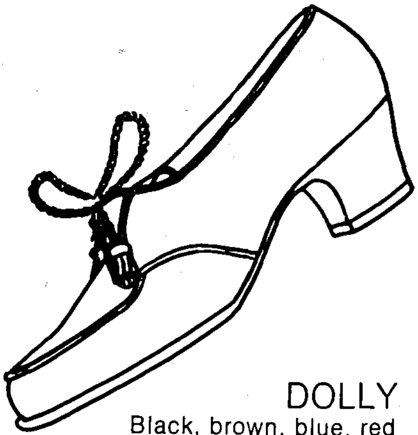

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In Einstein's paper, these results are produced by simple, general arguments, as opposed to long calculations of the type that Einstein's contemporaries were accustomed to, and this fact made it difficult for most of them to understand at first what he was doing. Not only had he arrived at new results but he had introduced a new way of thinking about physical problems.

ONE of the most significant aspects of Einstein's 1905 paper is the natural unity it gives to the concepts of electricity and magnetism. The unity is contained in the Maxwell equations, but the relativity theory provides a novel way of looking at it. This can be most clearly illustrated by considering a single electron. If we are at rest with respect to this electron, it produces a pure electric force. We can test this by taking another electron initially at rest with respect to the first and observing that these two particles repel each other according to Coulomb's Law—discovered by the French physicist Charles Augustin de Coulomb in 1785—which gives the quantitative formula for a purely electrical force. (If a magnetic compass is brought into the vicinity of such a purely electric force, it will not react.) Once the electron is set in motion, however, the electric force is modified, and in addition the electron generates a magnetic force. This fact was known before Einstein published the relativity theory, but in his paper he demonstrates that the two situations are simply related to each other by a Lorentz transformation. In other words, electricity and magnetism are essentially the same phenomenon—or are different aspects of the same phenomenon, and which aspect is observed depends on the velocity of the observer with respect to the electron. This had been previously understood in various ways, through the Maxwell equations and through special models for electrons, but it was only with the appearance of Einstein's theory that the connection between electricity and magnetism was fully understood.

Moreover, Einstein realized something that turns out to be of great importance in testing the theory. Put simply, it is this: A moving electron or any other object with mass is more massive when it is in motion with respect to an observer than when it is at rest with respect to that observer; in particular, as an object approaches the speed of light its mass approaches infinity. (This is the sort of thing that

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Poincaré was hinting at in his 1904 lecture.) The common-sense idea of mass is that it represents the quantity of matter in an object. How can the quantity of matter be changed by the simple act of putting the object in motion? But the quantity of matter is not exactly what a physicist means by "mass." To see what the physicist means, imagine that we have two objects—a billiard ball and a bowling ball, for example—and subject them to identical forces. According to Newton's law, each object will begin to accelerate but the accelerations will be different. The billiard ball is easier to accelerate than the bowling ball, because the bowling ball is more "massive." Precisely speaking, we define the term "inertial mass" (as opposed to "gravitational mass," which applies specifically to the response of objects to the force of gravity) as the ratio of the force acting on an object to the acceleration that the force produces. This formulation states the idea that because a bowling ball is more massive than a billiard ball it is more difficult to accelerate. When a physicist says, then, that the inertial mass of an object increases with its velocity, he means that a constant force applied to an object will have less and less success in accelerating the object as it moves faster and faster, and that as the object approaches the speed of light the force will have no success at all. Before Einstein, various physicists, as well as Poincaré, had conjectured, on the basis of specific calculations with the Maxwell equations and with various models of the electron, that something like this effect existed for electrons. In fact, in 1901 the German physicist Walter Kaufmann began a series of measurements to determine whether electrons increased in inertial mass as they were accelerated, and if so by how much. He used electrons emitted in the radioactive decay of radium. His results agreed with some theories and disagreed with others. In particular, they disagreed with the predictions of Lorentz's paper of 1904, in which the electrons were taken as tiny charged spheres that contracted into ellipsoids when they were in motion. What was more significant, they disagreed with the results of Einstein's 1905 paper, in which he had obtained Lorentz's conclusion as a straightforward prediction of the relativity theory, and one that was independent of any special model of the electron. The Harvard physicist and historian of science Gerald Holton points out in an article in *Daedalus*, the journal of the American Academy of

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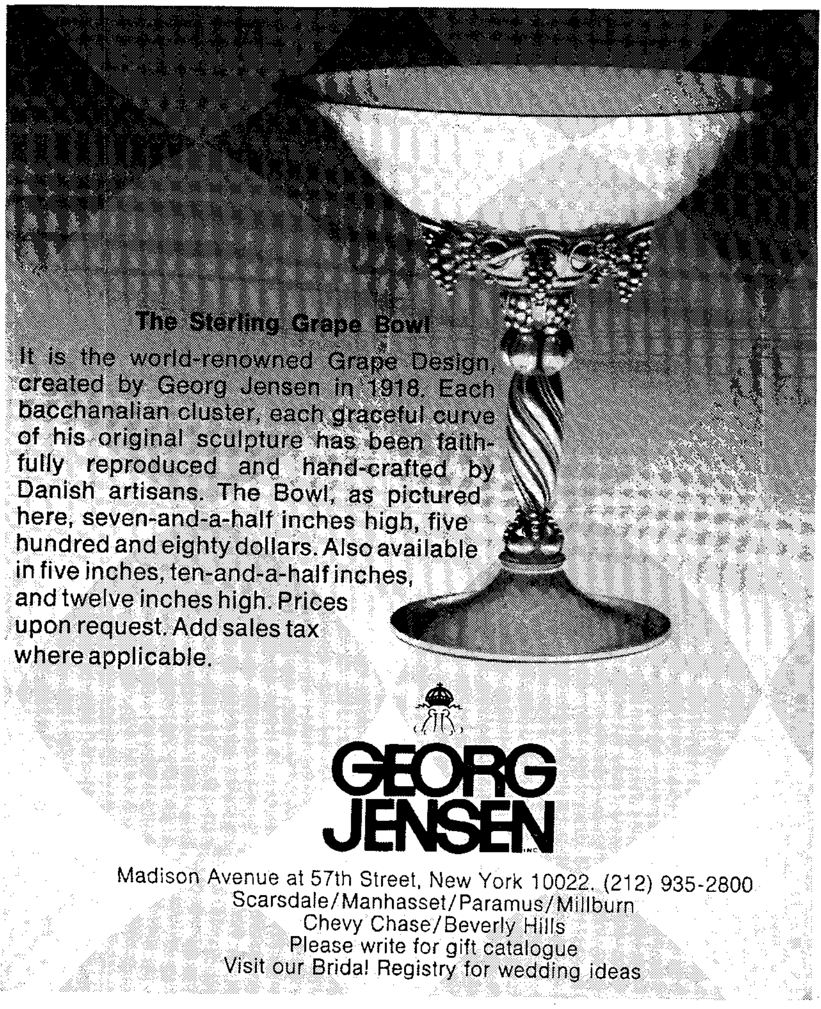

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Arts and Sciences, that the first reference in the *Annalen der Physik* to Einstein's 1905 paper is to be found in a paper by Kaufmann published in 1906, which begins with the summary statement "I anticipate right here the general result of the measurements to be described in the following: *The measurement results are not compatible with the Lorentz-Einsteinian fundamental assumptions.*" Holton continues:

> Einstein could not have known that Kaufmann's equipment was inadequate [in other words, that his experiment was wrong]. Indeed, it took ten years for this to be fully realized.... So in his discussion of 1907 [a summary article on relativity for the *Jahrbuch der Radioactivität und Elektronik*] Einstein had to acknowledge that there seemed to be small but significant differences between Kaufmann's results and Einstein's predictions. He agreed that Kaufmann's calculations seemed to be free of error but "whether there is an unsuspected systematic error or whether the foundations of relativity theory do not correspond with the facts one will be able to decide with certainty only if a great variety of observational material is at hand."

Then, in a passage that reveals Einstein's extraordinary scientific attitude, Holton notes:

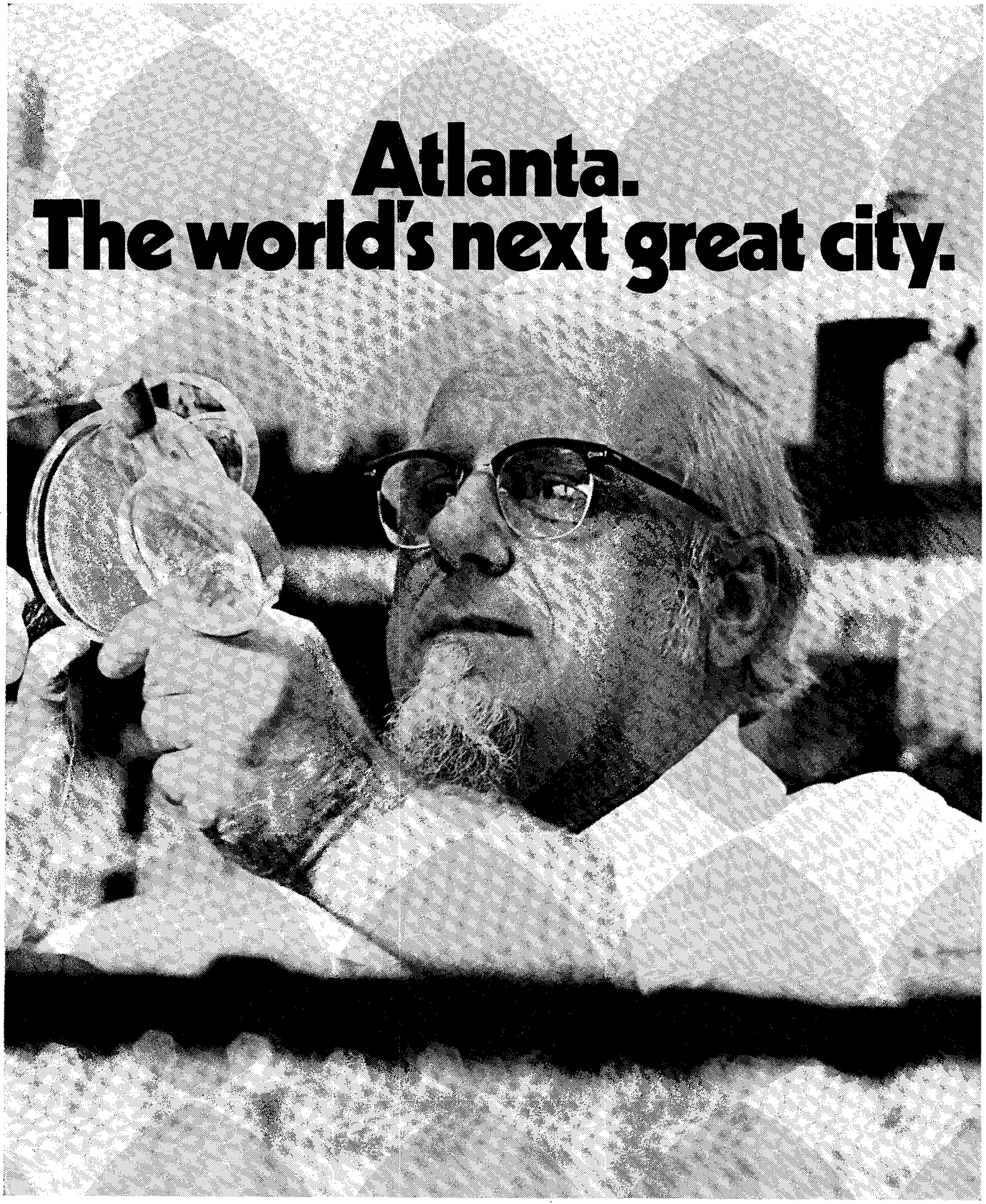
> Despite this prophetic remark, Einstein does not rest his case on it. On the contrary, he has a very different, and what for his time and situation must have been a very daring, point to make: He acknowledges that the theories of electron motion given earlier ... do give predictions considerably closer to the experimental results of Kaufmann. But Einstein refuses to let the "facts" decide the matter: "In my opinion [these] theories have a rather small probability because their fundamental assumptions concerning the mass of moving electrons are not explainable in terms of theoretical systems which embrace a greater complex of phenomena."
>
> This is the characteristic position—the crucial difference between Einstein and those who make the correspondence with experimental fact the chief deciding factor for or against a theory: Even though the "experimental facts" at that time very clearly seemed to favor the theory of his opponents rather than his own, he finds the *ad hoc* character of their theories more significant and objectionable than an apparent disagreement between his theory and their "facts."

Such an attitude—the disregard of some apparent experimental facts because they do not fit into a wide-ranging, harmonious theoretical pattern—is an attribute either of sheer genius or of pure folly. The young Einstein seemed to have such an intuition for scientific truth that he was incapable of being wrong. When, in middle age, Einstein turned the full force of this intuition against the quantum theory, many physicists would argue that it did, perhaps, border on folly.

The formula that for most laymen has become all but synonymous with Einstein's relativity theory—$E=mc^2$—is not in "Zur Elektrodynamik Bewegter Körper," except implicitly. It emerged in a remarkable three-page paper that Einstein published, also in 1905 and also in the *Annalen der Physik,* entitled "Ist die Trägheit eines Körpers von seinem Energiegehalt Abhängig?" ("Does the Inertia of a Body Depend Upon Its Energy Content?") This paper is a model of what the deductive process in physics is at its best. Like the rest of Einstein's early papers, it rests not on elaborate mathematical calculations but on the creation of a simple "thought experiment," which, when it is carefully analyzed, yields a new insight. In this case, Einstein imagined an atom or some other particle that decayed radioactively by emitting light radiation—gamma rays. Many examples of such decay are now known, but in 1905 the study of radioactivity was still in its infancy, and the specific decay that Einstein imagined had not yet been studied in detail. By applying the principle that energy and momentum had to be conserved in the decay, and by making an ingenious use of the Lorentz transformations, he was able to state that the atom that was left after the decay had to be less massive than the original atom. Furthermore, the amount of mass that was lost was just equal to E—the total energy carried away by the radiation—divided by the square of the velocity of light; or, in a formula, if m is the mass loss and c is the velocity of light, then $m=\frac{E}{c^2}$. In his words:

> If a body gives off the energy E in the form of radiation, its mass diminishes by $\frac{E}{c^2}$.

Fundamentally, the Einstein equation revealed a previously unsuspected source of energy. The mere fact that a material object has mass endows it with an energy—mc^2—that is enormous, because the velocity of light is so large. In general, this mass energy is unavailable, in the sense that it cannot be readily converted into the forms of energy—light, heat, and so on—that we can make use of. When a radioactive particle decays into, say, light radiation, this conversion is made naturally: some mass energy is converted into radiation energy. We now know that there are extreme examples, involving some of the more recently discovered "elementary particles," in which this conversion of mass into radiation energy is complete; the original particle disintegrates spontaneously, and all its mass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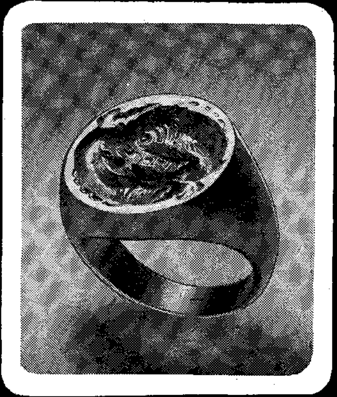

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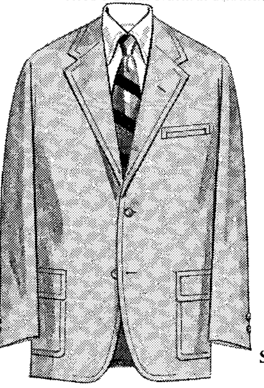

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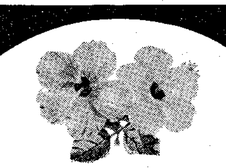
energy becomes converted into radiation energy. In such a case, one finds a specific number of gamma rays (or highly energetic light quanta), whose total energy equals the mass energy of the particle that has disintegrated. Another interesting case is one in which two massive particles come together and annihilate each other, yielding light quanta. The first such example to be studied was the mutual annihilation of the electron and its "antiparticle," the positron. The positron was discovered in cosmic rays in 1932 by the American physicist C. D. Anderson (who was awarded the Nobel Prize in Physics for this discovery in 1936). Its existence had been predicted in 1930 by the British theoretical physicist P. A. M. Dirac, who made the first honest marriage between the relativity theory and the quantum theory, and discovered that one of the inevitable offspring of this union was antiparticles—objects that would have the same mass as the particle but if electrically charged would have the opposite charge. All particles have antiparticles, but the electron-positron pair was the first such pair to be discovered. When an electron and a positron meet, they can mutate into two light quanta, each of which carries away a minimum energy equal to mc^2 where m is the mass of the electron or of the positron.

Another very important application of Einstein's result is in nuclear fusion, which may one day become the most important source of cheap, pollution-free power. To begin with the simplest example, a neutron and a proton can join to form a deuteron (the nucleus of "heavy hydrogen"), losing as they do so a certain amount of energy, which is carried off by a light quantum. This energy loss means, according to Einstein's principle, that the deuteron must have less mass than the sum of its parts—the neutron and proton masses. This is indeed the case, and the difference in mass is called the "binding energy" of the deuteron, since to break the deuteron up again we must supply this amount of energy. (The deuteron can be broken up into a neutron and a proton by the application of light quanta of suitable energy—a process called photodisintegration.) One can imagine constructing the stable nuclei of all the elements by fusing neutrons and protons; then all such nuclei will have masses that are less than the sum of the masses of their parts.

Another problem that was solved by the existence of nuclear fusion and the energy it generates was that of how the stars, including the sun, continued



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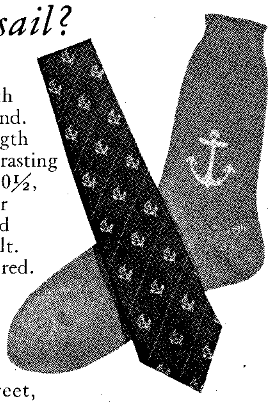

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to "burn"—to emit large quantities of radiant energy—for so long and with such intensity. The first, and most naïve, explanation offered—prior to the mid-nineteenth century—was that the sun was like a lump of coal set on fire. This idea is instantly refuted if one computes how long it would take a lump the size of the sun to burn itself out at the observed rate at which the sun produces energy; the answer is about fifteen hundred years, whereas the solar system is several billion years old. The next, more sophisticated idea was put forth in 1854 by the German physicist Hermann Helmholtz; this was that the sun was formed when the particles in a vast gaseous cloud began to cluster in lumps. Once this process starts, the mutual gravitational attraction among the particles will keep it going and the excess energy that is available from gravity as the star collapses can be converted into radiation. His general conception of the formation of the sun is still accepted, although it is now agreed that in addition to the hydrogen and helium in the gas cloud there are tiny particles of heavy elements such as iron—the so-called "cosmic dust." But it was soon shown that if this were the only process involved in generating radiant energy the sun could not be older than some twenty million years. After the discovery of radioactivity at the end of the nineteenth century, the idea was advanced that the sun's energy perhaps resulted from radioactive decay. If the sun were made of pure uranium, it would give off energy at something like the observed rate over several billions of years. The sun is *not* made of uranium, however, but of light elements—mainly hydrogen and helium. This left things pretty much at an impasse until the nineteen-twenties, when it became clear, on the basis of the newly developed quantum mechanics, that the fusion process could take place at the temperatures in the interior of stars. (It had been clearly stated by the British astronomer Sir Arthur Eddington several years earlier that Einstein's formula must be the key to the situation, but a quantitative understanding of the actual mechanism of fusion required quantum mechanics.) In 1939, the American physicist H. A. Bethe and the German physicist C. F. F. von Weizsäcker independently gave the detailed nuclear chemistry of the process—the specific reactions that take place in this nuclear cooking—and thereby pretty much completed the explanation of the generation of solar energy. (This explanation solves the

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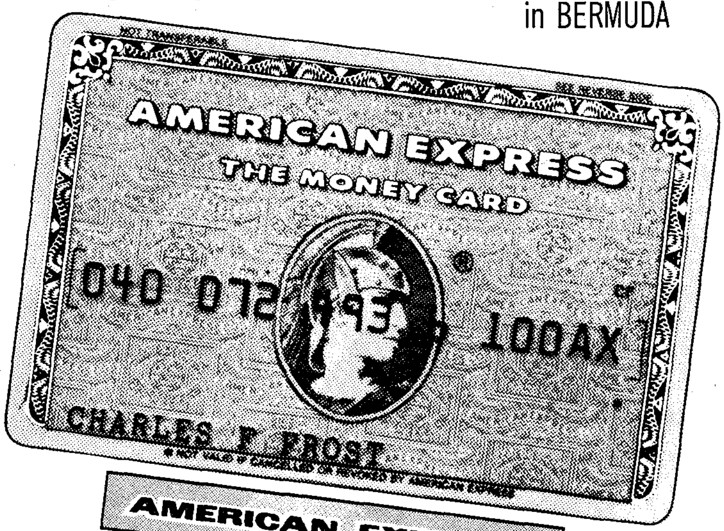

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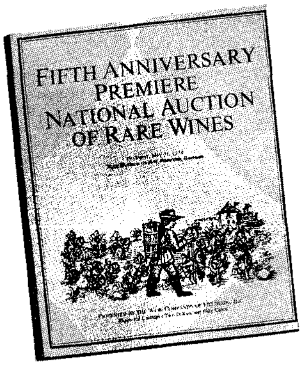
problem of the long lifetime of the sun, since so little loss of mass produces so much energy.) Thus, Einstein's three-page paper of 1905 has been among the most fruitful publications in modern physics.

After Kaufmann published his early experimental results on the mass of the electron, Poincaré began to have doubts about the relativity principle itself, and in 1906 he wrote that Kaufmann's experiments "have given ground to the Abraham theory"—a model of the electron proposed prior to the relativity theory—and he added, "The principle of relativity may well not have the rigorous value that has been attributed to it." Poincaré died in 1912, before the matter was completely settled. He made some important mathematical contributions to the theory of relativity, and he wrote and lectured frequently about the relativity principle. In none of these lectures did he ever mention Einstein's contribution, although he described Einstein's work in other branches of physics. However, in 1911, the year before he died, Poincaré wrote a letter of recommendation for Einstein, who was then being considered for a job at the Polytechnic in Zurich. He said, in part:

> Einstein is one of the most original minds that I have known; despite his youth he has already achieved a very honorable rank among the foremost scholars of our time. What we can, above all, admire in him is the facility with which he adapts himself to new concepts and draws all the consequences from them. He does not remain attached to classical principles and in the presence of a physics problem is prompt to realize all its possibilities. This translates itelf immediately in his mind into the prediction of new phenomena, which can be verified by experiments. I do not mean that all his predictions will be confirmed when they are eventually tested. Since he searches in all possible directions, one should, on the contrary, expect that most of the paths that he follows will lead to an impasse; but one may also hope that one of the directions that he has pointed out will be the true one; and that is enough. This is the way that one ought to proceed. The role of mathematical physics is to ask questions; it is only experience that can answer them. The future will show, more and more, the worth of Einstein, and the university that is able to capture this young master is certain of gaining much honor thereby.

Lorentz's acceptance of the relativity theory increased as time went on, and in 1915 he added a footnote to his classic text "The Theory of Electrons":

> If I had to write the last chapter now, I should certainly have given a more prominent place to Einstein's theory of relativity, by which the theory of electromagnetic phenomena in moving systems



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gains a simplicity that I had not been able to attain. The chief cause of my failure was my clinging to the idea that the variable t [time as it was measured in the "ether" frame of reference] can only be considered as the true time and that my local time t' must be regarded as no more than an auxiliary mathematical quantity. In Einstein's theory, on the contrary, t' plays the same part as t; if we want to describe phenomena in terms of x', y', z', t' we must work with these variables exactly as we could do with x, y, z, t.

When Lorentz wrote this footnote, he was sixty-two. He had come to the small university town of Leiden, in the Netherlands, as a very young man, and he remained there until his death, in 1928. Perhaps his resistance to Einstein's theory was a matter of age. Both Lorentz and Poincaré were in their late forties when they were responding to the crisis that they felt had been produced in physics by the Michelson-Morley experiment. In a sense, they knew too much: they had too much of a vested interest in classical physics to throw it away. Einstein was only twenty-six when he published the special theory (not only his discovery but nearly all the really great discoveries in theoretical physics have been made by men under thirty), and many members of the older generation could not react with the character and flexibility of Lorentz. Though Lorentz continued until the end of his life to refer to the ether as a "conception" that "has certain advantages," it was he who sent Einstein the first telegram in September, 1919, announcing that two British expeditions studying solar eclipses had confirmed a prediction of Einstein's general theory of relativity. The two men, despite their vast difference in age, background, and temperament, developed a friendship and a deep admiration that lasted to the end of Lorentz's life and that Einstein cherished until the end of his own. On the other hand, Albert Michelson, for whom Einstein had enormous respect as an experimenter, disliked and disbelieved the theory until he died. In 1931, the two met for the only time, and Michelson remarked to Einstein that he was a little sorry that his experiments had been responsible for giving birth to such a "monster." —JEREMY BERNSTEIN

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

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It said the manuscript of the symphony in M major was found by a researcher in archives at Cniezno, Poland's first capital.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

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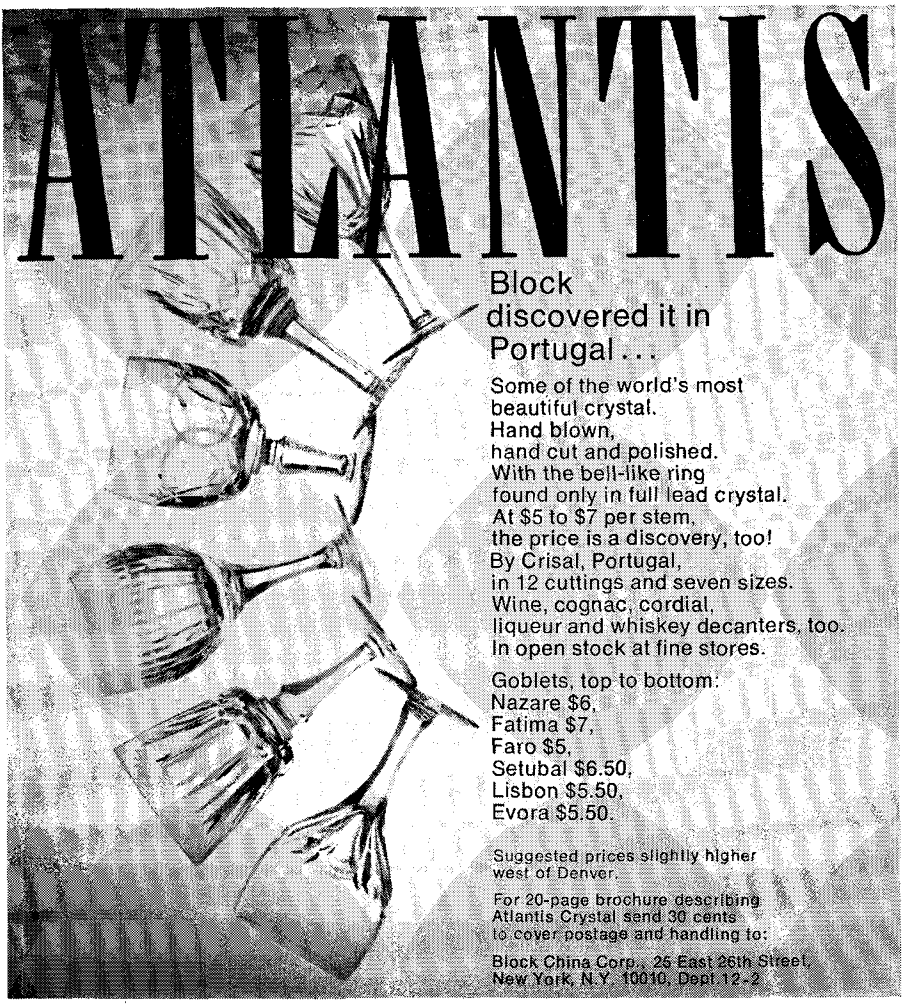

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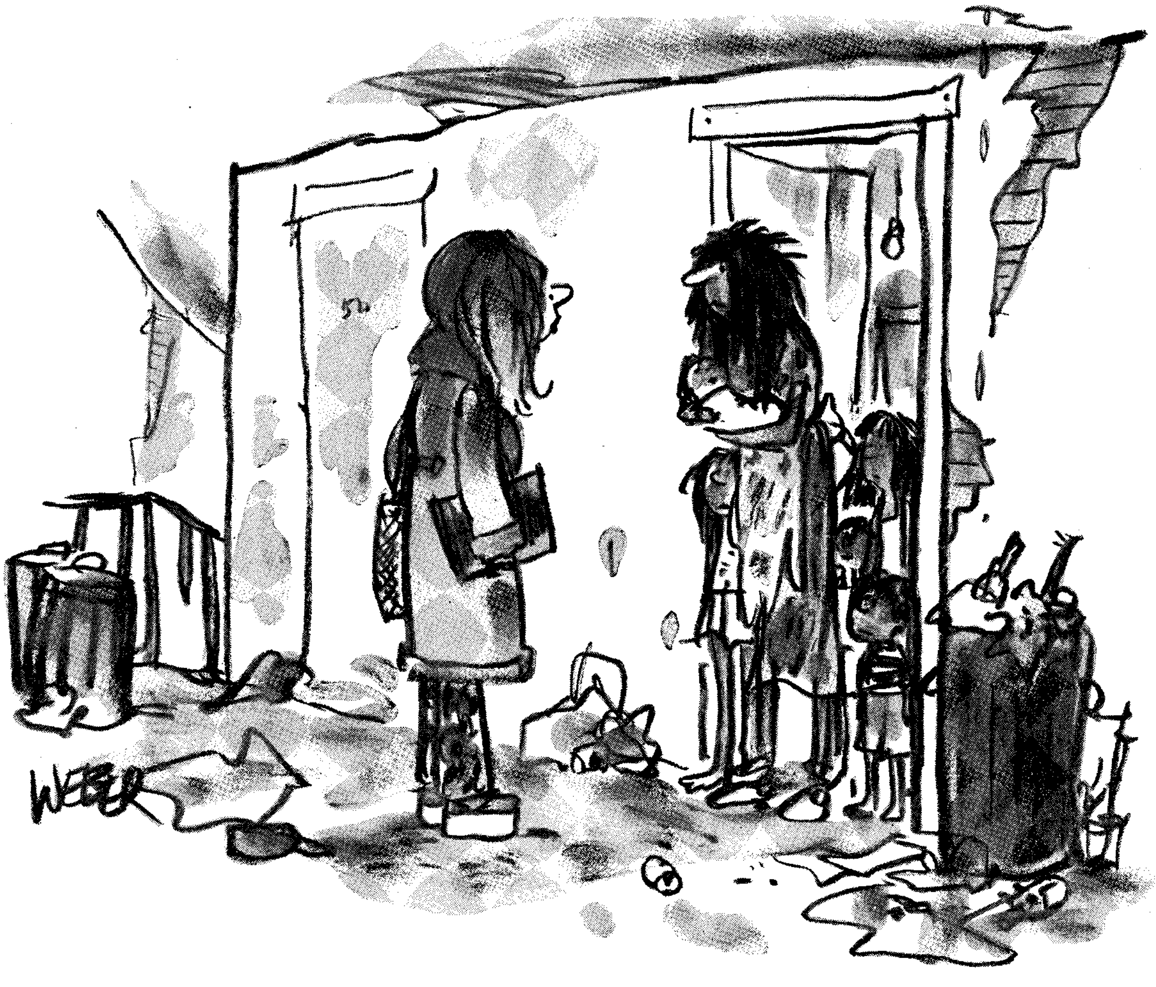
THE Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center has placed upon the stage of the Vivian Beaumont, in a masquelike setting under spidery white Sansovino arches, a curious, irritating, and not uninteresting production of Shakespeare's "The Merchant of Venice." It is worth going to see if for no other reason than to observe the unequal contest waged between the hard-breathing director, Ellis Rabb, and the serene text. Again and again, Mr. Rabb impertinently collides with a work of art that not only refuses to be improved by him but also coolly refuses to be disimproved. Surviving every assault, however vulgar and grotesque, the play seems to hint that it finds Rabb's interpretation welcome, not because it is useful but because it isn't; his failure confirms the integrity of the intended victim. The beauty of the language of "The Merchant of Venice"—from first word to last, the lines amount to a sequence of incomparable *bel-canto* arias; our ears hear them as sung—and the faultless joinery of its plot are not to be lessened by gimcrack Freudian insights and occasional stage tomfoolery. By the end of the evening, it is Rabb who is on his knees, groggily stumping his way through a fairyland that knows him not; the play stands there smiling in triumph in the moony darkness of amorous, golden Belmont (a county seat and not, as Rabb would have it, a yacht).

Will directors ever learn not to try to best the Bard? In the present production, the time is now; it is the Venice of the Ciprianis, of chic sunbathing men in abbreviated bathing trunks, of Shylock in a dark business suit, and Portia in her court scene looking the very model of a transvestite Q.C. This is nonsense, of course, harmless and perhaps amusing—though very far from making the play more accessible to a contemporary audience. It is when Rabb turns Visconti and discovers a heartbroken von Aschenbach in Antonio that we grow impatient. Antonio a middle-aged homosexual dying for love of Bassanio, played here as a bisexual with an eye on the main chance, Portia's ample inheritance? Not so fast, not so simpleminded! The sexual bond between Antonio and Bassanio is certainly in the play, but to just the extent that Shakespeare wished it to be; making the relation tragic wrenches the play out of shape and seeks to violate its nature. Similarly, to encourage Sydney Walker to play Shylock as if the moneylender were a Coriolanus, or even a Lear, with grave royal silences that must surely double the length of the part as it is usually played, is to betray the author. The "Complete Pelican Shakespeare" tells us that the first edition of the play, published in 1600 and assuredly seen by Shakespeare—if not actually printed from his manuscript—calls the play a "comicall history." Nor will Rabb allow the quarrel between Portia and Bassanio over her gift of a ring to him to be merry; they grow icy instead of ardent as the moment of lovemaking approaches. Let one further minor eccentricity in the production stand for twenty unmentioned ones: Rabb indicates by the interpolation of a few words that Shylock would speak Yiddish when in the company of his fellow-Jew Tubal; in reality, at the time of the play no Venetian Jew would ever have heard a word of Yiddish.



"I'm afraid this is my last visit, Mrs. Segarra. There's no money in social work."

Rosemary Harris is beautiful but, alas, too old to make an ideal Portia; Christopher Walken is unaccountably wooden and inept as Bassanio, scarcely changing facial expression or tone of voice as he races through his apparently unpalatable iambics; and Roberta Maxwell, as Jessica, thanks to Rabb's direction, gives the impression of being awkwardly in fear of Lorenzo instead of in love with him. The pleasant and sometimes witty costumes are by Ann Roth, and James Tilton designed the ingenious lighting

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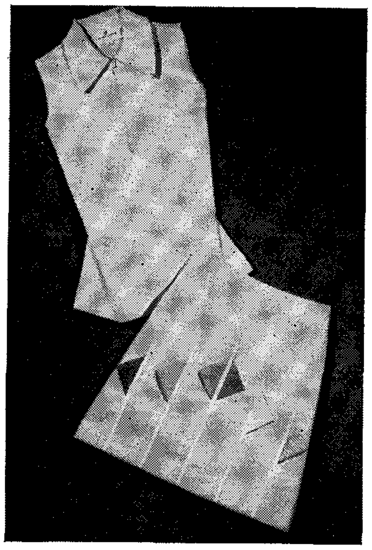

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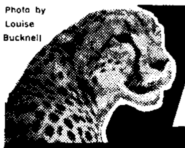

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—BRENDAN GILL

•

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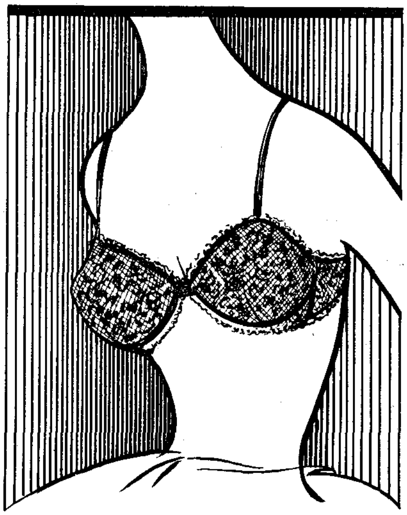
JOHN V. HARVEY,
Register

—*Newton (Mass.) Graphic.*

Let's hope Blagden improves with the warmer weather, too.



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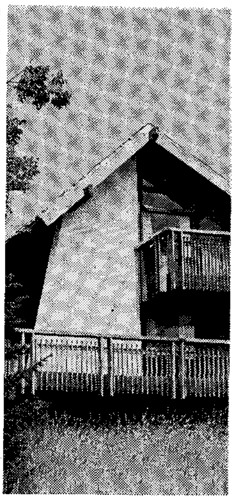

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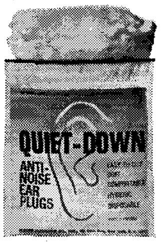

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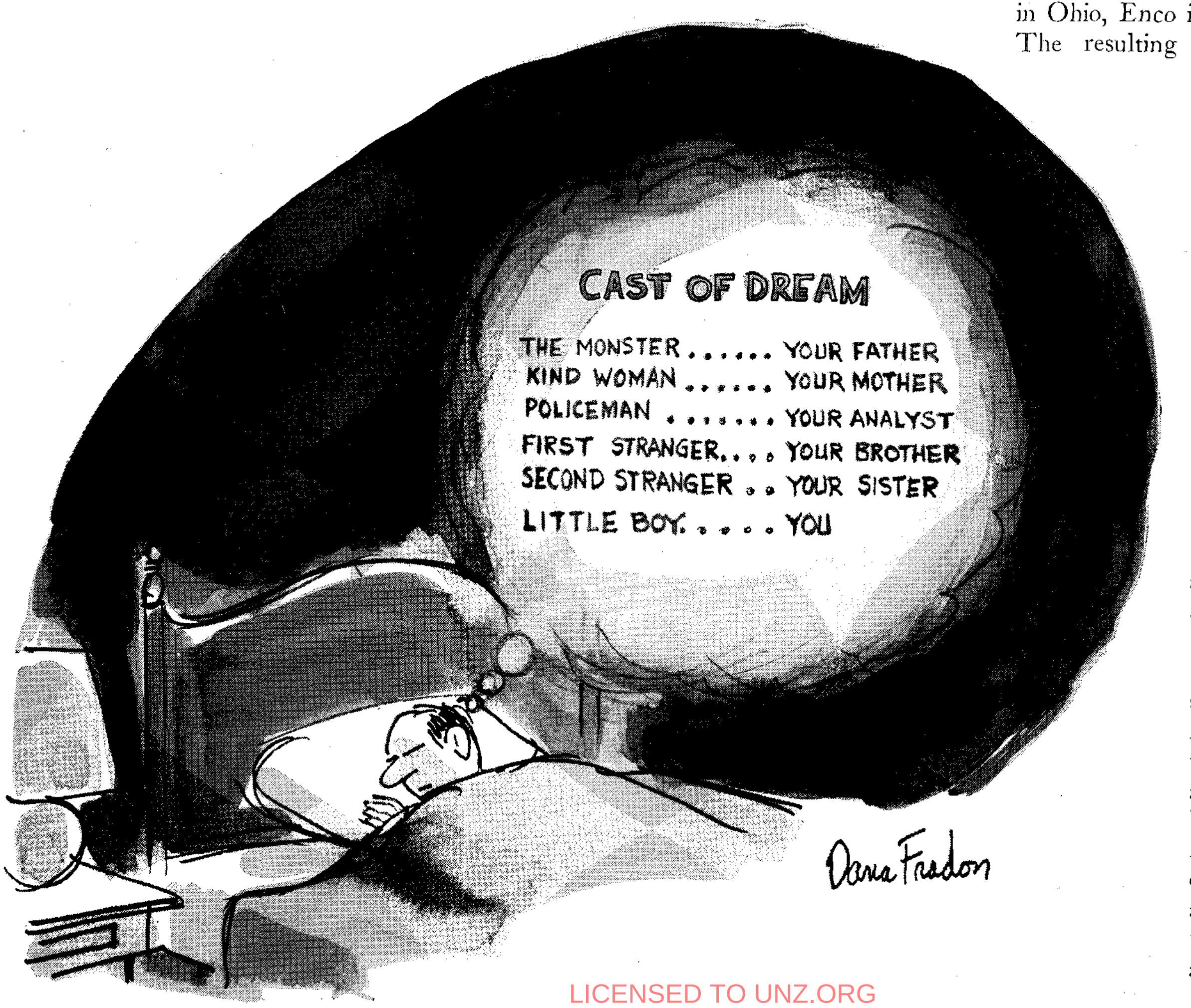
THE MARTS OF TRADE

IT WILL GROW ON YOU

LAST November 1st, the second-largest industrial corporation in the world—General Motors is the largest—abandoned the name that it had borne throughout its existence, Standard Oil Company (New Jersey), and adopted instead the rather curious and entirely meaningless designation Exxon Corporation. At about the same time, it dropped for most domestic (though not for foreign) use the trademark Esso, under which it was accustomed to selling, among many other things, millions of gallons of gasoline a day in the United States, and began marketing its products in this country under the new brand name Exxon. Illogical as it may seem, the company name change, as opposed to the change of brand name, had a good deal of precedent in contemporary corporate usage. Companies have been changing their names all the time in recent years, for a variety of reasons—for example, to eliminate product identification that is no longer considered appropriate or desirable (R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company to R. J. Reynolds Industries, Inc.), to try for zippiness (South Penn Oil Company to Pennzoil Company), to conform to a recent craze for naming companies by initials (Radio Corporation of America to RCA Corporation), and to recognize diversification of product lines resulting from mergers (Alpha Portland Cement Company to Alpha Portland Industries). Indeed, most successful companies have probably changed their names at one time or another; to cite two spectacularly successful examples, International Business Machines was once called Computing-Tabulating-Recording Company, while Xerox Corporation, before it marketed its first office copier, was known as Haloid Company. Never, though, had the change represented a leading company's relinquishment of its flag at a time when the flag was flying high, and never had it involved the relinquishment of a famous brand name. Jersey Standard's daring and drastic change of company name, and of one of the best-known of all trademarks, is an event unique in corporate history.

The reasons for it involve not a corporate death wish or a corporate identity crisis but legal restrictions, and they go back to 1911, when a Supreme Court ruling resulted in the breakup of the old, and generally infamous, Standard Oil trust into thirty-four competing companies, of which seven retained the name Standard Oil in their titles—among them Standard Oil Company (Ohio), Standard Oil Company (Indiana), and Standard Oil Company (New Jersey). Jersey Standard, the largest of the products of the 1911 split-up, introduced the brand name Esso in 1926, and by 1933 was using it from Maine to Louisiana and hoping eventually to use it in all states. But in 1935 Indiana Standard took court action challenging the use of Esso in its territory, maintaining that the name was derived from the initials "S.O.," meaning "Standard Oil," and that Indiana Standard was Standard Oil just as much as Jersey Standard was. The petition was granted. Jersey Standard was forbidden to call its product Esso in fourteen states, and in a series of subsequent court actions the area in which the trademark might indisputably be used was gradually narrowed to nineteen Eastern and Southern states and the District of Columbia. As a result, in recent years Jersey Standard marketed its gasoline in the undisputed area as Esso and elsewhere in the nation under two other trademarks—Humble in Ohio, Enco in the remaining states. The resulting anomalies were both frustrating and expensive; for example, customers in the border areas were understandably unable to grasp the fact that Esso gas, Enco gas, and Humble gas were all the same product, and Jersey Standard could not sponsor network television shows without incurring extra costs, running into millions of dollars, for making different versions of the same commercial to be shown in different areas.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Dana Fradon

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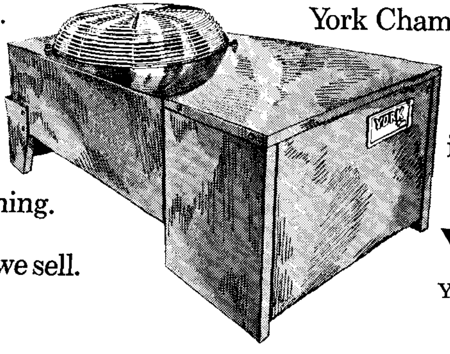

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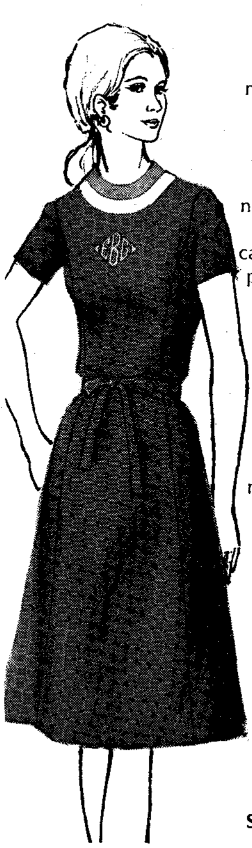
which would end the public's chronic confusion of Jersey Standard with the other Standard Oil companies. Then, in 1969, the Supreme Court finally cut off Jersey Standard's lingering hopes of getting the right to use Esso everywhere, and the company's directors were galvanized into action. A special task force, pledged to the strictest secrecy, was appointed to find a new name for both the company and its products, the stipulations being that the name should be short, that it should be easy to pronounce and to remember, that it should have "no adverse connotations" in English or any other language, and that, preferably, it should not be cluttered up with any meaning at all. Naturally, the services of a computer were enlisted, along with those of a team of linguistic experts, a leading design firm, and a battery of lawyers. The computer came through with ten thousand names (eight thousand fewer than the Ford Motor Company's advertising consultants had collected in 1956 in their epic search for a new-car name, which ended catastrophically with Edsel). By slow degrees, the ten thousand were winnowed down to eight—among them the piquant and spiky Exxon. Since there was a possibility that the new name might someday be used overseas, the task force ordered linguistic studies on Exxon and the other surviving names in more than a hundred languages (the experts found that, except in proper names like Foxx and Oxx, the doubled "x" occurs in no language but Maltese), intensive consumer studies in areas where nine different languages are spoken, and interviews with nearly seven thousand persons in the United States and abroad. Did the task force or its consultants, or perhaps the computer, take note of the fact that Exxon is almost an anagram of Xerox, by all odds the most successful new brand name and company name of recent years? No one is saying. At any rate, Exxon passed its tests; it was easy to pronounce in most languages, and apparently did not mean anything vulgar or objectionable—or, indeed, anything at all—in any. Sometime in 1970, the task force picked it as the winner.

A bigger, harder choice then faced Jersey Standard's directors: whether or not to adopt the new name—whether to take arms against a sea of troubles by abandoning an established trademark and company name of inestimable value or to play it safe and muddle along with the status quo. After much soul-searching, they decided to go ahead with the change. Immediately, the company, or those within it who were

The Talbots



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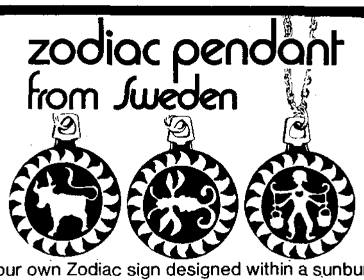

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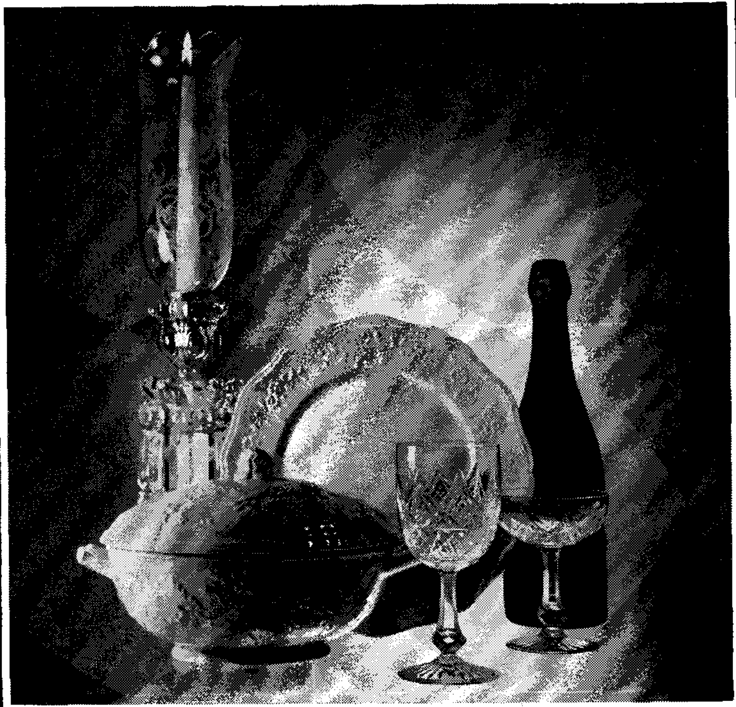
Answer on last page

in on the secret, began girding for a spiritual and perhaps a material crisis. Would employees hate the new name and lose some of their company loyalty? Would stockholders hate it and sell their stock—or vote down the change, as they would be entitled to do? Worst of all, would motorists think that Exxon sounded like funny stuff, and buy Sunoco or Texaco instead? Dozens of executives pondered these questions in secret meetings of ad-hoc committees. Beginning in mid-1971, a number of men in the public-affairs department were assigned full time to communications inside and outside the company on the name change. One of them was David G. Powell, a sharp-featured, soft-spoken suburbanite Princeton graduate of about forty, who had spent his whole working life with Jersey Standard, much of it abroad. Powell's first problem at his new stand was that of being strictly forbidden to communicate at all. Pending a formal announcement by a company spokesman, the choice of the name Exxon was even more secret than the purpose of the task force had been, and for good reason: there are professional pirates who rove the corporate seas seeking to capture new brand names and hold them for ransom, and premature news of a planned replacement for Esso would be the choicest imaginable bit of booty. Company men communicated with each other about the new name in terse notes that were instantly destroyed.

At last, in September of 1971, Humble Oil & Refining Co.—then the name of Jersey Standard's chief domestic affiliate—announced that it had registered the new trademark Exxon and would immediately begin tests of it in service stations in six cities in the United States: Athens, Georgia; Zanesville, Ohio; Manchester, New Hampshire; Battle Creek, Michigan; Nacogdoches, Texas; and San Luis Obispo, California. And now the surprise: from that moment of revelation until November of 1972, when Jersey Standard became Exxon Corporation and Esso gas was well along toward becoming Exxon gas at roadsides from coast to coast, *hardly anything went wrong*. No corporate identity crisis or customer negative transference developed. The company's fears proved to have been unfounded; indeed, comparatively few people seemed to care much. Sales actually rose at the test service stations, surely in response to special promotions. Employees and stockholders for the most part reacted with indifference, if they reacted at all. In May of 1972, Humble Oil an-



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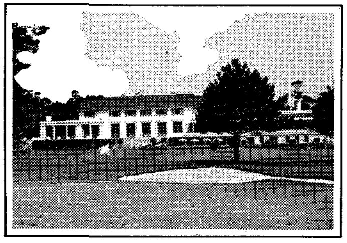

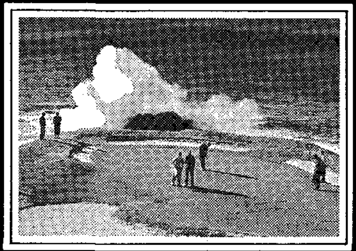

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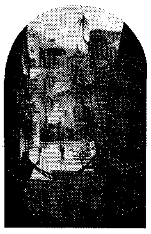
nounced that in July Exxon would definitely begin replacing Esso, Enco, and Humble as the company's primary brand name in the domestic market (Esso was retained for use on a few domestic products, in order to protect the trademark), and it was revealed for the first time that plans were also afoot to change the company's name to Exxon Corporation. On June 21st, at a meeting in the Grand Ballroom of the New York Hilton, J. K. Jamieson, the company's chairman, formally notified the company's twenty-one hundred New York City employees that Jersey Standard was going to become Exxon, provided the stockholders approved. The employees—practically all of whom attended the meeting, leaving the company's executive offices, at 1251 Avenue of the Americas, all but deserted for part of the afternoon—were allowed to submit written questions, and Jamieson and Milo M. Brisco, the company's president, spent more than an hour answering them. Company officials have since said that, to judge from the tone of the meeting, the employees' first reactions were, at best, neutral; people like to work for firms with well-known names, and a substantial number of the Jersey Standard people seemed to feel that working for Exxon Corporation might somehow represent a social demotion. So now there *were* signs of an incipient corporate identity crisis. But over the subsequent weeks the public-affairs department communicated furiously, the plans went forward, and the employees gradually warmed to the new name. "It will grow on you," company officials kept telling them. The nearest thing to a symptom of a developing underground revolt was a brief appearance at various places in the headquarters building of stencilled signs reading "Exxit." In September, an intensive changeover advertising campaign was launched nationally. On October 24th, the Jersey Standard stockholders met at the Roosevelt Hotel to debate the corporate-name change and to vote on it. Of a total of about seven hundred and eighty thousand stockholders, only about a thousand attended the meeting, the rest being represented by proxy. Of the stockholders who spoke up at the Roosevelt, few, even among those who most vociferously opposed the change, seemed to entertain any hope that the corporate juggernaut could be stopped and the change voted down. Some felt that Exxon had unfortunate connotations of poison, detergent, laxatives, or a double cross; one, an Esso service-station owner



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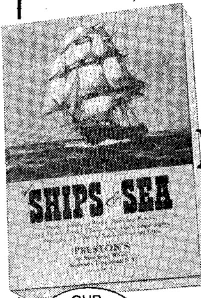

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named Louis E. Cress, said that he had changed his name from Crescenzi some years earlier so that it would go better with Esso, and pointed out that he could hardly be expected now to change it to Crexx. The vote, including proxies, was more than ninety-six per cent in favor of the change. Accordingly, a week later Jersey Standard formally became Exxon Corporation, and on January 1, 1973, Humble and most of the company's other domestic subsidiaries were formally merged into it under new names, which in each case included the word "Exxon."

At the same time, the job of changing the company's twenty-five thousand or so service stations in the United States over to the new, rectangular, red-white-and-blue Exxon insignia was going forward, more or less without incident, and apparently without loss of sales. In most parts of the country, dealers gave a plastic thermal mug free to anyone who had his car's gas tank filled up—as if the change of a company name and trademark called for a formal act of expansiveness, like the distribution of cigars by a new father. The company, however, did not press this analogy; on the contrary, in its advertisements and news releases it deliberately avoided any implication of trying to spring forth newborn or to wipe out the past. Letters about the name change—some two thousand of them, all told—were coming in from stockholders and from the public, and the task of answering most of those from the public fell to Powell. A man in Penllyn, Pennsylvania, seemed to feel that Jersey Standard was trading in its soul, and complained, "The desire for more money seems to destroy everything that is good." In reply, Powell, not denying that the company desired money, suggested that the letter writer's devotion to the name Esso resulted "not only from whatever intrinsic value or beauty may reside in the name itself, but also and perhaps more importantly from what Esso has come to mean and stand for in the way of quality products and services, and general corporate conduct," and he declared, "These elements we do not intend to change." Another letter writer pronounced himself disgusted with the company's creation of a hubbub over a name change in a time of such pressing national problems as war, pollution, unemployment, and racism. "We did think about this one carefully and for a long time and in our judgment the project represents a sound investment," Powell replied, in part. A Connecticut correspondent

Aahhh Me.

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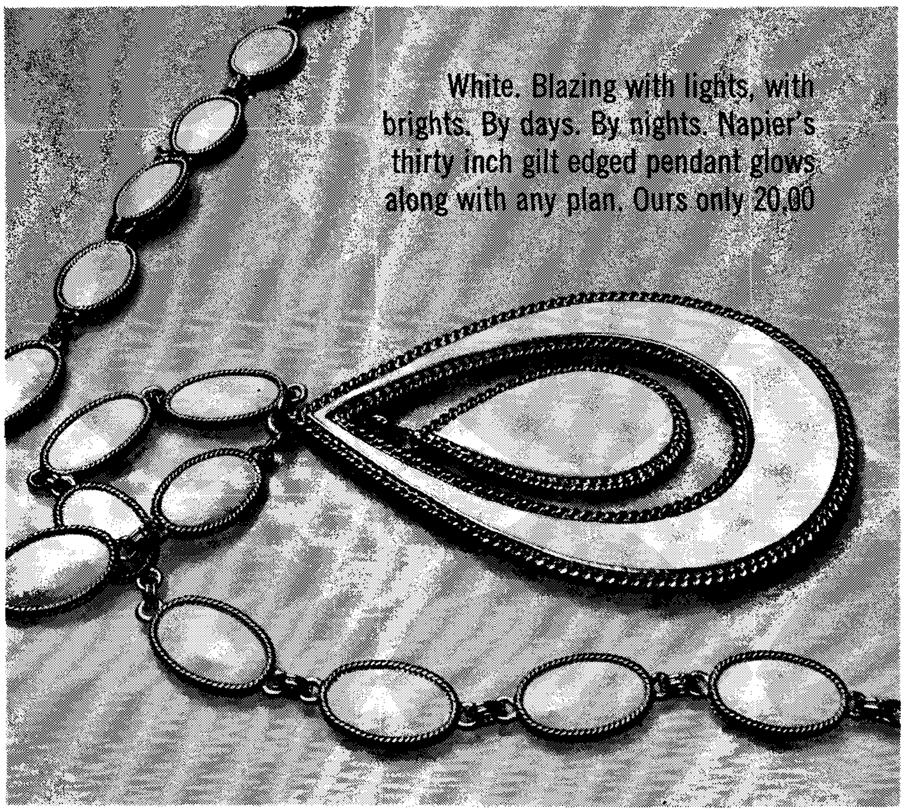
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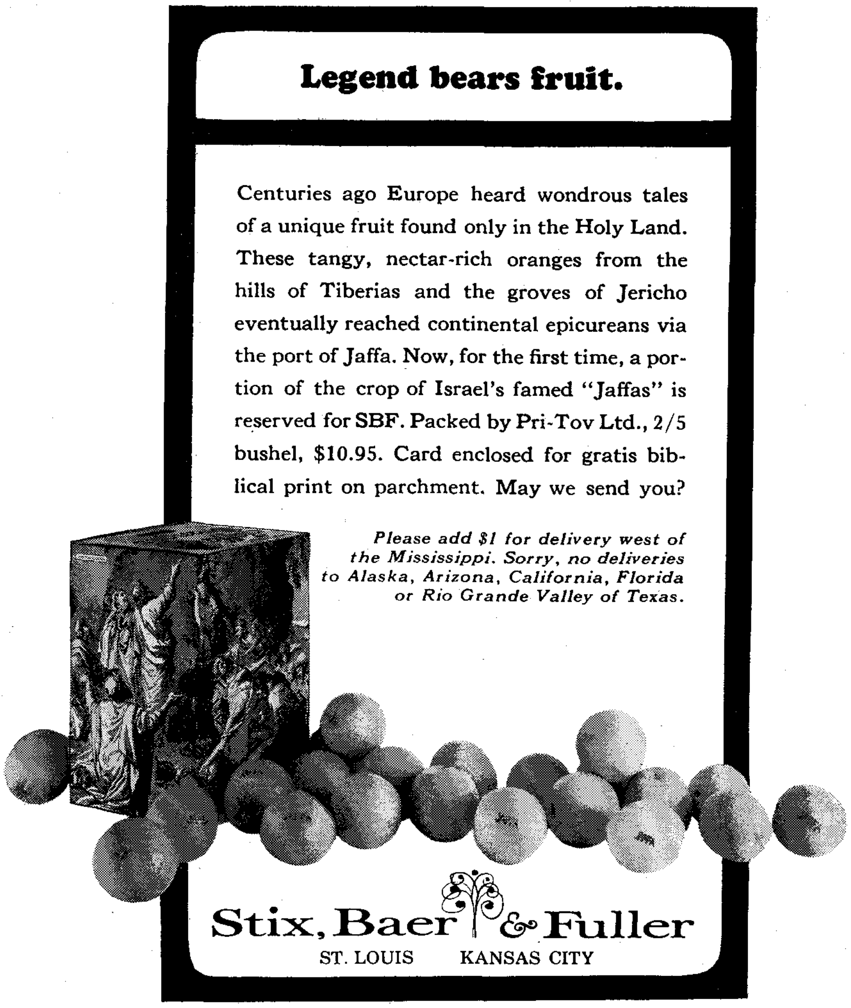

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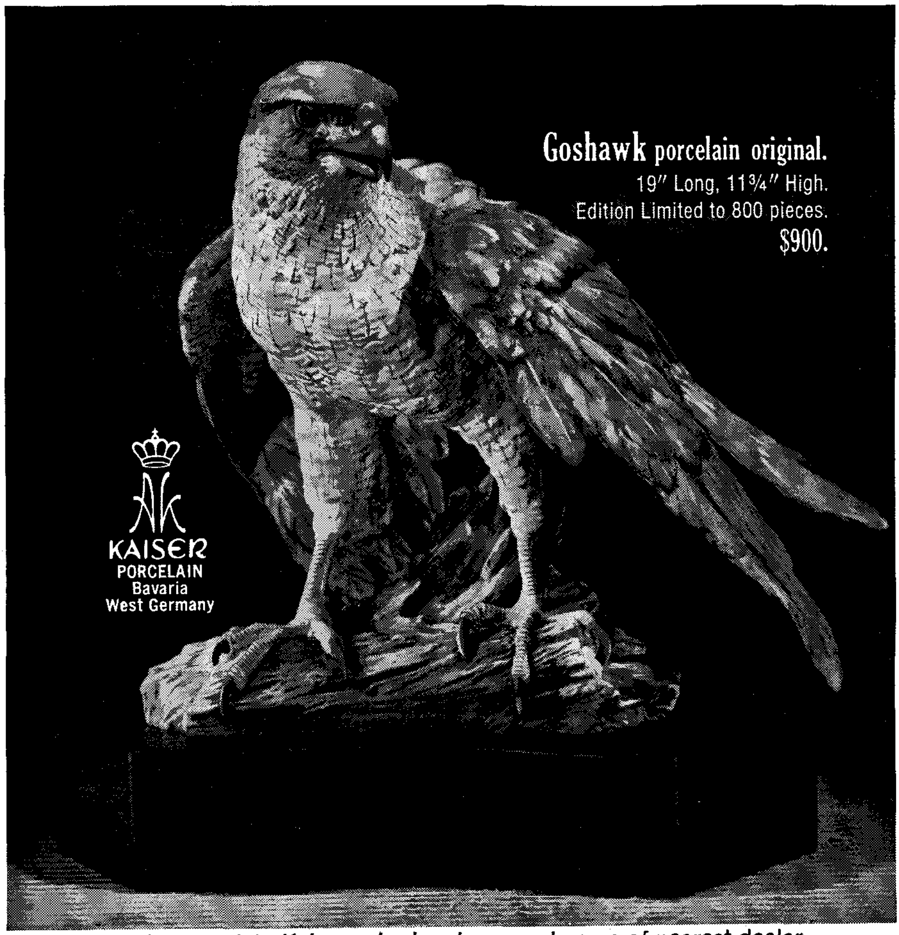

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made his cultural criticism more specific. The choice of a "computer-generated pre- and suffix," he wrote, reflected disregard of "a deep-running cultural change which we encounter daily in our work: to search for human and natural values . . . rather than an anonymous . . . and synthetic construct." Powell replied, "In the final analysis, the name itself is probably less important than what people come to perceive it stands for."

WHEN the last Esso service-station sign in this country is replaced with an Exxon sign, sometime next month, the metamorphosis will be complete. Its cost to the company has been officially withheld but has repeatedly been estimated by outsiders at around a hundred million dollars. (This will cover, among other things, an average of fifty new signs and insignia for each of the twenty-five thousand stations; new plaques for twenty-two thousand oil wells and eighteen thousand buildings and storage tanks; fifty-five thousand new warning signs announcing the presence of pipelines underground; three hundred million sales slips; eleven million credit cards; and an unannounced but clearly astronomical number of television commercials calculated to implant "Exxon" deep in the nation's psyche.) The cost will be amortized over a number of years to avoid causing a sudden drop in the company's earnings. Meanwhile, life in the carpeted offices at 1251 Avenue of the Americas is calm and orderly. Company sales of gasoline and other products are running at last year's levels or higher. Powell has come through the whole experience without acquiring a single visible gray hair; asked recently to name the worst thing that had happened during the name-changing process, all he could recall was the time a vice-president, checking out an Exxon sign beside a highway in North Carolina, had narrowly escaped being bitten by a rattlesnake. The company as a whole appears to have escaped economic or organizational snakebite as a consequence of its rash act, and if this ultimately proves to be so, one of the oldest axioms of business theory—that a successful trademark is sacrosanct, and to change it is suicide—will have been called emphatically into question.

—JOHN BROOKS

•

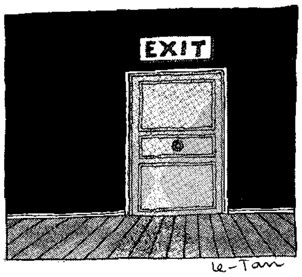
Manhattan has no space available like that—and its traffic is sometimes in utter ugh.—*Springfield (Mass.) Union.*

You can say that again.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Crooks

AN ordinary jogger coming up behind you might give you a split second of fear if unseen people had been shooting at you and following you and you didn't know why. When the jogger had gone past, however, your relief might make both him and your fear seem funny. James Caan lives in this precarious state of seriocomic anxiety in "Slither," and we see the world as he does—as a nut-bin mixture of the sinister and the ordinary. It can't be sorted out, because crooks and killers can be as square as anybody else—and this movie is in love with square crooks, especially roly-poly ones. "Slither" is a suspense comedy that keeps promising to be a knockout entertainment; it never delivers, and it finally fizzles out, because the story idea isn't as good as the curlicues. But it has a pleasant slapstick temperament—a sort of fractured hipsterism. The director, Howard Zieff, the advertising ace who did the "You Don't Have To Be Jewish" series for Levy's bread and the Alka-Seltzer and Benson & Hedges commercials, has never made a feature film before; the original screenplay, by the talented twenty-six-year-old W. D. Richter, is his first to be produced. The offbeat rhythm of their sneaky gags keeps taking the audience by surprise. The best aren't big gags—they're a matter of a look, a turn of phrase, a character trait—and they don't advance the plot, or even bear on it; they're happily inconsequential. Caan, a high-school football hero turned car thief, who has just been released from two years in prison, is thick-witted and decent; he is thrown into situations that require him to act hip when he's most befuddled, and his permanent expression is a double take. His brain seems to be clogged; he can't quite get the import of the remarks strangers address to him. When he hitches a ride with an amphetamine freak (Sally Kellerman), the velocity of her compulsive talk leaves him openmouthed. The movie's flea-hopping humor depends on the permutations in these encounters; Caan is never quite sure whether the strangers are innocent bystanders or enemies, crazy-square or crazy-hip.



The hero's quest for a fortune promised him by an embezzler he met in prison (Richard B. Shull) takes him through a series of northern-California towns and then south to Pismo Beach. The quest itself is a tired gimmick; it's too bad that the hero's nomadic movement doesn't center on something less mercenary—it wouldn't matter if the goal were even more implausible, but this one just seems dutiful, perfunctory. And it has become a little insulting to the audience that we're always expected to care about whether the hero—our surrogate—can grab some loot. However, Zieff knows the value of funny people, and he plants some of his former associates in those towns. The crazies are often as entertaining as when we first spotted them in commercials. Shull, who sings "Happy Days Are Here Again" in the train that is taking Caan and him away from prison, is eliminated during the pre-credits sequence, but he helps to make it the best come-on a movie has had in years. (If the end were as good as this dadaist shoot-'em-up beginning, the picture would be a sensation.) Allen Garfield, the slob of the porno spoofs, plays an investment counsellor, and Peter Boyle and Louise Lasser are Caan's companions in the rambling chase for the money. Their spooky married love is the closest thing to romance in the movie; Boyle's obsessive concern to shield his wife from obscene language is like a reversal of the obsessions in the pornies. Sally Kellerman doesn't have the innate funniness of these people, or of some of the bit players, like Virginia Sale as the bingo caller. The others underplay for humor; Kellerman, who has the laugh lines, gets her effects by overplaying. She's becoming a little like Betty Hutton: her desperate energy is lively and appealing, but it also throws her scenes a little out of whack. Caan, who plays stooge to everybody, and the rest of the cast are goofy, friendly caricatures; we can grasp the contours of their personalities—and that's part of what's distinctive about the film. The people don't act like anybody else.

I'd like to think that Zieff is a put-on artist and is parodying the TV commercials' idea of realism, but there's a strong possibility that this waggish style is his idea of realism. And it may turn out that he has only this one facility: the ability to bring people out, to let funny people do their funny things, as in his commercials, and to get the timing blissfully right. He's not adept at handling a more complex sequence in a bingo hall, and he doesn't quite succeed with the neat idea of the bright-red car with its camper trailer (which holds Caan and Boyle in front and Lasser in back) versus the sinister big-bug black van with invisible occupants that follows them—the black-knight-in-armor villain, a Basil Rathbone tank. Zieff doesn't locate the action for us in the effortless, taken-for-granted way of a skilled director; despite the movement in Laszlo Kovacs' warm outdoor cinematography, we don't always have our bearings—where does the crowd in that bingo hall come from? But Zieff does know his people; he introduces some of them by their voices before we quite see them, and when we hear Louise Lasser, we laugh before she appears. Her performance is an extension of what made her funny in commercials, and it's her best work on the big screen; her amiable, toothy carrot-top is an American authentic, a woman who treasures and protects her own quirks—and why not? Boyle, with his dreams of avarice, has a glint of the indefatigable greed of Casper Gutman of "The Maltese Falcon," but he seems to be the happiest, luckiest husband since Nick Charles. The movie has a fatuous, prickly humor; it doesn't get anywhere, but it stays prickly; it never goes straight.

WE don't ask for lasting value from an escapist fantasy about a nonchalant gentleman-jewel-thief, but it should give us the giddy sensation of daydreams fulfilled, and the irresponsible fun of an hour and a half with witty, glamorous people who live by make-believe rules. It should give us the transient pleasures, which are often all we want of movies. That's not a lot to ask, but it's far above what Bud Yorkin, the producer and director of "The Thief Who Came to Dinner," and Walter Hill, who wrote the screenplay (from a novel by Terrence Lore Smith), provide. This is a new factory version of old factory movies—to our dwindling delight. It has the same formula as "The Getaway," which Hill also wrote: everybody in it is crooked, and we're supposed to root for the young attractive pair who outsmart them all—in "The Getaway," Steve McQueen and Ali MacGraw (the McCoys), and in this one, Ryan O'Neal (McGee) and Jacqueline Bisset (his sexy socialite friend). Hill

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worked as assistant director on "The Thomas Crown Affair," and there are strong reminiscences. And the insurance investigator (Warren Oates) who is doggedly tracking O'Neal carries more than a hint of the Edward G. Robinson role in "Double Indemnity." But in this synthesis no one bothered to devise characters for the actors to play, so the actions (the setting is the posh parts of Houston) don't grow out of anything—they're just mechanical, with a pulse supplied by Henry Mancini. It isn't merely that the picture has no style but that it has no soul; it's a romance without romance. The audience becomes inordinately grateful for the bits of humor supplied by Jill Clayburgh (who resembles Jennifer Jones), as O'Neal's ex-wife, and the tormented sissy of Austin Pendleton, as a chess columnist. Ryan O'Neal, playing a debonair, swinging Steve McQueen, is meant to be totally sympathetic. We're supposed to be charmed by his cute corruption (though O'Neal can convey weakness without too much effort, and that might have given the character some depth). Jacqueline Bisset is so velvety a projection of masculine fantasies that she doesn't have enough rough edges to be alive. She isn't just richly made up; she's anointed. She's a walking ad for soft, sleek curves and luscious passivity. As for Warren Oates, he has so little character to play that his personality seems to scurry away from the camera. We don't know what his foxy-eyed tenacity is based on. In "Double Indemnity," Robinson had principles, and that's what separated him from the crooks; here Oates simply seems nebulously backward. And it's dismaying when a sausage movie like this one, which should be tied up, is open-ended. The picture isn't terrible; it's faintly diverting while you're watching, largely because of O'Neal's processed charm, but the vacuity and even that charm become oppressive.

Ryan O'Neal has such an easy presence that he can get by with almost no material, supplying personality and pace out of himself; he's a relaxed smoothie—a confident winner, like Dean Martin—and it's unbecoming in one so young. No other star has ever been so *professional* a likable all-American personality at the start of his career. O'Neal is so assured—so exploitative of his own cuteness—that our responses curdle. When he does the old bare-chested-romantic-male-star stuff here, it doesn't work, because there's no shyness in this man—just flesh and muscle. It all adds up to something callous and spoiled in his attitude toward

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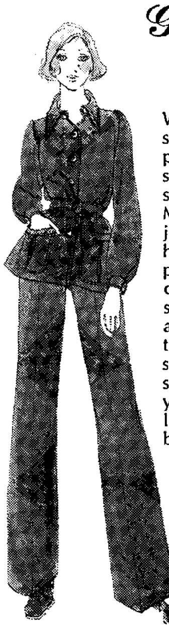

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acting. However, there's one hopeful sign in his performance: he shows an instinctive physical rejection of the fraudulent serious lines. He may be a corrupt actor, but he's not a hypocrite.

What O'Neal balks at is the defensive moralizing that Yorkin and Hill pour over themselves and the movie. The hero, a computer engineer, turns thief at the beginning of the picture and tells his co-workers why. It's because people cheat on their income taxes and pad their expense accounts—because "everybody steals from everybody and we program the whole mess." O'Neal says, "In a world of thieves, I wanted to be an honest thief." This is the usual modern movie-colony cynicism; when moviemakers say "Everybody cheats," it means merely "People like us cheat," since, of course, most working people can't cheat on their income taxes and don't have expense accounts. The dishonesty of Yorkin and Hill is that they must posture about a world of thieves to justify doing what they were going to do anyway—try to make a movie about a modern Raffles, because romantic action movies are the easiest to finance and the easiest to market. Yorkin, the co-producer of "All in the Family," "Sanford and Son," and "Maude," has become a leading exponent of self-righteous entertainment. An escapist fantasy doesn't need justification, but it needs quality. O'Neal's cute, bare-chested thief and Bisset's gorgeous curvy number are inadequate as fantasy figures. There's nothing in this movie to kindle an audience's spirit. It's a cold-hearted movie. People may buy tickets, but they'll come out sour and hungry. O'Neal gives the honest insurance investigator a copy of "Don Quixote," explaining that it's about a man who refuses to accept reality. Yorkin and Hill could use a few dreams. —PAULINE KAEL

•

LONDON—Just over a year ago the leading central bankers and finance ministers met at the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, to grapple with an international currency crisis. When they ended on an agreed formula, President Nixon hailed it as "the most insignificant monetary achievement in the history of the world."—*Salt Lake Tribune.*

And he's not a man to mince words.

•

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Those long-awaited words of "cease-fire" and "return of prisoners" came Tuesday night.—*Seattle Times.*

Can you fancy Kevin at *fourteen* months?

From Sam F. Jackson...

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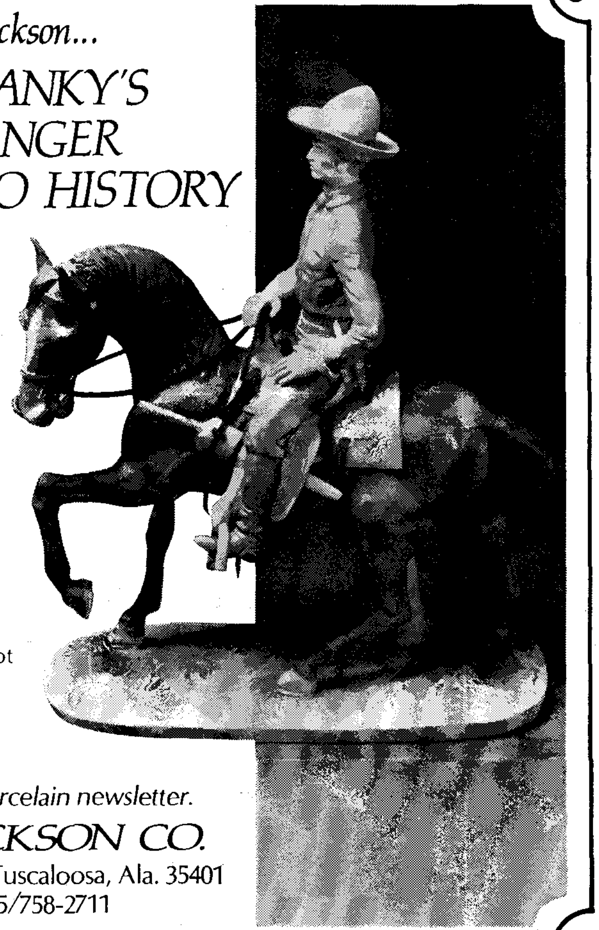

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Frederick Takes Trouble

Eighteenth-Century serious operas to texts by court poets generally supported the existing order, and, in mythic or historical parallel, hymned the clemency and benevolence of a just ruler. "Montezuma," devised by a ruler himself, was an opera that urged reform. Frederick the Great, its author, announced his intentions in a letter to his friend and artistic crony Count Algarotti: Cortes would be the tyrant of his piece, music would launch a sally at the barbarism of the Christian faith, and opera itself would serve "*à réformer les mœurs et à détruire les superstitions.*" Reform was not to be confined to the subject matter; the "abuse" of constant *da-capo* airs would also be abolished. Frederick took pains with his piece; Bayreuth, the scene of a later, greater operatic reform, played a part in the story. The King, having written "Montezuma" in French prose, sent the libretto to his sister Wilhelmine, the Margravine of Bayreuth, and asked her to have it enacted by her excellent French troupe and then let him know what she thought of the dialogue, the dramatic motion, and the effect of the whole: "I take the liberty of laying at your feet a Mexican who is not yet quite polished; I have taught him to speak French; now he must learn Italian. But before putting him to this trouble, I beg you to tell me frankly what you feel, and whether he warrants the effort." Wilhelmine presumably thought he did, for Montezuma was taught Italian by Frederick's court poet, Tagliazucchi; was set to sing by Carl Heinrich Graun; and reached the boards of the Berlin Opera in 1755—twelve years before Gluck, in the preface to "Alceste," drew up his famous principles of operatic reform. Frederick had supervised rehearsals to insure that his cast acted in the spirit of the piece. The décor was by Giuseppe Galli Bibiena.

This most interesting score has been in print (as Volume 15 of the *Denkmäler Deutscher Tonkunst*) since 1904 but has seldom been performed. The American première was given by the Associate Artists Opera Company of New England last month, in the Boston Center for the Arts. The performance was not admirable—its best point was the lively orchestral playing, under John Miner, a conductor with a good feeling for tempo and accent—but the work proved enthralling. The royal reforms did not extend to enjoining upon Graun the "beautiful simplicity" that Gluck proclaimed as his first care, but they included more than just the virtual abandonment of *da-capo* airs. (The score includes only four numbers with a first-section repeat, and they are *dal segno* rather than *da capo;* that is, the orchestral introduction is not repeated.) Characters are allowed to remain on stage after singing their airs—which makes for a less artificial drama than one punctuated by exits after all major utterances. The length of the dialogues in *secco* recitative is interestingly varied, and reduced on occasion to a mere two phrases between numbers. Singers often strike into airs without orchestral preliminary. Similar things are found in operas by Handel and by Hasse, but less abundantly.

"*You know what's bugging you? You can't handle these one-on-one relationships.*"

Students who have gone through Oliver Strunk's "Source Readings in Music History" will recall J. F. Reichardt's comparison between the styles of Hasse and Graun, and his description of Graun's special virtue in limning tender complaint or cruel affliction. "Montezuma" contains a hit number that illustrates to perfection Graun's excellence in "the gentle and affecting": a lament by Pilpatoe, Montezuma's general, that his overconfident emperor should trust the foreign invaders. It is centrally placed, just before the "battle symphony," in which the Spaniards fire on their hosts. The last of the lament's three sections resumes the tempo and tonality but not the melody of the first. In Boston, this air, "Erra quel nobil core," was touchingly sung, with long breath and in sensitively molded phrases, by Wayne Rivera. Act III opens in similar vein: no prelude, but a long, impassioned, and many-hued *recitativo con stromenti*—a monologue for the imprisoned emperor—leading to a beautiful air, *largo e pizzicato*, which, in turn, reaches no cadence but breaks into *secco* recitative as the prison doors are opened. Reichardt noted that the cosmopolitan and immensely prolific Hasse had the bolder sense of immediate theatrical effect. His tunes are catchier and more simply accompanied. Graun, stuck in Berlin, perfected his own special style, and he did so with a grace, a skill, and a thoroughness of resource and invention that make his music interesting to modern ears.

Frederick's libretto does not mince words in denouncing the barbarism of

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the invaders; his Cortes has no redeeming virtues, such as Voltaire allowed to the conquistadores in "Alzire." But the King's anti-imperialist, anti-Catholic sentiments went for nothing in Boston, since the opera was sung partly in Italian and partly in gibberish. The program book contained no synopsis of the action. A bilingual libretto was on sale in the theatre but was useful only to those who had studied it in advance. Graun wrote his piece for six sopranos or altos (female or neutered) and a single tenor; it was sung in Boston by two sopranos and five tenors or baritones, and the resultant octave transpositions spoiled the carefully planned textures of voices and instruments and dulled the bright ring of the heroic numbers. Charles Kondek's direction hardly went beyond assigning moves; he had certainly not taught his cast how to bear themselves. The pistol shots, decisive in routing the Aztecs, who knew not gunpowder, were omitted; at the Berlin première, Frederick says, they were much applauded—and in the city where Prescott, Montezuma's great chronicler, lived they should not have been forgotten. Richard Conrad, as Tezeuco, the only genuine tenor role, showed an uncommon command of trill and roulade and, alone in the cast, a full understanding of the style and the language. But his tone was not pleasing. Mary Strebing, a clear, bright soprano, shone as the second woman. The edition was admirably full; some recitatives were shortened, but only one air was left out.

THERE was more opera in Boston last month: in the Aquarius Theatre, an exuberant, exhilarating, and altogether irresistible account of Donizetti's "The Daughter of the Regiment," directed and conducted by Sarah Caldwell for the Opera Company of Boston. Miss Caldwell is surely the single Best Thing in American opera: a marvel, with the energy and gusto of the indomitable Dame Ethel Smyth, Felsenstein's flair for theatre, and Beecham's baton in her hand (the little minuet was paced and phrased with a charm and delicacy such as have not delighted me since Beecham did the *air de ballet* from Grétry's "Zémire et Azor"); a person whose passion for living opera is based on sound scholarship and research into original sources; mistress of the newest discoveries of stagecraft, the latest lighting devices and scenic materials; a director who couples a clear conception of what a work in performance should ideally be with a genius for practical improvisation which makes the most of the avail-

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able theatre (on occasion, non-theatre, since Boston has no real opera house) and draws the best from the available cast. Donizetti's opera, so popular in Victorian days, can seem thin, and it can be played for galumphing great laughs, but here it had grace, lightness, and a merriment all the more captivating because it sprang naturally from the characters and the music. The action spilled out into the house, launched from a background of pretty scenery, by Beni Montresor, which was borrowed from Houston—for this "Daughter" was a last-minute production, adopted in place of Rossini's "Barber" when Beverly Sills begged for an extra year in which to relearn Rosina in the amplified edition that had resulted from Miss Caldwell's researches. This Marie was the finest thing I have ever heard or seen Miss Sills do. Her Tonio, Enrico Di Giuseppe, overshot his high C's but was winning enough. Spiro Malas, as Sulpice, and Muriel Greenspon, as the Marquise, were both good. Only Kitty Carlisle struck a false note, by electing to play the Duchess of Crackentorp in a brassy, plebeian way. The opera has a weak dénouement; Miss Caldwell—changing only the spoken dialogue, not the music—gave it a strong one, so neat in its Gilbertian resolution that it seems mere inadvertence on the part of Donizetti's librettists to have omitted it.

ONLY one of Haydn's five puppet operas survives, words and music; the music turned up not long ago, in a copy in the National Library, Paris, which is at once incomplete, since the (detachable) prologue is missing, and, so to speak, more than complete, in that extra numbers by Gluck, Ordoñez, and Haydn himself have been inserted. This work, "Philemon und Baucis," with its prologue "Der Götterrat," was first performed in 1773, to entertain the Empress Maria Theresia during her visit to Esterház; and in English, as "Philemon and Baucis," with Alessandro Scarlatti's deft, dainty cantata "Endymion and Cynthia" as a pretty curtain-raiser, it was performed last week in the music room of the Otto Kahn house—now a girls' school, the Convent of the Sacred Heart—on East Ninety-first Street. The presence of two Esterházy countesses and of Mr. Kahn's daughter added a pleasant touch of continuity; the palace (it is more than a house), bustling with attractive young life, made a perfect setting. "Philemon" is an endearing little opera, with an overture, opening and closing choruses, four airs, and a duet.

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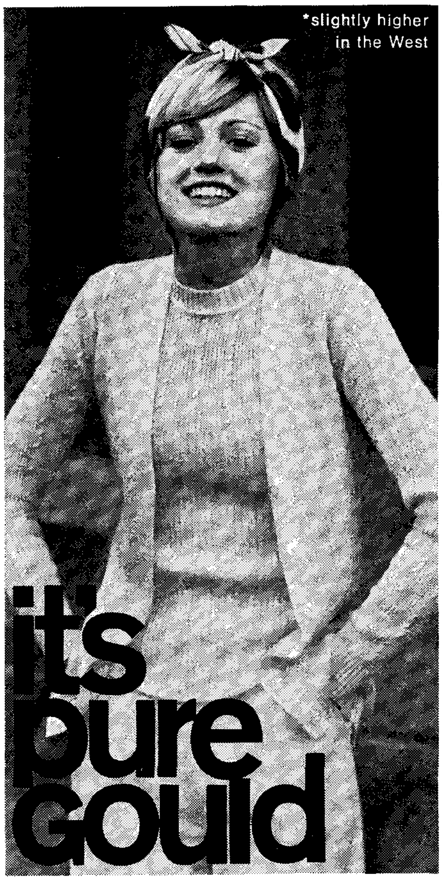

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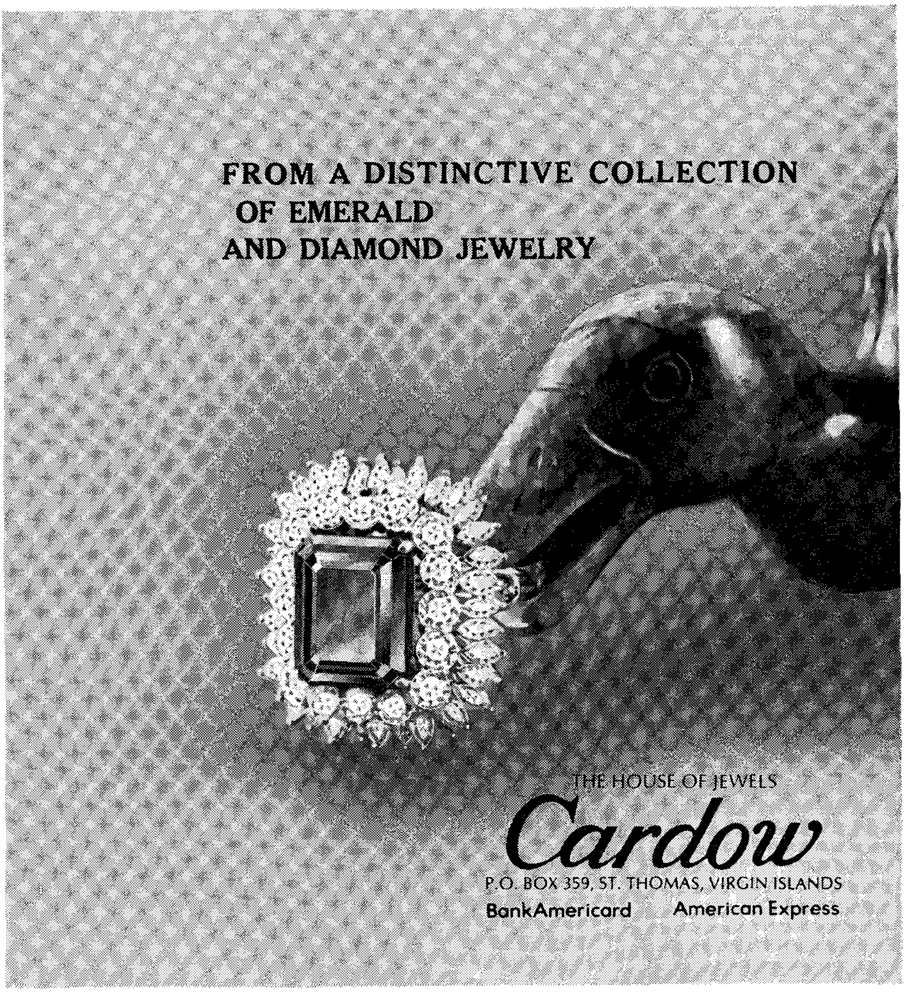
The Nicolo Marionettes strode the little stage with confidence. The music was very well played by l'Ensemble du Sacre Cœur, under Michael Feldman; from a small ensemble in a small hall every ravishing detail of a Haydn score can be heard. There was an able quartet of singers: Ida Faiella, Linda Mahoney, Thomas Bogdan, and—best of all, for his tenor had a firm, forward sweetness that recalled the young McCormack—John Aler, in the role of Aret. In a place of learning, it was sad to hear sentences in the English translation like "Let Baucis and I serve you," and the names Philemon and Baucis both mispronounced. (A glance at Webster could have put the performers right.)

AT the Metropolitan, "Peter Grimes" has been revived with a new conductor, Sixten Ehrling, in his début there. Mr. Ehrling did not bring to Britten's score that passion with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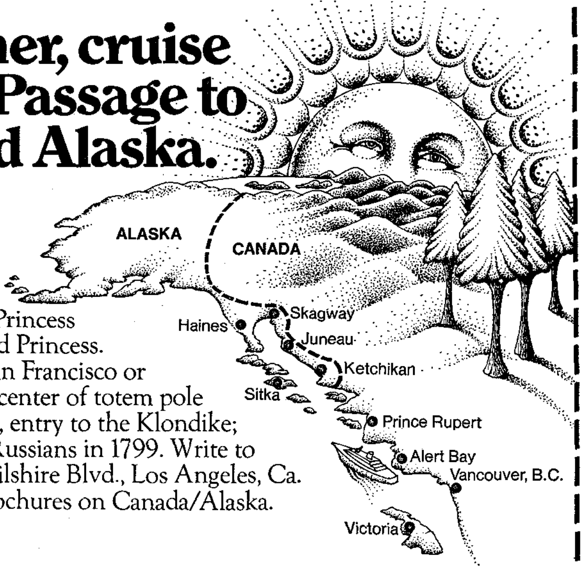

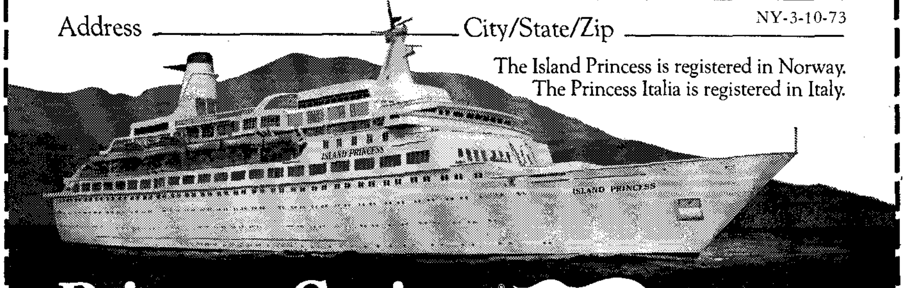

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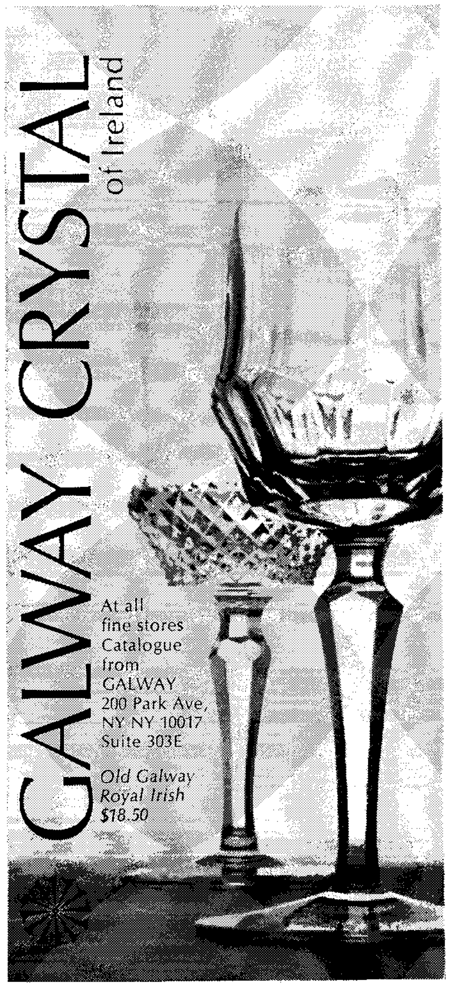

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which Colin Davis almost wrenched it apart; his reading was measured, carefully paced, highly accomplished. In the title role, Jon Vickers has subdued his former unremitting wildness but lost none of the intensity and power that make his interpretation so cogent. The suddenness of his violent outbursts is now even more alarming. Ellen Orford's music consists largely of phrases in notes of equal length; Lucine Amara sang them too equally, without the slight adjustment to verbal values which warms them into expressive life. The role calls for a rather fuller voice than hers, but in the "Embroidery" aria she was exquisite. Donald Gramm's Balstrode was first-rate. Tyrone Guthrie's production, cared for now by Bodo Igesz, is careful, and was carefully executed by the large cast. Just two stagy and inappropriate "effects" marred it: the unrealistic lighting of the quartet, and the billowing fog carpet—not naturalistic but, it seemed, an attempt to suggest a brain landscape—which Peter paddled through during the mad scene. Tanya Moiseiwitsch's scenery is the Covent Garden décor slightly reworked; Aldeburgh is in the Constable country—the Metropolitan's skies are all wrong. The chorus alternated unpredictably between feebleness and splendor. Some curious textual variants have crept in. Balstrode sang "death" instead of "dissolution"—better sense, through it breaks a rhyme. Peter, asked where his apprentice got bruised, shouted, "How should I know?"—which is less striking than "Out of the hurly-burly."

THIS "Grimes" had a good deal more life in it than the Metropolitan's revival of "Il Trovatore." Attilio Colonnello's designs for the opera are picturesque and imposing but, literally, repetitive. Nathaniel Merrill's production is large and handsome but, at present, quite undramatic. Carlo Felice Cillario, conducting, seemed to grope his way toward tempi set by the singers, while their rhythms tended to flounder for want of a firm accompaniment. All in all, it was the sort of evening that brings grand opera into disrepute and keeps musical people away from the Met. Though Placido Domingo, having cracked at the close of "Di quella pira," sent word to say he was indisposed and needed our indulgence, he alone both sang and acted with consistent spirit and imagination. Montserrat Caballé was in uneven voice and was lazy about articulating small notes. Fiorenza Cossotto bawled much of her role. Robert Merrill stood and delivered, flinging out his right

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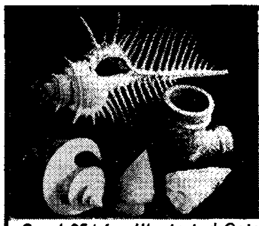

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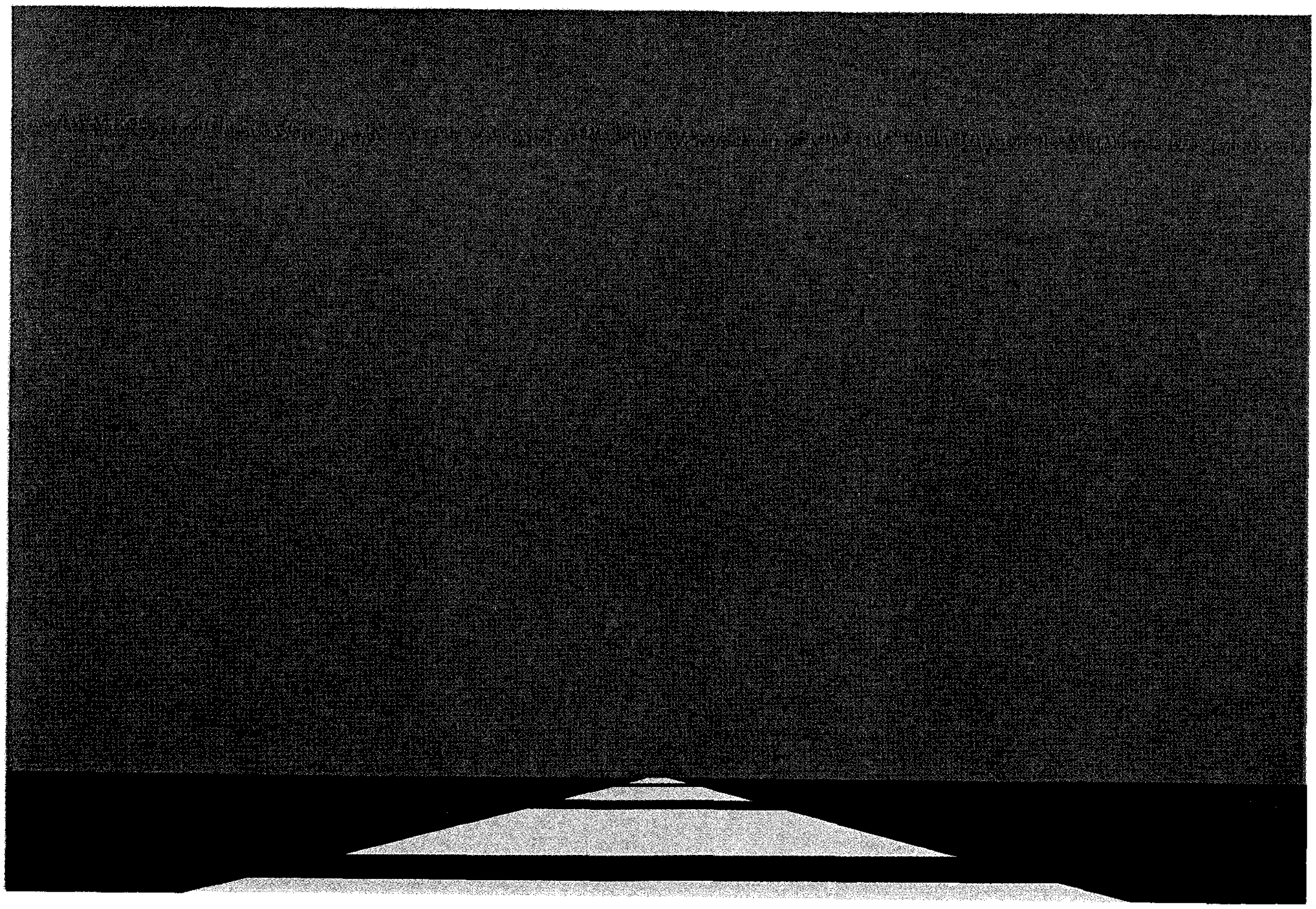

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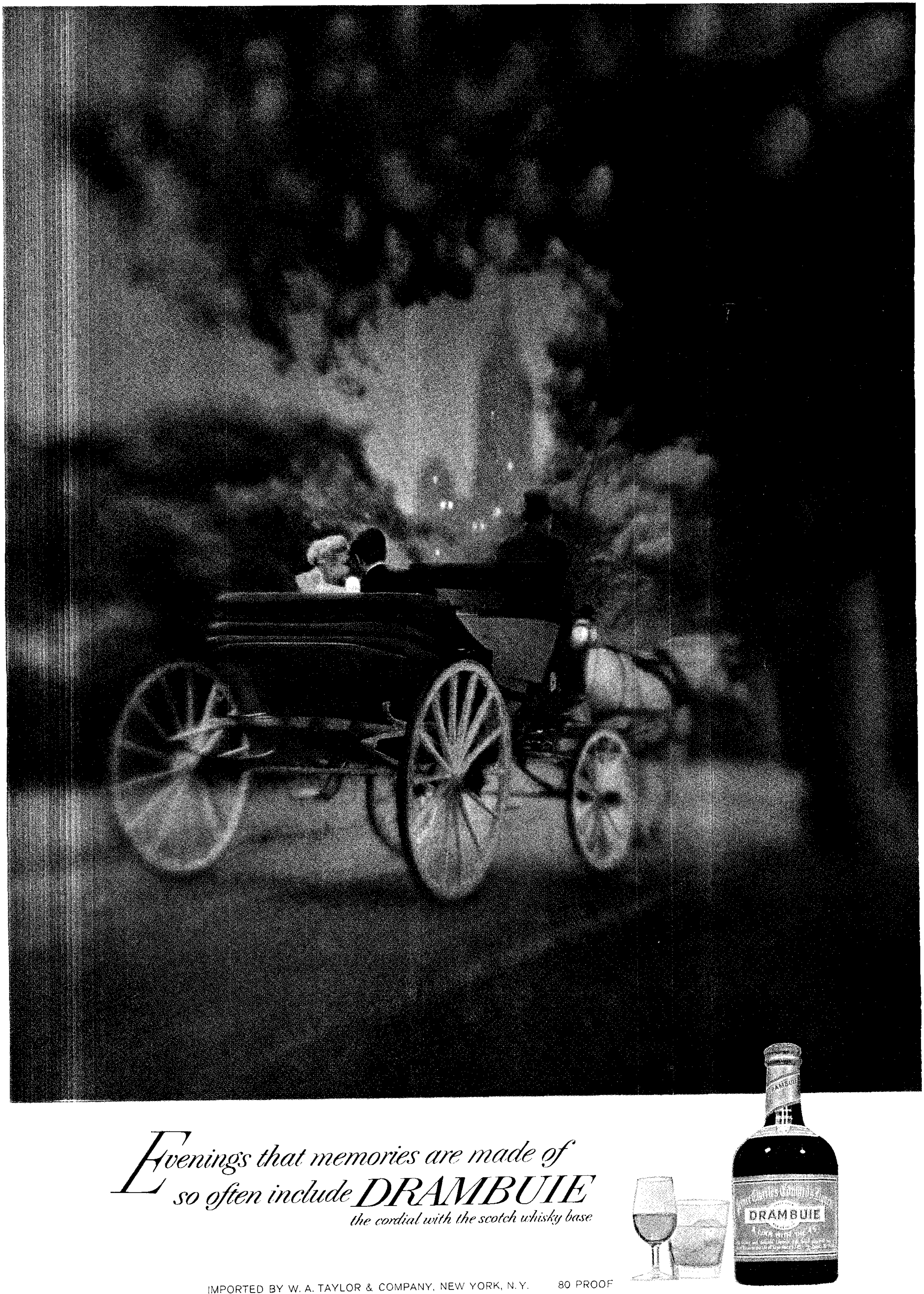
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hand on the dominant, closing it to his breast on the tonic. All of them had good—even magnificent—moments; their efforts did not amount to a satisfactory account of the work. While composing "Il Trovatore," Verdi dreamed of creating an opera whose acts would be single movements, proceeding unbroken, instead of a series of separate numbers. To his librettist, Salvatore Cammarano, he wrote, "If the opera could be, so to speak, all one number, I should find that sensible and right." "Il Trovatore" is hardly "all one number," but in the most gripping account of it I have ever heard (led by Martina Arroyo and Shirley Verrett) there was no mid-scene applause—not because the artists sang badly but precisely because they sang so well, with such dramatic intensity, that no one wanted to shatter the drama with noises of his own. So, for example, the last note of Azucena's "Stride la vampa" rang out fiercely, and then into a tense, electric silence there stole the voices of the gypsies in comment. Similarly, the knell announcing the "Miserere" tolled softly into an attentive hush that followed Leonora's "D'amor sull'ali rosee" (closed, as such an air should be, on the middle, not an unwritten high, A-flat), and at the end of the "Miserere" Leonora could pick up the words that lead into her subsequent aria—"Di te! scordarmi di te!"—without having an audience racket break either the verbal thread or the harmonic progression. But at the Metropolitan last week the singers after each number struck attitudes that positively invited applause. History is on their side: in the eighteen-fifties, at a first performance, the composer himself would appear onstage in mid-scene, along with the singers, to acknowledge the audience's appreciation of any number that had especially pleased it. But the evidence of the score is against them; for example, the Tower Scene—aria, "Miserere," aria, two-section duet—is one long sequence in F and A-flat, one of the most extended scenas for a soprano ever composed, and, like the closing scene of "Götterdämmerung," it should be heard as such, without interruption after each paragraph. With that Wagnerian simile, I exaggerate. The conductor Gianandrea Gavazzeni exaggerated when he called "Il Trovatore" "the Italian 'St. Matthew Passion.'" But the time has come to treat Verdi's music as seriously in opera houses as it is treated by serious musicians. Much of the best work on Verdi is now being done in America. It may be unrealistic to expect the Metropolitan's general man-

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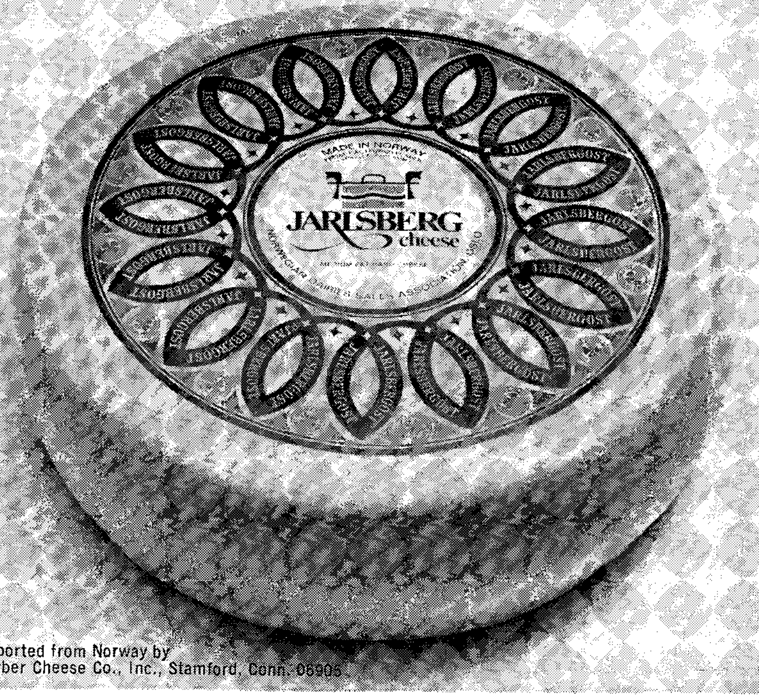

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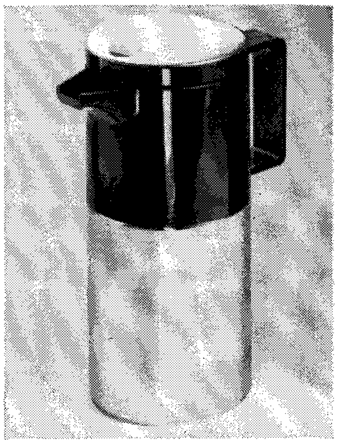

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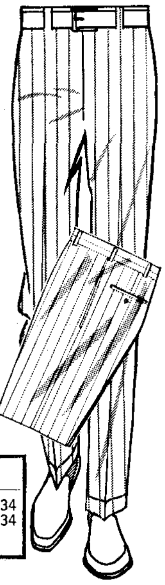

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ager to set papers like Martin Chusid's on tonal structure in "Rigoletto" and "La Traviata" as required reading for his prima donnas as soon as they are published (those two were read to learned congresses last year), but at least their contents should be mastered by the men responsible for directing his performers. *Pace* Caruso, "Il Trovatore" calls for more than just the engagement of the best singers in the world.
—ANDREW PORTER

CONCERT RECORDS

Out of the Past

DURING the period of violin playing dominated by the pupils of Leopold Auer (roughly, from Mischa Elman's American début, in 1908, to Jascha Heifetz's virtual retirement from the concert platform, in the nineteen-fifties), there were a great many violinists whose technical equipment was superb, among them Nathan Milstein, who, like Elman and Heifetz, had been an Auer pupil, and Yehudi Menuhin, who had not. The hallmark of the period was a fat, luscious tone and a brilliant left-hand technique—probably as brilliant as had ever been applied to the instrument. But the greatest musician among the violinists of the period had neither of these attributes. He was the late Joseph Szigeti, a Hungarian and a pupil of Jenö Hubay. Szigeti's tone was always somewhat deficient, and his left-hand technique could not compare to the others'. Yet in the interpretation of music he far outshone them. His sense of phrasing and accent was impeccable, and for almost a generation he was the musician's violinist. Columbia has reissued a series of historic Szigeti performances as "The Art of Joseph Szigeti" (M6X 31513, mono, twelve sides). Among the accompanists are the Orchestra of the New Friends of Music, under Fritz Stiedry; the London Philharmonic, under Sir Thomas Beecham; the Hallé Orchestra, under Sir Hamilton Harty; and (in two Beethoven sonatas) the great pianist Artur Schnabel. The album includes the Mendelssohn Concerto, the Brahms Concerto, the Prokofieff Concerto No. 1, the Mozart Concerto No. 4 in D Major, a Bach solo Partita, and some lesser items. There is not a note in this album that does not proclaim the craft of a supreme artist, and the sound, though monaural, is quite good.

Shostakovich's Symphony No. 15 has been recorded by the Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting (RCA ARD 1-0014 Red Seal, quad-

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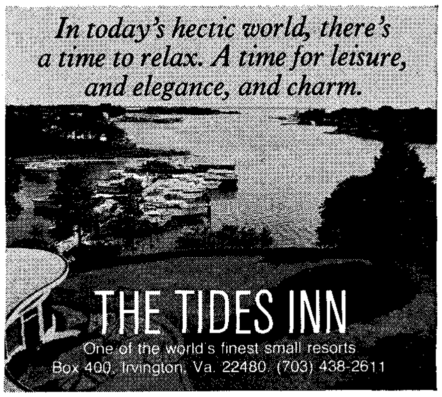
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rasonic). This symphony has already been discussed at length in these pages, and so has the Philadelphia Orchestra sound, which remains magnificent on this record. One of Shostakovich's best.

"Gordon Epperson Plays Cello," Volume II, has been issued by the Coronet Recording Company (3000, stereo). Rachmaninoff's Sonata, Opus 19, for Cello and Piano has been previously recorded by several artists, so the most interesting item is Robert Muczynski's Sonata for Cello and Piano, Opus 25—an original composition of outstanding workmanship for the two instruments. I know of no contemporary music of this type that exhibits such a combination of inspiration and craftsmanship. Mr. Muczynski is the pianist for both works; Mr. Epperson is a good, if not a great, cellist.

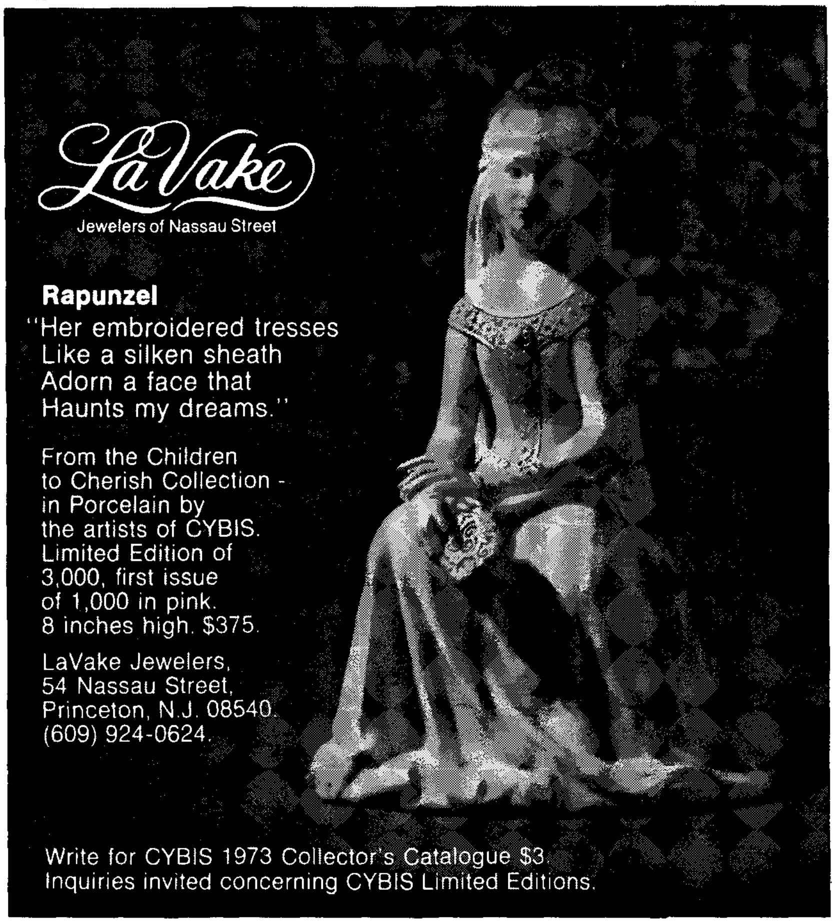
Excerpts from Massenet's "Manon" are sung by Beverly Sills, Nicolai Gedda, Gérard Souzay, and Gabriel Bacquier, with the New Philharmonia Orchestra, Julius Rudel conducting (ABC/ATS 20013, stereo). This is a distinguished recording. Miss Sills is probably the greatest living Manon, and Mr. Gedda is ideal as des Grieux. Everybody has perfect French enunciation, and Mr. Rudel conducts *con amore*.

"The Concert at Hunter College" (Angel S-36896, stereo) offers up two incomparable Spanish artists, Victoria de los Angeles and Alicia de Larrocha, in a series of Spanish songs—some by Granados, some popular or folk—recorded during a recital.

Schubert's "Die Schöne Müllerin," "Winterreise," and "Schwanengesang" are sung by Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, with Gerald Moore at the piano (Deutsche Grammophon 2720059, stereo, eight sides), which is to say: The champion lieder team in three song cycles. Sensitive and highly satisfying.

"The Woods So Wild" (RCA Red Seal LSC-3331, stereo) presents the lutanist Julian Bream in a gathering of Elizabethan music, mostly folk melodies, including "Greensleeves." The settings are by Byrd, Cutting, Dowland, Holborne, and other sixteenth- and seventeenth-century composers; the artist is the best lutanist now before the public. Authentic and utterly charming.

Angel S-36055 (stereo) includes Bach's Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue, three Toccatas and Prelude and Fugue in A Minor, and Angel S-36054 (also stereo) includes Rameau's Suite in A Minor and Dandrieu's Suite in C. These two single discs offer immaculate



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performances by Igor Kipnis, the foremost contemporary harpsichordist. And Columbia has reissued an album (M3X 31521; stereo, six sides) entitled "The Art of Igor Kipnis," which contains some of his finest interpretations.

"The Art of Ljuba Welitsch" (Seraphim 60202, mono) is made up of scenes from "Salome," "Eugene Onegin," "Der Freischütz," "Aida," "Tosca," and "La Bohème," with a number of orchestras, conducted by Walter Susskind, Josef Krips, and Lovro von Matacic. Miss Welitsch's voice was one of the greatest of the century, varying in color from platinum to bronze, and capable of a dramatic intensity that was hair-raising. Though the record is monaural, it reproduces her extraordinarily varied art faithfully, and her singing is so vivid that one can almost see her fascinating presence. Recorded between 1944 and 1948.

"The Art of Kathleen Ferrier" (Seraphim 60203, mono) concerns itself with Mahler's "Kindertotenlieder" (Vienna Philharmonic, under Bruno Walter) and songs and duets by Purcell, Handel, Maurice Green, and Mendelssohn (Gerald Moore, pianist, and Isobel Baillie, soprano). Miss Ferrier's pure, warm voice, with its beautiful low notes and immaculate musicianship, is ideal for the Mahler. Her Handel style is superb, employing a great range of expressivity when it is needed, remaining artfully reticent the rest of the time. Miss Baillie's voice blends beautifully. Recorded between 1944 and 1949.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

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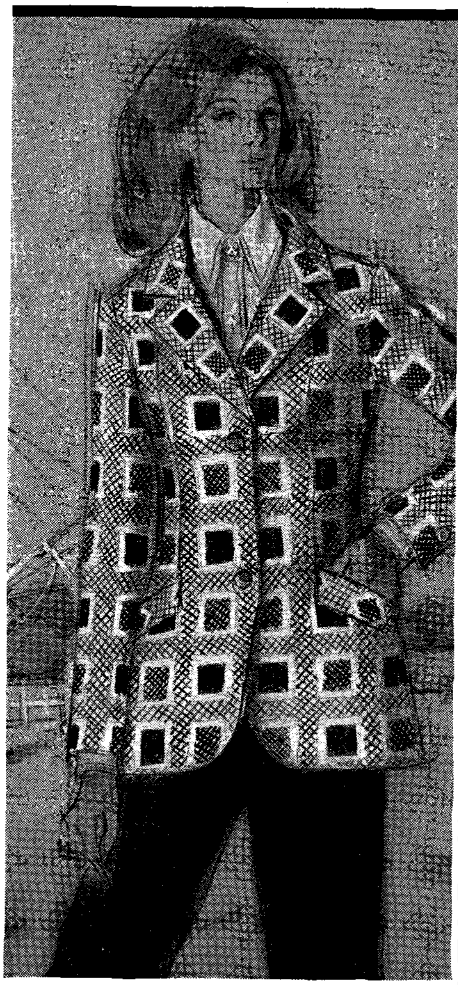
THE LITERARY LIFE

[*From the Litchfield (Conn.) Enquirer*]

The Women's Literary Club will meet Feb. 15 at 8 P.M. at the home of Mrs. Warren Hodges, Moose Horn Rd. The program and refreshments will be arranged by Mrs. Hodges, Mrs. Robert Bellmay, Mrs. John R. Johnson, and Mrs. George Winslow. "Three Quick Cooked Meals" will be the theme for the program.



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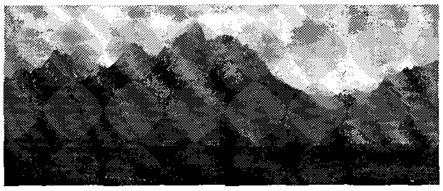

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THE RACE TRACK

Here They Go Again

THE sun shone and it was almost like an April day for the beginning of the Long Island season at Aqueduct, on Thursday of last week. There was a ripple of applause and welcome from the stand as the horses paraded for the first race, but the crowd, of some twenty-nine thousand, was the smallest in years. For my part, I was pleased to see that the old Paumonok Handicap, the feature of so many opening days in the past, was again back in the place of honor on the program. In this one, Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt's North Sea, fresh from several sprightly outings at Santa Anita, rolled home four lengths ahead of Hobeau Farm's Onion. Nose for Money, who set the pace for most of the six furlongs, was third. North Sea was ridden by Robyn Smith, who thereupon became the first of her sex to win a stakes race at a major track. She also just missed bringing off a double for the stable; right after the Paumonok, she rode Dundee Marmalade and lost by a mere neck to Tunex. Next day, she won the first race of the afternoon with Tropical Judge. As they say on the backstretch, "One a day and live forever."

Although last Saturday afternoon was gray and cold, a surprisingly large crowd of more than thirty-six thousand came out for the Swift Stakes, which is the first of the trial gallops here leading up to the spring classics. (Perhaps people do like to go racing after all.) Eight three-year-olds ran, and Jacques Wimpfheimer's Champagne Charlie, named after an old friend of his owner, won in a whirlwind finish from Bold Victor and Actuality. The margins were a head and a neck, and the fractions were 0:22⅗, 0:46⅕, 1:11⅘. It was an impressive performance for Champagne Charlie, a good-looking roan colt by Northern Dancer. He hadn't raced since last November; now his owner says that his next start will be on St. Patrick's Day in the Bay Shore Stakes, in which he most likely will meet Secretariat.

THE Flamingo Stakes, which wound up things at Hialeah last weekend, wasn't what it used to be. For one reason or another, Secretariat, Royal and Regal, Shecky Greene, and some other colts who are being talked about skipped it. Nevertheless, from all accounts it was a lively affair. Our Native won it in a photo finish with My Gallant and Angle Light after the stewards heard and dismissed a charge that he had crowded runners in the jam at the turn into the homestretch, where Restless Jet was shuffled back out of contention. Our Native, a bay colt by Exclusive Native out of Our Jackie, is owned by Mrs. M. J. Pritchard and her trainer, Bill Resseguet. Mrs. Pritchard heads a company that sells a specially processed brand of oats called Jockey Oats. She gave $44,000 for Our Native at the Keeneland Sales in 1971, because, the story goes, he was raised on Jockey Oats. Since then, he has won $196,603, of which his bit of the Flamingo purse was $91,520. I haven't toted it up, but I'd say offhand that Hialeah didn't do too badly financially this season. Now let's see what Gulfstream Park will do.

AS had been expected, there were plenty of horses in the John B. Campbell Handicap at Bowie last Saturday. It was run in two sections, with a dozen horses in each. In the first, Hobeau Farm's Vertee led most of the way, as he did in the Widener Handicap in Florida a fortnight before, and passed the post nearly four lengths to the good, while Amber Hawk beat Favorecidian by half a length for the place. Because of one of those oddities of play in the pari-mutuel, Vertee paid the same price—$3.20—for both win and place. In the second division, Delay, who was one of the less fancied runners, though he had shown first-rate form at the meeting, paid a $33 mutuel after he beat Lexington Park by a head. Burning On was third. Vertee, I'd say, is something to remember for the coming races at Aqueduct. He gave weight to everybody, and ran the mile and a sixteenth in 1:42⅘. Though it drizzled most of the afternoon and the bagpipers got a bit wet as they piped the horses to the post for the Campbell, the crowd of more than seventeen thousand seemed to be enjoying things.

FRED HOOPER's Susan's Girl, the best three-year-old filly last season, may not be up to beating the boys—she tried it twice earlier in the Santa Anita meeting—but when she meets her own sex it's quite another story. The run-

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ning of the Santa Margarita Handicap out there last weekend was almost a carbon copy of the Santa Maria Handicap last month. This time she beat Convenience by three lengths, giving her four pounds. Minstrel Miss was third. As in the Santa Maria, Chou Croute set a fast pace for the first half of the mile and a furlong, but then she faded and finished next to last. Convenience, who had beaten Typecast in that $100,000-a-side match race last summer, couldn't hold a candle to Susan's Girl when they hooked up in the stretch.

SECRETARIAT, the 1972 Horse of the Year, has just become the most expensive thoroughbred in the annals of racing. Last week, Mrs. John Tweedy, who inherited him along with the Meadow Stable of her father, C. T. Chenery, syndicated him for $6,080,000, topping Nijinsky's record $5,440,000. According to Seth Hancock, a son of the late A. B. Hancock, Jr., and head of the Claiborne Farm in Kentucky, who is doing the syndication, there are thirty-two shares in Secretariat, at $190,000 apiece, four of which are held by Mrs. Tweedy. (She will also receive all the prize money the colt may earn this season, at the end of which he will be retired to the stud at Claiborne.) The twenty-eight remaining shares, representing an outlay of $5,320,000, are no doubt being snapped up like the proverbial hot cakes. For his $190,000, the holder of a share may send a mare to Secretariat's court every year for as long as the horse is able to get foals. (My guess is that that would be for at least twenty years.) Breeding, I'd say, is the biggest gamble in racing. There are so many more imponderables than merely matching a good stallion and a good mare to get a superlative foal. Secretariat should click. He has a classic pedigree, he is an imposing individual, and he can run a bit. Best of luck to him.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

On Wednesday, January 31, the Woodbury Junior Woman's Club was honored to have C. Eugene Stephenson come to speak to the club on lighting in the home. Mr. Stephenson is a graduate of Parsons School of Design and is a past president of the American Institute of Design. Just as Mr. Stephenson began to speak and show his slides on lighting, there was a power failure, and consequently the lecture was given by candlelight to a very attentive audience.—*Newtown (Conn.) Bee.*

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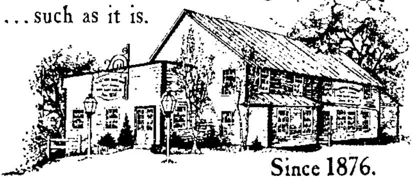

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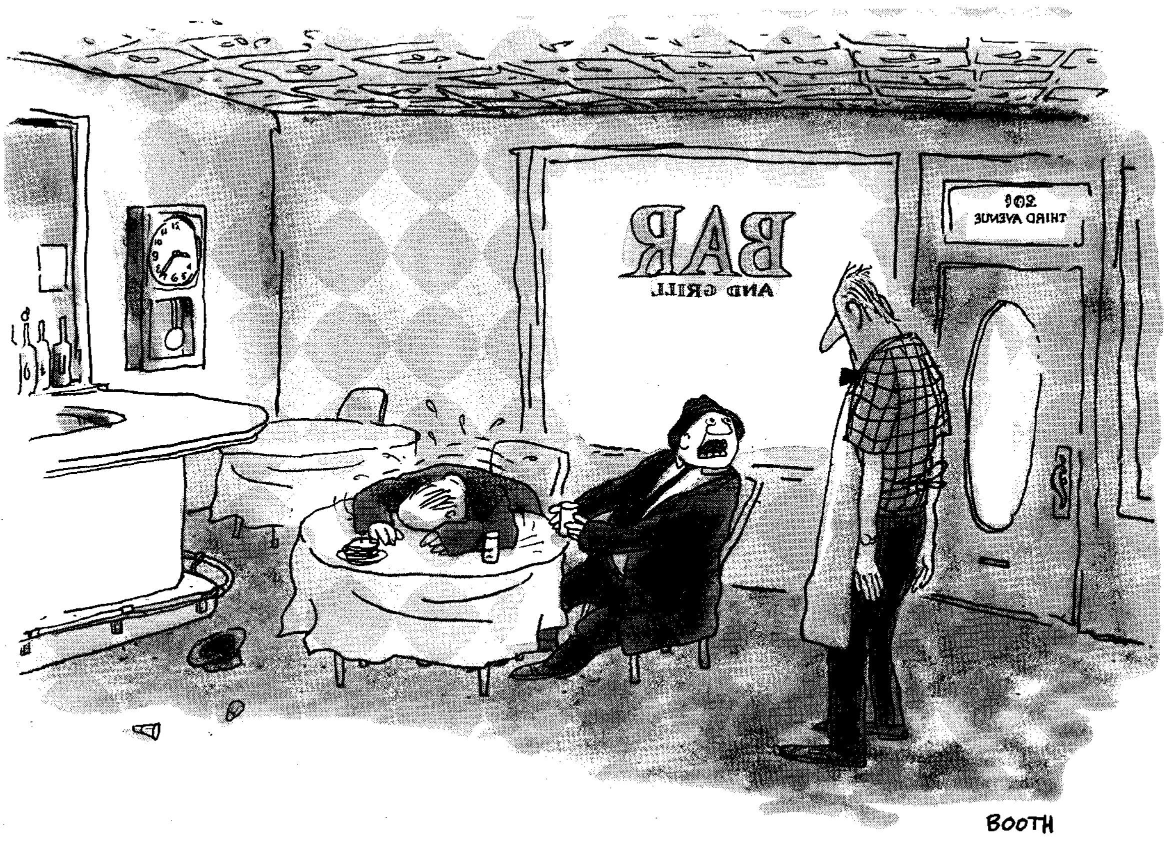
BOOKS

A Man Who . . .

THE fourth and final volume, "George Washington: Anguish and Farewell (1793-1799)," of James Thomas Flexner's fine study, published by Little, Brown, defies the law of literary gravity which holds that all biographies must end in anticlimax. Instead of slowing down, Flexner accelerates, and finishes with a triumphant flourish. He has written the best portrait of Washington as a human being that we have—by far the best—and Volume IV is the most stirring book of the set; the first three volumes, which have appeared at about two-year intervals since 1965, are "George Washington: The Forge of Experience (1732-1775)," "George Washington in the American Revolution (1775-1783)," and "George Washington and the New Nation (1783-1793)." The biggest part of this excitement—Flexner's final judgment of his man, *everything* considered—is no surprise; it has been one of his goals from the beginning. Bits of his conclusions are scattered through Volume IV, as they are through the earlier volumes, but now, in the seventeen pages of the last chapter, Flexner's judgment, based on all that he has established, becomes an appreciation of Washington that is systematic, stylish, profound, and perfectly convincing. It was just such a distillation of Washington's character that Douglas Southall Freeman did not write for his "George Washington," because he died before he could; Flexner's summation, luckily, is complete. We have a good, rough idea of what Freeman's would have been, for he had assessed Washington as a young man at the end of his second volume, and as a military leader at the end of the fifth. And Freeman wrote to a friend that Washington, as both patriot and President, was greater than the world had ever realized—"a man dedicated, just, and incorruptible, an example for long centuries of what character and diligence can achieve." Flexner's only quibble with that, I imagine, would be that Freeman was understating the case, for, like him, Flexner is thrilled—on getting to know Washington intimately—to agree more and more with those of Washington's contemporaries who idolized him. Freeman is Flexner's main source, aside from Washington's letters and papers, but, except for the facts, the two great studies are entirely different. Flexner has been concentrating on the man—his personality, his character, how he handled himself, how he changed with experience and age. In trying to achieve complete comprehension, he has established a real intimacy with Washington, who had few intimates. On the basis of this intimacy, Flexner feels free to say what he thinks, and renders the judgments of a close friend. In addition, as a historian Flexner is not shy about commenting on the effects of his friend's character on the United States, then and ever since. Flexner goes like the wind. His chapters are seldom more than a dozen pages, and they zoom in precisely on those events in the narrative which reveal or which mark developments in Washington's personality. Before he got to know Washington so well, Flexner thought he could do what he wanted to do in a single volume. But it would have been difficult to compress his work, for, as he watches Washington perfect himself, becoming only gradually what he wished to be, and making errors and slipping backward en route, Flexner is concerned with presenting the salient evidence for every point he makes.

Freeman, the managing director of a staff of researchers, was scientific and impersonal. His readers see Washington almost every day, but Freeman meant to hold speculation and interpretation down, except in his assessments, and he consequently produced an amazing compendium, of wonderful accuracy—as close as a secondary work can come to being source material. Flexner's scholarship and accuracy are a marvel, but instead of covering everything, like a giant grass cutter, he steers straight for the incidents that reveal the man.

For Flexner's purpose, Washington's second term as President is particularly valuable. Washington has begun to falter physically and mentally, but what he has made of himself, by intelligence



"We were discussing our compassion for all living things, and Lester got to thinking about his hamburger sandwich."

and will power, is brilliantly clarified by his failures. To his dismay, he felt that he was becoming old before the end of his first term, at what now seems a much too early age—sixty. He wanted passionately to retire to Mount Vernon. The logic of his convictions forced him to accept a second term. Washington knew that the nation, the fragile experiment in republican self-government, was in greater peril than ever, and he realized that he was obliged to try to hold it together, because no one else could; that was almost the only point on which the leaders of the developing factions—Hamilton on one side, and Jefferson and Madison on the other—could agree. Washington, says Flexner, "laid open his fame"—risked his extraordinary reputation among his countrymen, which meant nearly everything to him—and accepted a second term. He succeeded in keeping the United States intact and at peace, but he suffered terribly during the four years, 1793 to 1797, and his apprehensions about growing old and losing his powers were prescient. Paradoxically, Washington—failing, making errors and misjudgments that come close to breaking his heart—reveals himself by contrast as he had not done before. His strengths are illuminated, one by one, as they diminish. His memory gets worse. His prodigious physical strength and energy fade; the athlete, the magnificent horseman, suffers the first serious physical injury of his life, a wrenched back. His mind is not as sharp, and he lets others make decisions that once he would have insisted on making himself. Washington had always tried to control his monumental temper, with fair success; now his tantrums become painfully frequent. He suffers bouts of melancholy and pessimism, though his steadfast optimism was once notable, and the barbs of his critics hurt as criticism has never hurt before, partly because he no longer has the self-assurance of his early maturity. He begins to be careless about mixing his private business with his public position, and procrastinates about decisions and appointments. He makes political errors. He depends too much on the advice of young Edmund Randolph, his Secretary of State after Jefferson's resignation, and then ruins Randolph, accused of treason, by an awkward surprise confrontation. (Washington, in a lapse of sensitivity, had not foreseen that if Randolph were innocent, as he undoubtedly was, the staged showdown would be an unbearable insult.) Yet as Washington reveals his

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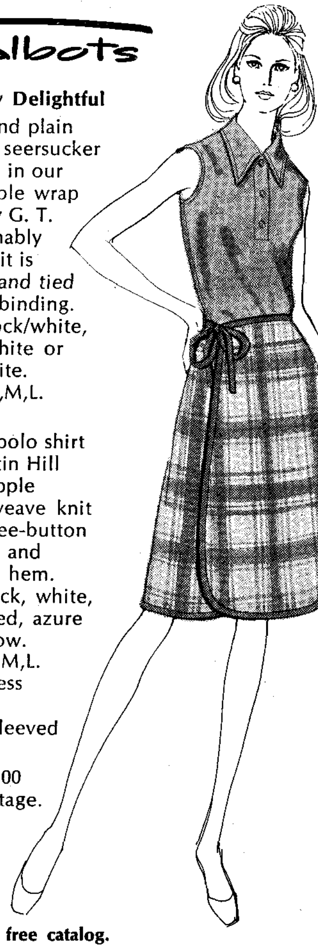

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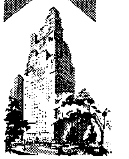

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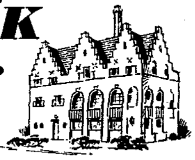

weaknesses he becomes more believable than he was at his best—though he never shrinks to mere life size—and our wonder at what he has been is augmented.

Washington, as custodian of the threatened republic, seems to be looking straight at 1973, like a portrait with vividly drawn eyes. Perhaps this is only a time problem—American history is so short, altogether, that one President's concerns are much like any other's. Still, just now there is something uncanny about Washington's passion for a free press as Flexner permits us to feel it. The attacks on Washington in Philip Freneau's newspapers, the *National Gazette* and, later, the *Time-piece*, make modern political invective gentlemanly, and Washington complained mightily—but that was all. As President, Washington did not make the slightest move, legal or official, to curtail freedom of the press; a full exchange of the best arguments on all sides of public questions, he felt, was the ideal way of maintaining direct communication between the voters and their government. And there is his attitude toward slavery, which Flexner examines more carefully than any earlier historian. By the time he died, Washington had come to despise it; he had kept this fact to himself, primarily for political reasons, but in 1793 he had decided to free his slaves, he had freed some (secretly) in 1797, and he had freed the rest in his will—to be let go upon Martha Washington's death. (She actually freed them in 1800.) Furthermore, Washington's will provided support for any of his ex-slaves who were unable to support themselves, and his estate did not make its last payment on these pensions until 1833.

In his summing up, speaking in particular about Washington's motivation, Flexner writes:

> Washington shared, with the rest of the world's great movers, a taste for power and a hunger for fame. The difference lay in his desire to apply that power for the betterment of his fellow men, his belief that his fame would be longer lasting if he did not engage in the dark passions and lust for conquest of his fellow rulers, but led mankind (once the necessary liberating war had been won) towards peace, self-determination for all nations, universal self-rule.

And Flexner puts a name on that difference: "political virtue." He does it with a trace of embarrassment. He does not want his readers to laugh at his intimate, Washington, and he suspects that political virtue, in the nineteen-seventies, is a concept that is only mocked at and distrusted. But there, I

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imagine, Flexner is in error. I think it is revered, and missed.

—Bruce Bliven, Jr.

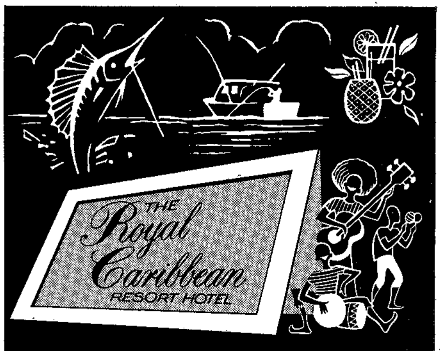
BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Goodbye, Bobby Thomson! Goodbye, John Wayne!, by Alan S. Foster (Simon & Schuster). The hero and narrator of this curious first novel is one Pete Murray, of Northwood, New Jersey—straight, white, and lower-middle-class—and we are invited to watch him grow up. Mr. Foster arranges this in three well-structured stages. We first see Murray in 1951, when he is eighteen and a former high-school football star; he is at a baseball game with his father—the game in which the Giants won the National League pennant from the Dodgers on Bobby Thomson's ninth-inning home run. Goodbye, Bobby Thomson! We next see him at twenty-three, as a G.I. in West Germany and then on leave at the Austro-Hungarian border, helping an elderly refugee flee the failed Hungarian revolution. Goodbye, John Wayne! We see him once more, at thirty—now a run-of-the-mill professional football player—on the weekend of John F. Kennedy's assassination. Goodbye, Pittsburgh Steelers! Mr. Foster has made Murray extremely articulate and, at times, a splendid observer (his account of the Bobby Thomson game is very fine), but he doesn't let him really speak his mind. Murray's decisions are hard to tell from impulses, and he seems very little older at thirty than he did at eighteen.

GENERAL

Home Comfort: Stories and Scenes of Life on Total Loss Farm, written and illustrated by the people of Total Loss Farm (Saturday Review Press). A few years ago, Ray Mungo, founder of the Liberation News Service, wrote an irritatingly messianic book about his experiences on this Vermont farm commune—it read like a guide to Valhalla. The creators of the present volume, who include both those who have been on the farm since its beginning, in 1968, and some (like Mungo) who decided to leave, have tried to show us what communal life is really like. They have succeeded admirably—in amateurish but charming drawings, essays, reminiscences, and recipes, and in detailed descriptions of adventures with



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VIKING

farming, canning, well-digging, and cheese-making. This very complex group of people appears to have achieved an atmosphere of tolerance, trust, and contentment which is rare and enviable. On the other hand, although most of them are still in their twenties, they lead incredibly celibate lives (communal love seems to discourage sex), and many have left the farm for this reason. Interestingly, although most of the contributors are well educated—Ivy League colleges apparently play a large role in their collective bad memories—the difficult questions about land ownership, class, and privilege are consistently ducked in the book. What would really happen, for example, if everyone decided to take their advice and head for the hills? The answer, of course, is, sadly, that there would be a lot of noisy, overpopulated, polluted hills.

SHERIDAN: THE TRACK OF A COMET, by Madeleine Bingham (St. Martin's). "Alas, poor human nature," Byron wrote about Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who began his life as an irresistible charmer and ended it a contentious drunkard. Mrs. Bingham traces her comet as he rises from a background of unstable parents, reaches a peak as the lion of London and the intimate of Charles James Fox, the Foreign Secretary, and of the Prince Regent, and ends in a garret "in a state of filth and stench." Sheridan wrote "The Rivals" when he was twenty-three, "The School for Scandal" when he was twenty-five, and "The Critic" when he was twenty-seven, and then turned to politics for the remaining years of his increasingly untidy life. Mrs. Bingham is equally at home in the Drury Lane Theatre (which Sheridan owned and managed) and in Parliament (of which he was a member for thirty-odd years), and she pictures with sympathy and understanding his "poor human nature" as his life wobbles to its unhappy end.

THE CASE FOR BLACK REPARATIONS, by Boris I. Bittker (Random House). Concluding this book, Professor Bittker, of Yale, says, "I have sought to open the discussion, not to close it." He has done so, first putting a case for reparations to American blacks on solid grounds in American statute and legal precedent, and then, on like grounds, raising a number of objections to reparations. His closely reasoned arguments are never

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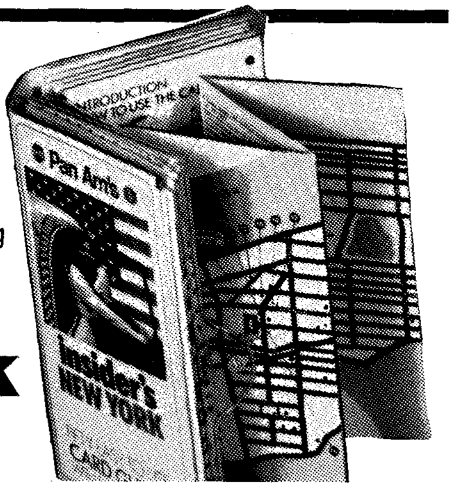

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MYSTERY AND CRIME

The Finger, by Aaron Marc Stein (Doubleday). Matt Erridge, the wandering American engineer who is constantly being enveloped in big adventures, drives his beloved Porsche into Czechoslovakia, and becomes so tangled up with the Iron Curtain that he and the car almost disappear forever. Matt's current troubles begin when he receives a telephone call from his wily old friend C. L. Brunn, who is apparently trying to lose weight at the baths in Karlovy Vary, which used to be called Karlsbad. Once in Czechoslovakia, Matt realizes that his curiosity about C. L. Brunn's undercover activities has brought him too far, but the realization comes much too late. Mr. Stein's insouciance is at a low ebb in this book, but the story reads fast and is plausible.

Smokescreen, by Dick Francis (Harper & Row). Edward Lincoln, an English film actor who would have been a jockey had he not grown too tall, is asked by his ailing godmother to see why her once promising racing stable is doing so poorly on the South African tracks. With that just barely acceptable excuse, Mr. Francis is back in the milieu in which he always performs so well. The change of scene is helpful, and in addition to a number of visits to the racecourses around Johannesburg we are entertained by the sight of Lincoln in direst peril at a press conference, at the bottom of a gold mine, and in the wilds of the Kruger National Park.

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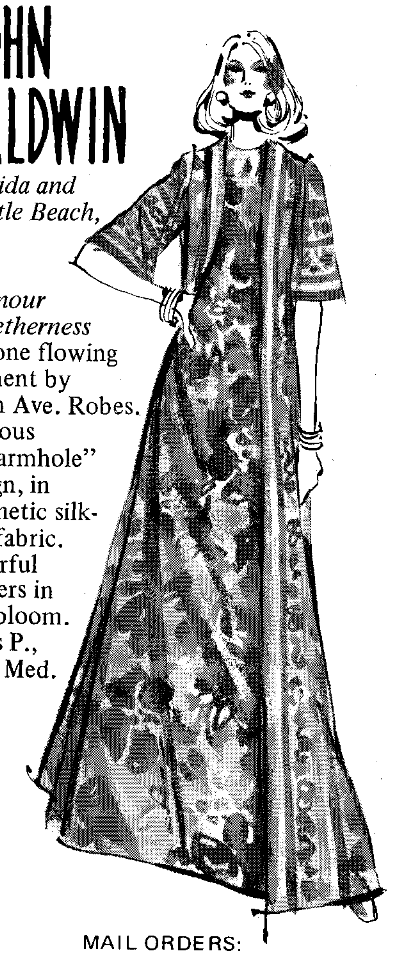

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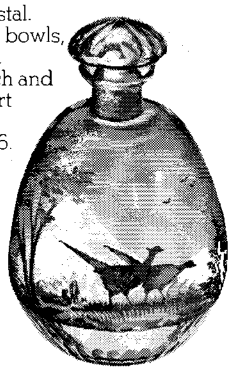

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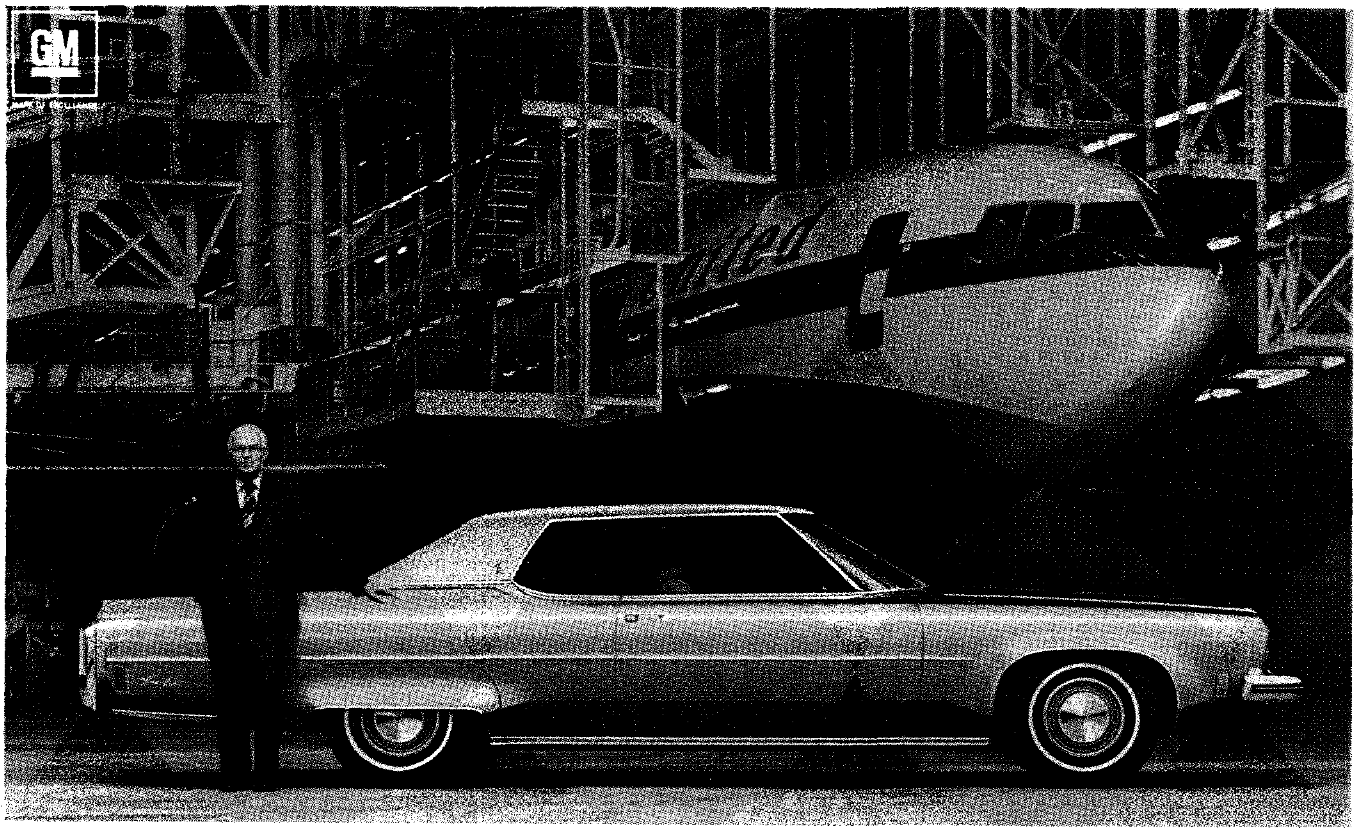

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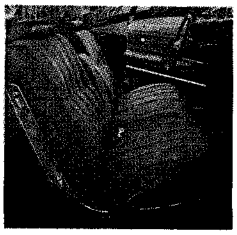

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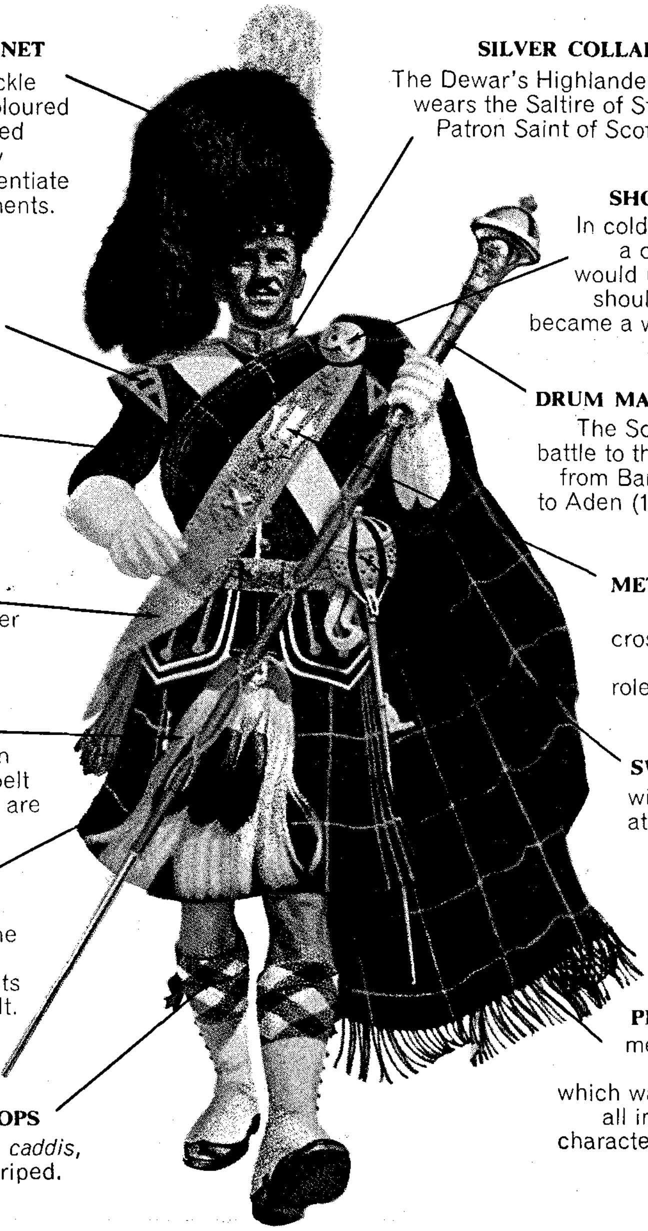

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